They Say · Gold!—and Ruin · Spanish Dance-Song

ume III
o. 13

January
25 Cent

The Golden Book

Ma

ckens
rimée
andello
nkington
menceau
H. Lewis
. White
. Dwight
ns Andersen
ra Kelly
. Whitman
A. Hickman

"Well, how do you like it by now?"
"It's a Great Automobile!"

When you *see it*—it *looks* like a Great Automobile
When you *drive* it—it *feels* like a Great Automobile
When you *own* it—you *know* it's a Great Automobile
—*and you don't hesitate to tell your friends so*

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY · The NEW MARMON · *Established 1851* · INDIANAPOLIS, IN

An Every-Season Gift
that Becomes Part of the Family

A *Tycos* Stormoguide is generally found to be a center of family interest. Father and son consult it for information to guide them in business and sport. It tells the probable success of parties, and the possible fate of new clothes to mother and the girls. Few affairs indeed are planned without the advice of the

Tycos STORMOGUIDE

The silver metal dial, with the neat black filled figures and lettering, together with the tasteful frame of mahogany, rosewood or walnut, makes the Stormoguide a decoration for any room or hall. A simple adjustment—only to be made once—corrects the readings to the altitude of any locality

Your home should know the satisfaction of being able to plan weather conditions accurately in advance. Any dealer will be glad to show you how.

If for any reason your dealer cannot supply you with a Stormoguide, one will be sent direct upon receipt of price—postpaid and safe delivery guaranteed.

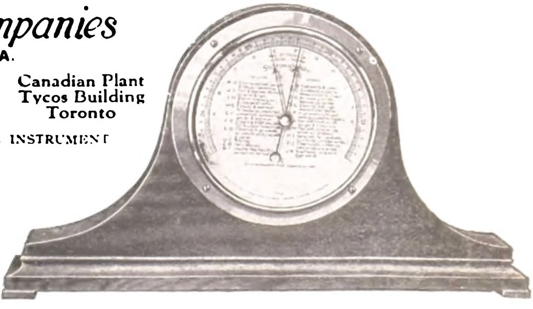
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

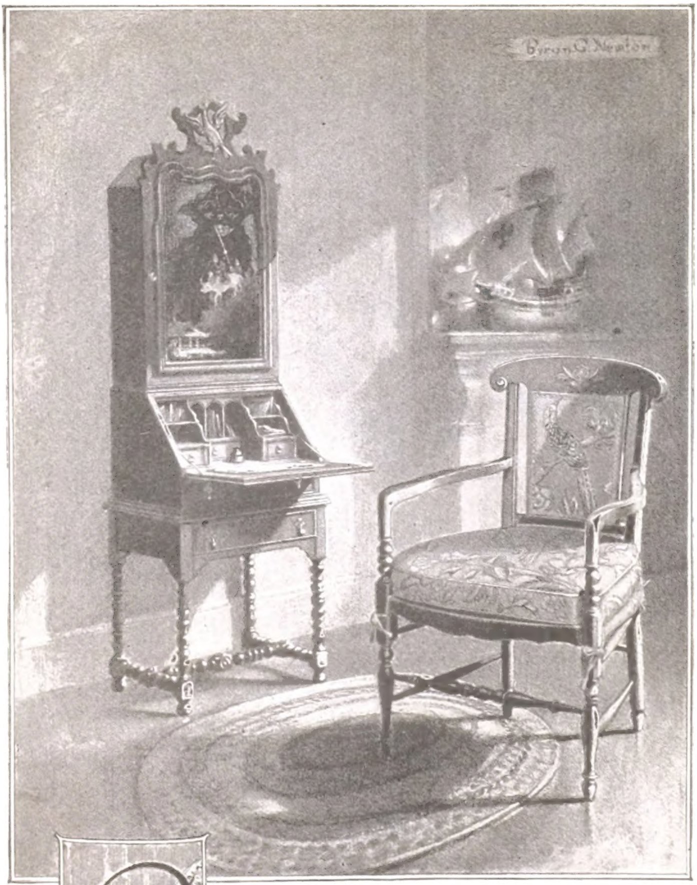
**Manufacturing Distributors
in Great Britain
Short & Mason, Ltd., London**

Canadian Plant
Tycos Building
Toronto

THERE IS A *Tycos* OR TAYLOR TEMPERATURE INSTRUMENT FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Stormoguide 2554, as illustrated, has a 5-inch silver metal dial, set in a 7-inch frame, mahogany stand, 14½ inches wide at base. Highly polished, $50.00.





Comfortable chairs to lounge in, a hospitable hearth to lend warmth and comfort, music, books, and in a quiet corner a desk for writing, with an easy, inviting chair to match;—these combine to make a living room of unusual charm.

The pieces shown fit ideally into such a picture. The tall Colonial secretaire, with its figured walnut front and Chinese decorations, has ample drawer space for numerous documents; its cabinet will hold a number of the more favored books.

The graceful beauty of the Normandy chair of selected maple, with upholstering of hand-printed French cretonne, fairly lures one to its thought-inducing depth.

These and other delightful Elgin A. Simonds productions are shown by Dealers of Distinction everywhere. Write for the names of the nearest.

The ELGIN A. SIMONDS COMPANY

New York Syracuse, N. Y. **Chicago**

SIMONDS

Individualism — in Good Furniture

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1926
Vol. III. No. 13. Issued monthly. Entered as second-class matter December 6, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under
of March 3, 1879. Price 25 cents. $3.00 a year. The Review of Reviews Corporation, New York.
Printed by THE SCHWEINLER PRESS, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

VOLUME III
Number 13

JANUARY
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
WM. LYON PHELPS ◆ STUART P. SHERMAN ◆ JOHN COTTON DANA ◆ CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

CONTENTS *for* JANUARY

		PAGE
COVER DESIGN By Stephen Haweis		
SOME PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE ("Wonder What a Twelve-Months'-Old Magazine Thinks About?")	The Editor	*Following Contents*
WHAT LOVE CAN DO		1
THE BOOKLOVER'S CALENDAR		2
THE STRIPED MAN	Harris Dickson	5
JIM BLUDSO, OF THE *PRAIRIE BELLE* Poem	John Hay	12
THE *LEOPARD OF THE SEA*	H. G. Dwight	13
THE A-FLAT MAJOR POLONAISE	W. Albert Hickman	19
THE TWO CARTRIDGES	Stewart Edward White	43
TIME	Juan Ramón Jiménez	49
SO THEY SAY		50
MATEO FALCONE	Prosper Mérimée	51
THE DROMS (THE ROADS) Poem	Donfarron	56
SOMETHING	Hans Christian Andersen	57
THE PHILOSOPHERS Poem	Po Chü-i	60
THE NOBLE FAMILY OF BEAUPERTUYS	Stephen French Whitman	61
THREE COUPLETS Poems	Robert Herrick	68
THE LAMPLIGHTER Play	Charles Dickens	69
TWO SONGS Poems	Robert Burns	80
THE OPEN ROAD Part II.		81
DAWSON & RUDD, PARTNERS	Alfred Henry Lewis	87
THE TALISMAN OF MOUKOUBAMBA	Georges Clémenceau	95
REFLECTIONS ON A DISCARDED BATHROBE	Denis Diderot	98
A LITTLE MATTER OF REAL ESTATE	Myra Kelly	99
SPANISH DANCE SONGS		104
GIRL, GIRL, GIRL!	Booth Tarkington	107
THE MAIDENS OF AFGHANISTAN Poem Translated by Achmed Abdullah	Kushal Khan	115
BEFORE HOMER: A LITERARY CROSS-SECTION 2300 to 1100 B. C.		116
THE RESERVED COFFIN	Luigi Pirandello	122
THE GARRET	William Makepeace Thackeray	127
GOLD!—AND RUIN		128
THE HONOUR OF THE NAME A Sequel to "M. Lecoq" Chapters XVII-XIX	Émile Gaboriau	134
KUBLA KHAN Poem	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	144
INVESTMENT SERVICE FOR READERS	The Investment Editor	12 *Advertising Section*
THE TREES OF CALIFORNIA	The Travel Editor	56 *Advertising Section*

Copyrighted, 1925, by the Review of Reviews Corporation. Trade-mark registered in the United States and Canada. (For further notices see Copyright Title Page, p. 10 adv.)
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TERMS:—Issued monthly, 25 cents a number, $3.00 a year in advance in the United States and Canada. Elsewhere $4.00. Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter. Subscribers may remit to us by post-office or express money orders or by bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is sent at sender's risk. Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers. Bookdealers, Postmasters and Newsdealers receive subscriptions.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Some Persons of Importance

“Wonder What a Twelve-Months’-Old Magazine Thinks About?”

December 20, 1925

“A YEAR ago to-day since I was born. And these folks who’re responsible for me have the nerve to tell me I keep them far too busy even to think about giving me a birthday party. You’d think I wasn’t something New and Unique.

“Fact is, they say now I’m not Unique. Some one showed me three and a half little magazines dressed like me; claimed they were younger brothers of mine. I didn’t recognize them—though the clothes seemed familiar.

“Everybody seems to talk about how big I am for my age. Nothing wonderful about that: real food, and a balanced diet. I laugh a lot, too. That makes you grow. Makes a lot of those who look at me smile, I find.

“The funniest thing is all those who kept saying I was a remarkable baby, but I wouldn’t live: nobody could keep on finding such food for me; never saw a child fed that way, anyhow—juicy cuts of real meats, certified milk, and date-stamped eggs, and concentrated essences of all sorts of nourishments many people had forgotten about. They don’t seem to realize that all the world has been storing up grub for me for six thousand years.

“I like this business of living. Think I’ll keep on till I’m a hundred, anyhow. I want to have a look at the new fashions of telling old stories in the twenty-first Century.

“Pretty soft to have a lot of slaves feeding you, and dressing you, and racking their brains to find pretty, new costumes for you each month. And all I have to do is to go traveling around the country each month, making friends.

“How’s that? Un-friends? Oh, yes: I remember that excellent preacher who said I was a ‘pagan.’ And the man out West with a Nordic name who denounced my complex for French products. And, more than all, that careful school-teacker who feared I was sometimes such a doubtful influence for his hundreds of boys and girls that he wasn’t sure I should be allowed to visit them. (That was specially because I laughed over a joke made by an Archbishop of the English Church, and another ‘wise crack’ to ‘Mrs. Partington.’) I confess, that made me talk a lot. The notion seemed to be that I put ideas into their heads. I had to admit that would upset a school curriculum. But I did remark that they were getting ideas underhandedly somewhere, and most of those I gave them were certainly an improvement. Still, I soon saw that I had a strategic position: somebody else was responsible for any ‘breaks’ I made: what they call heredity. If I was good, I *was good. Ha’pence for me, kicks for the ones responsible for me. That division of labour just suits me. So I don’t worry any longer——*

“Hey—what’s that? ‘Two days late with that copy’! Here, you,—what have you been doing all these last thirty days? Get a move on: first thing you know, you’ll make Me late. What would happen them? Don’t you know some hundreds of thousands of people would rise up——?”

* * *

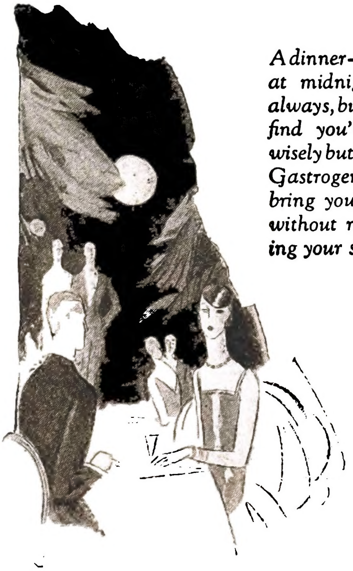
Were it not for Harris Dickson, the literary map of Mississippi’s 48,610 square miles would somewhat resemble those sixteenth-century maps of the world, where hard-pressed cartographers were driven to fill in vast stretches of *mare* and *terra incognita* with spouting leviathans and sea and land monsters.

Vicksburg, where he went to school and has been a successful lawyer and judge for thirty years, has nearly twenty thousand inhabitants: of these, *Who’s Who in America* chronicles a congressman, a banker, a soldier, a local captain of industry (member of the

(*Continued on page 6*)

Indigestion vanishes but digestion goes on

NEXT time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try one or two Gastrogen Tablets. You will enjoy the quick relief they bring. You will enjoy, too, a greater benefit — no interference with your normal digestion — a benefit that is Gastrogen's own peculiar virtue.



A dinner—a tea—a snack at midnight — delightful always, but sometimes you find you've eaten "not wisely but too well." Then, Gastrogen Tablets will bring you quick relief — without risk of alkalinizing your stomach.

GASTROGEN Tablets give you prompt relief from indigestion, heartburn and gas. And they give their relief without interfering with the normal digestive process.

The stomach, you see, should be slightly acid — it's the normal condition for proper digestion.

And bicarbonate of soda, good as it is for many things, leaves the stomach with an alkaline residue which interferes with digestion.

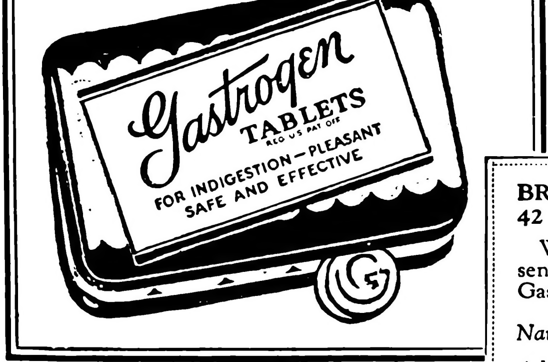
How Gastrogen Tablets do their work

Gastrogen Tablets promptly relieve hyperacidity. There they stop! That's their work. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal — "in neutral," as it were — free from alkalies, and digesting your food as it should.

Your indigestion will vanish, your heartburn and your distress will be gone and, even if you eat a hundred Gastrogen Tablets, there can be no bad effect. When they sweeten your stomach they cease to work and pass through the system unchanged.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective and convenient. They combat digestive disturbance without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste, they purify the breath and they are prompt in the relief they give.

YOUR druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.



© 1925. Bristol-Myers Co.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D16
42 Rector Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*______________________________

____

(*Continued from page 4*)

Republican National Committee and once pronounced by President Roosevelt "the most capable and efficient postmaster in the United States")—*and* Harris Dickson, author. And in the whole State there are only three other writers caught by the net of that painstaking fisher for notabilities.

However, anybody who has ever heard Judge Dickson tell his story of the Northern veteran and the Confederate owner of the house the "Yank" had shelled during the siege of Vicksburg—or a dozen other convulsing narratives—will agree at once that he is quite competent to represent a wide stretch of territory.

After some excellent historical romances, (beginning with "The Black Wolf's Breed" in 1899) he struck his gait with the stories of "Old Reliable," which show him as one of the most skilful users of darky character and humour. A natural *raconteur,* he really understands the negro of the South in the way which seems to be a heritage of the Southern white man's; and it is quite obvious that this very comprehension plays a large part in developing such character traits and human relations as make the story in "The Striped Man," published here.

For a sure-fire prescription against dullness, one might well note down a negro tale by Judge Dickson—or his company at lunch.

◆

When H. G. Dwight's "Stamboul Nights" appeared ten years ago, it was just another book of short stories—to be grumbled at by the bookseller, and probably jobbed presently to make room for the crowding new titles of fiction.

But a rare and quite noticeable thing happened: when men who read a lot got talking about books and writers, somebody was mighty apt to mention "The *Leopard of the Sea*," or "In the Pasha's Garden" or one of the other fourteen tales of that Arabian Nights key city of the world: "That fellow can *write*." To-day, as John Macy declares in introducing a new edition, the book is "on the way to becoming a classic."

"No good fairy, alas," declares Mr. Dwight himself, "dropped the gift of invention into my cradle." But something gave him a subtle perception of humour and human character and romance and swift, inevitable drama—plus the ability to take his hearers by the hand and lead them into secret places of the city he knows so well, and let them peer breathlessly at glimpses of a throbbing life which at once fascinates and repels.

It is no tourist's surface impressions that have given the material for these tales. Mr. Dwight was born in Constantinople fifty years ago; took his degree at Amherst; and spent years in our consulate at Venice, as a newspaper correspondent, in magazine work in Europe and the Near East. In 1918-19 he was attached to the Supreme War Council and the Peace Commission; and since 1920 has been a special assistant to the State Department in Washington.

There are very few men writing fiction to-day who can give one so much of the glamour and the startling reality of people a world apart from us in feeling—yet leave one with a sense of having comprehended something of these men's inner lives.

◆

"Mateo Falcone" is, of course, one of the world's great stories. It has long been accepted, with "The Capture of the Redoubt" and "The Venus of Ille," as one of the high points of an author whose short tales have, I fancy, aged less than those by any other writer of his period. (Who else is there of the '30's and '40's who does not seem a bit old-fashioned beside the machine-gun fire of our contemporary story-tellers?) And George Saintsbury remarks: "Much as I admire Maupassant, glad as I am to think I was among the very first English critics to hail him, I certainly do *not* think he has beaten Mérimée."

Assuredly, this straightforward narrative of Corsica justifies its tragedy as an inevitable result of the human characters involved; and the climax flashes upon one's mind like lightning across the night sky, illuminating the heart of a man, of a whole race.

(*Continued on page 8*)

CADILLAC

NEW 90 DEGREE

Prices range from $2995 for the Brougham to $4485 for the Custom Imperial. F.O.B. Detroit. Tax to be added.

. . .

Buyers on the payment plan are afforded the savings of the GMAC financing system.

. . .

General Motors Export Company, New York. Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Its own peculiar public—the largest following of its kind in the world—has never been won away from the Cadillac, even for a little while.

There is a strain of steadfastness in the American people when they have tested a principle, or a product, and proved it sound.

And that steadfastness has never been more significantly exemplified than in the eager enthusiasm which greeted the new 90-degree Cadillac, and the phenomenal success which has come to it.

The new Cadillac is benefiting by a national habit of hunting for things that are basically right, and, when found, holding fast to them.

CADILLAC—DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(*Continued from page 6*)

Hans Christian Andersen died fifty years ago, after living man's natural span of years—years of struggle and of fame. A charity schoolboy, starting to work at nine, his qualities brought him a grant of an education at a government school and then the University. At thirty he made a European reputation with a book inspired by first travels in Italy, "The Improvisators," following this with two novels "O. T.," and "Only A Fiddler."

Then, in 1853, he began to issue the "Fairy Tales," which delighted Danish children at Christmas, year after year, and which have been necessities to the youngsters of most other lands ever since.

Many grown-ups have found something in "Something" which has made that particular fable a household reference. The present writer finds that he has used it at least twice in these pages during the past twelve-month. The tale itself is presented as a full and sufficient justification.

* * *

Dickens first wrote "The Lamplighter" in the form of an acting farce, in 1838—hoping that Macready would produce it at Covent Garden.

He was deep in "Nicholas Nickleby" at the time, and rushed the play through between monthly instalments of his novel. Macready would have none of it; and the distinguished author accepted the verdict as follows:

> "Believe me that I have no other feeling of disappointment in connection with this matter but that arising from the not having been able to be of some use to you. And trust me, that if the opportunity should ever arrive, my ardour will be only increased—not damped—by the result of this experiment."

Three years later, when a benefit volume was being gotten up for the family of Macrone; the publisher (who had treated Dickens "none too well" over the "Sketches by Boz"), Dickens not only took charge of these three volumes, "The Pic Nic Papers," bur recast "The Lamplighter" in story form and contributed it gratuitously to the work.

The play in this number is, then, the original form which the idea took in its creator's mind.

* * *

A year or two back when Jackie Coogan made the foreign tour, his father-manager wired Clémenceau to arrange for an interview. "The Tiger" sent back a telegram about as follows:

> "Must decline; fear I am not well enough known to consort with your illustrious child."

It sounds like him. For only a very ignorant or a very rash person would venture to take liberties with Georges Benjamin Eugene Clémenceau. He has fought duels with swords—but his tongue and pen are even more deadly.

Born in Vendée in 1841, he found himself thrown into prison before he was twenty for shouting "*Vive la rèpublique*" in the streets during the celebration of an Imperial anniversary. When freed, he came to the United States, traveled through the North and Middle West, acquired idiomatic English, and taught in a girls' school at Stamford, Connecticut.

Always a stormy petrel, the Franco-Prussian War saw him Mayor of Montmartre, in charge of feeding 150,000 men, checking up his use of foods by a sworn accountant; then the enemy of the Commune; and for fifty years in the very hottest battles of French politics—culminating with his elevation to supreme charge of national affairs in the World War.

Statesman, editor, duelist, novelist, playwright, essayist, sociologist—there are not many more interesting figures in the whole world than this superb old man of 84. He began his literary career with "*La Mélée Sociale*," back in 1895, followed it with "*Le grand pon*," and is responsible for a score of other volumes, only two or three of which have appeared in English. "The Talisman of Moukoubamba" is an excellent example of his satirical humour in its gentler phases—from a work written more than twenty years back, "*Aux embuscades de la vie.*"

(*Continued on page 10*)

The Best Short Stories of 1925

And the Yearbook of the American Short Story

Edited by
Edward J. O'Brien

ELEVENTH ANNUAL ISSUE

Contains 20 stories by such authors as Sherwood Anderson, Nathan Asch, Konrad Bercovici, Bella Cohen, Ring Lardner and Wilbur Daniel Steele.

The Best Continental Short Stories of 1924-1925

And the Yearbook of the Continental Short Story

Edited by
Richard Eaton

SECOND ANNUAL ISSUE

A collection of especial interest because it may be accepted as representative.

The Best French Short Stories of 1924-1925

And the Yearbook of the French Short Story

Edited by
Richard Eaton

SECOND ANNUAL ISSUE

The stories are characteristic of Modern French Literature and worth reading.

The Best British Short Stories of 1925

And the Yearbook of the British Short Story

Edited by
Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos

FOURTH ANNUAL ISSUE

An invaluable volume for all interested in the short story form of fiction and especially helpful as affording a basis of comparison between the work of the short story writers of Great Britain and America.

Each Volume $2.50 net By Mail $2.65

Small, Maynard & Company
Publishers · BOSTON

(*Continued from page 8*)

One of the classic tales of the magazine world is how Myra Kelly (Mrs. Allan Macnaughtan, 1876–1910) sent copies of her first story to three or four magazines simultaneously, and had it accepted by all of them. And then never could be convinced that she had done anything out of the way.

Re-reading those irresistible narratives of little New York East-siders, drawn so evidently from her experience as a public school teacher, makes one realize what a real loss was her death at the age of thirty-four; for there seems little doubt that some of the work in her eight volumes will live as long as human nature preserves a sense of humour. From the moment when Eva Gonorowsky bursts out weeping because her cousin Sadie "makes on me such a snoot I got a scare over it"—the reader is content to sit back and let Mrs. Macnaughtan take charge.

* * *

Mr. J. L. Fulcher, of Fort Worth, Texas, called our attention long ago to a notable omission from the portrayal of Cleopatra in the April issue—Josephus's record of her attempt to "vamp" Herod the Great! As he remarks, those two are surely "the most interesting team in history." Here is the two-thousand-year-old scandal:

> Now at this time the affairs of Syria were in confusion by Cleopatra's constant persuasions to Antony to make an attempt upon everybody's dominions; and bestow them upon her. . . . She had mighty influence upon him by reason of his being enslaved to her by his affections. She was also by nature very covetous and hesitated at no wickedness. She had already poisoned her brother, because she knew he was to be king of Egypt. . . . She got her sister Arsinoa to be slain by means of Antony, when she was a suppliant at Diana's temple at Ephesus. . . . She was a slave to her lusts, but she still imagined that she wanted everything she could think of, and did her utmost to gain it. . . She also petitioned Antony to give her Judea and Arabia.
>
> As for Antony, he was so entirely overcome by this woman that one would not think that her conversation only could do it but that he was in some way bewitched. . . . When Cleopatra had obtained this much, . . . she returned by Apamai and Damascus and thence to Judea, where Herod met her and farmed off to her part of Arabia, and those revenues which came to her from the region about Jericho.
>
> When she was there and very often with Herod, she endeavoured to have criminal conversation with the king. Nor did she affect secrecy in the indulgence of such pleasures; and perhaps she had in some measure a passion of love for him, or, what is most probable, she laid a treacherous snare for him. However, upon the whole she seemed overcome with love for him.
>
> Now Herod had for a great while borne no good-will to Cleopatra, as knowing that she was a woman irksome to all; and at that time he thought her particularly worthy of his hatred. . . . He had also thought of preventing her intrigues, by putting her to death. . . . However, he refused to comply with her proposals, and called a council of his friends to consult with them whether he should not kill her, now he had her in his power, for that he should thereby deliver all those from a multitude of evils to whom she had already become irksome, and was expected to become still more so for the time to come; and that this very thing would be much for the advantage of Antony, since she would certainly not be faithful to him; in case any such season or necessity should come upon him, as that he should stand in need of her fidelity. But when he thought to follow this advice his friends would not let him. . . . And begged him to undertake nothing rashly for that Antony would never bear it. . . . Nor did it appear that he could offer anything of weight in his defence. This attempt being against a woman of the greatest dignity of any one of her sex in the world. . . . So they thus affrightened Herod . . . and restrained him from it, and he treated Cleopatra kindly and gave her presents and conducted her on her way to Egypt. JOSEPHUS.

H. W. L.

* * *

Copyright Title Page

PAGE.

5.—"The Striped Man," by Harris Dickson. Copyright, 1915, by The Pictorial Review Company; permission of the author.

12.—"Jim Bludso, of the *Prairie Belle*," by John Hay. Copyright, 1871, by the author; permission Houghton Mifflin Company.

13.—"The *Leopard of the Sea*," by H. G. Dwight. Copyright, 1922, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

19.—"The A-Flat Major Polonaise," by W. Albert Hickman. Copyright, 1909, by The Century Company.

43.—"The Two Cartridges," by Stewart Edward White. Copyright, 1904, by the author; permission of Doubleday, Page & Company.

51.—"Mateo Falcone," by Prosper Mérimée; translated by Emily Mary Waller and Mary Helena Day. Copyright, 1905, by Bigelow, Brown & Co., Inc.

60.—"The Philosophers," by Po Chu-i; translated by Arthur Waley. Copyright, 1919, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

68.—"The Noble Family of Beaupertuys," by Stephen French Whitman. Copyright, 1907, by Harper & Brothers; permission of the author.

85.—"Out There Somewhere," by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Copyright, 1914, by the author.

87.—"Dawson & Rudd, Partners," by Alfred Henry Lewis. Copyright, 1897, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

99.—"A Little Matter of Real Estate," by Myra Kelly. Copyright, 1903, by The S. S. McClure Company; 1925, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

107.—"Girl, Girl, Girl!" by Booth Tarkington. Copyright, 1919, by The Metropolitan Magazine Co.

115.—"The Maidens of Afghanistan," by Kushal Khan; translated by Achmed Abdullah. Copyrignt, 1925, by the translator.

134—"The Honour of the Name," by Emile Gaboriau. Copyright, 1880, by Estes & Lauriat; 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

YOUR BEST FOOD FROM THE SEA

OYSTERS!

~ *a dish for every meal*

Let hot Oyster dishes form your most delicious and richest Winter-day meals Oysters supply splendid Balanced Ration meals for the individual or the entire family. Rich Oyster Dumplings, Oysters a la Juive, Beef Paste with Oysters, Fried Oysters in golden-brown coats of rich foodstuff, Stewed, Jellied, Buried-in-Mushrooms, Omelets, Souffles, Scallops, Creamed-on-toast, Raw on-the-ice-chilled half-shell, and in many other delicious styles supply superb Main-meals, and are highly recommended by experts as the most Pleasant nature-way of feeding the system the necessary health-giving Iodine.

1 pound of Oysters furnishes 7% of the energy a man or woman needs daily, 28% of the Protein, 35% of the Calcium, 53% of the Phosphorus, and 136% of the Iron. (U. S. Government facts.)

So when thinking of the most delicious and beneficial food for the day consider Oysters. Have them at home, or ask for them when you dine out,

The free Government Recipe Book "Oysters: An Important Health Food," gives 98 ways to prepare the most irresistible dishes for all occasions. Book will be mailed to you on request. Write Dept. A-1016

ORDER THE OYSTER

for your health's sake

Oyster Growers & Dealers Association
of North America
De Sales Bldg. Washington, D. C.

OYSTERS
Are

1—Easily digested
2—Self-sufficient as a diet
3—Rich in Vitamin C, an essential food element
4—200 times stronger in iodine content than Milk, Eggs or Beefsteak
5—Nourishing but non-fattening

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Service for Readers

By the Investment Editor

This is the beginning of the Golden Book's second year. Five times as many readers are now making use of the Investment Bureau, through personal correspondence with the Investment Editor, as used it in the early months of 1925. This is a demonstration of reader confidence that is gratifying to the publishers of the Golden Book and pleasing to the Investment Editor. He derives pleasure from the evidence of actual service that these letters bring.

In addition to this intimate personal service, samples of which have been published occasionally on this page, a series of articles has been run dealing with fundamental investment principles; with particular fields of investment; with the popular subject of stocks vs. bonds as investments.

At the beginning of a new year a brief summary of these articles is not out of place and will help to give new Golden Book readers a good idea of the service that this department endeavors to give to readers of the magazine.

The first article was, "What is Investment and Speculating?" Lack of a clear understanding of these terms leads many people who think they are investing into pure gambling. The second article pointed out the great growth that has taken place in our investment market since the war changed us from a debtor to a creditor nation and the Liberty Loan campaigns introduced millions of Americans to the pleasure of clipping coupons.

"The Uses of Diversification" was next—an article on one of the most important fundamental principles of investment, for as soon as one looks down from the safest securities, such as United States Government bonds, in search of a higher return, he should begin to distribute his risks by putting into practice the theory of diversification.

Next came an article on the rapid growth and future possibilities of the electric power and light industry. The favorable outlook has been the principal cause of the advance in public utility securities. Then came an article on real estate mortgage bonds, explaining the nature of this newest type of security and pointin out that the period of test for many of these bond is still ahead.

Two succeeding articles were devoted to a discussio of the theory advanced by Mr. Edgar L. Smith an others that common stocks are better long term investments than bonds. In the second of these, Mr. Byro W. Holt, who first advanced this theory early in th present century when bonds were selling far above thei prices of to-day, was quoted as follows: "My guess i that we are in for five or ten years of falling prices an wages in this country, and that the prices of most bond will hold up or advance while the prices of most industrial common stocks will lose much of their gains c recent years."

An article on building and loan associations followec and closing the year was one entitled, "Why th Investment Banker?" pointing out the advantages t investors of buying securities from investment house of high standing. "By following the advice of a conservative investment banking house," it closed, "th investor is less likely to suffer those occasional losse in investment which wipe out the interest earnings o years."

That was the Golden Book's first year's contribution to the general education of investors. The magazine reaches many readers who are not familiar with th investment service that has been rendered to *Review o Reviews* readers for a great many years, which is nov extended to cover these new members of the *Review o Reviews* family, and for that reason it has seemed well t run this educational material as well as offering t help solve individual investment problems.

Years of experience in this work has led to the conclusion that one of the best solutions of most investment problems is the establishment of close relationship with one or more investment banking house whose representations can be relied upon and whos past record indicates a high character of their offerings To encourage the establishment of such relations thi department appears in the advertising section of th

(*Continued on page 14*)

Lost $30,000

Overnight!

UNSOLICITED, a retired manufacturer entered a Compton office. "I have about a half million dollars in securities," he said. "My own analysis shows a possible overnight loss of $30,000 by inheritance taxes. Can I save my heirs money by incorporating my estate?"

The Compton Company advised against incorporating. A thorough study of his list of holdings showed how few actual changes were necessary to avoid excessive inheritance taxes. These changes were scarcely more than put into effect when suddenly the investor died.

The estate was settled quickly. Compton investment knowledge saved many thousands of dollars in taxes, waivers and fees, and is still helping the estate to grow. The heirs are now Compton customers.

Compton service can help you. Add to your own sound judgment the tax knowledge and investment skill of this thirty-eight-year-old house. Your needs, your profit, come first with every Compton representative; for he knows that as you gain, your purchase will follow. The Compton book, "Successful Investing," will be mailed on request. Write for it today.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

NEW YORK
14 Wall Street

Investment Bonds

ST. LOUIS
Compton Bldg.

CHICAGO
05 So. La Salle St.

DETROIT
Ford Bldg.

NEW ORLEANS
Hibernia Bank Bldg.

CINCINNATI
Union Trust Bldg.

MEMPHIS
Central State Bldg.

BOSTON
73 Water St.

Continued from page 12

Golden Book along with the announcements of investment houses that its publishers feel they can recommend to its readers.

Coming back to the personal service to readers, the nature of that can probably best be pictured by quoting a typical inquiry and the reply to it. This is from a man in New York City:

"I note that subscribers to your magazine may avail themselves of your advice on investments. Any suggestion that you may offer will be highly appreciated, I assure you. I have no outside investments. I have always kept my funds in the bank drawing the usual 4 per cent. interest. Several of my friends profited considerably in stocks and bonds and I have decided to try and make some investments myself that are safe and sound and pay 6 per cent. or 7 per cent. interest. I have about $2000 to invest. What do you suggest for a beginner that is also more or less conservative?"

The reply was: Prices of stocks are now so high in the market that it is very difficult to pick out ones that seem likely to go up in value. However, it is still possible to make 6 or 7 per cent. investments in good bonds and stocks and for your purpose we would suggest such bonds as the Argentine Government 6s, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and selling around 96, and such stocks as American Tel. and Tel. paying 9 per cent. dividends and selling to yield about 6¼ per cent. and Union Pacific common paying 10 per cent. dividends and selling to yield about 7 per cent.

FORMAN BONDS
Insurance Company
GUARANTEED

Guaranteed Safety

will add great strength to your investment structure

Forman Bonds will give a solid foundation of guaranteed safety to your investment structure. The protection they offer you is two-fold.

First, they are issued and safeguarded by one of America's oldest and most conservative institutions—with a record of "40 years Without Loss to a Customer."

Second, because they are so effectively safeguarded a leading insurance company will unconditionally guarantee the prompt payment of both principal and interest.

Get the facts about these doubly protected investments. Write at once for complete information and current offerings yielding 6 and 6½ per cent.

Ask for Bulletin A1351

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Investment Bonds since 1885

105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
100 East 42nd Street, New York

Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines Springfield, Ill. Peoria, Ill.

Confidence in Smith Bonds Is World-Wide

Now 53 YEARS of Proven Safety

Select these time-tested investments for your January funds

THE F. H. Smith Company, founded in January 1873, has now completed 53 years of continuous service in the field of first mortgage investments without loss to any investor. This means that throughout more than half a century the men and women who have put their money into the first mortgage investments sold by this house have known but one result—perfect safety.

Behind Smith Bonds there is now a record of no loss to any investor in 53 years.

Smith Bonds are owned by investors in every state in the United States and in 30 countries and territories abroad. This world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds is the result of 53 years of *proven* safety—53 years in which every cent of principal or interest has been paid promptly on the date due; 53 years of freedom from worry, delay or loss to any investor.

Smith Bonds, therefore, are safe bonds. They are the ideal investment for any man or woman whose first consideration is safety.

For your January funds, Smith Bonds give you this proven safety of 53 years with the liberal interest rate of 7%. You may invest any amount in $1,000, $500 or $100 denominations, and you have a choice of maturities from two years to ten years.

Our new booklet, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety," and the 1926 edition of our Investment Savings Plan booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," will be mailed to you upon receipt of your name and address on the form below.

THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D.C.

NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA—PITTSBURGH—MINNEAPOLIS

NOW PAYING 7%

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS

Name.. Address..

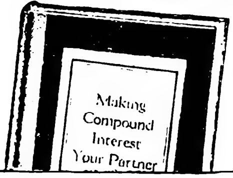
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY 86-K

How Much Money *Do Your* Savings Earn ?

THERE are three important factors in determining how soon you can retire from work and live on your income from investments. (1) How much you save (2) How regularly you apply your savings to a sound investment program and (3) How long a time you allow for compound interest to contribute to your total. It may surprise you to know that the third is often the most important.

The process is fully explained in the little book "Making Compound Interest Your Partner."

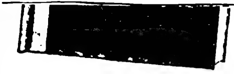
FIRST Mortgage Bonds offered by Caldwell & Company embody definitely superior features of safety combined with liberal interest rates made possible by the normally strong demand for money to finance the steady growth of prosperous Southern Cities. Let us send the facts.



Send your name and address for a complimentary copy of this book.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________



CITY ______________________

Caldwell & Co.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Southern Municipal, Corporation and Mortgage Bonds

833 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of the GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You*

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same. If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Buying Bonds by Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Building and Estate—Caldwell & Co.
5. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
6. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
7. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
8. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
9. Security Bonds—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
10. Miller First Mortgage Bonds—G. L. Miller & Co.
11. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
12. Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety—F. H. Smith Co.
13. Two to Four Per Cent Extra—Trust Company of Florida.
14. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.

- - - - -PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON- - - - -

INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK, January, 1926
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered. . . .

Name . . . .

Address.

If agreeable, kindly state business . . . .

I do / I do not } object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

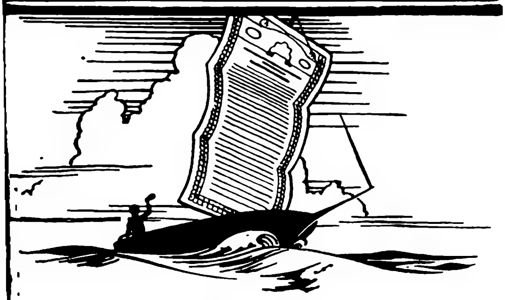
Public Utilities and the Investment Banker

Their close relations are demonstrated in the history of our organization, for it has been our privilege to underwrite and distribute millions of dollars of sound Public Utility securities.

The benefit of this long experience is offered to investors in the selection of bonds. For information, let us send you a free copy of our booklet, "Public Utility Securities as Investments."

Ask for 16-2453

A.C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Philadelphia Milwaukee
Boston San Francisco Minneapolis



A Sail For Your Boy's Ship

Give him a fair start on his life's voyage Begin now to insure his education and business career. This Christmas give him a United First Mortgage Bond. A little money invested now in these safe 6½% securities will accumulate into plenty by the time your boy reaches manhood. United First Mortgage Bonds are secured by carefully appraised Detroit apartments, homes and office buildings. Sold in denominations as low as $100.

NITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO., LIMITED
Howard C. Wade, President
334 U. S. Mortgage Bond Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Capital $1,000,000 Resources more than $10,000,000

you can buy "United Bonds"
ble safe-guarded—guaranteed
to principal and interest. Ask us
United guaranteed bonds.

6½% UNITED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

CAREFREE INVESTMENTS INSURED THREE WAYS

EASY MONEY and hopeful speculation lead to hard losses. Invariably the old truth comes back—that six per cent and safety is the combination that pays best.

There are no booms in First Mortgages on improved property in a settled industrial city with a million population. There are no losses on such mortgages, guaranteed by the House of issue and also by the National Surety Company, of New York. All your money is paid back at maturity and all your interest is paid without delay as it comes due, every six months.

Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates

enable you to share in the ownership and the income of guaranteed First Mortgages, on choice Cleveland residence and commercial property. Certificates are issued individually, in any amount in multiples of $100, for any maturity from eighteen months to seven years, interest and principal guaranteed by property worth twice as much as the amount of the mortgage, plus the double guarantee of the Fidelity Mortgage Company and the National Surety Company.

Full description of this ideal class of investments for Individuals, Banks, Trust Companies, Insurance Companies, Fraternal Organizations, Churches, Estates and Trust Funds sent on request for Booklet No. 40.

Fidelity Safety is Real Safety

THE Fidelity
MORTGAGE COMPANY
FIDELITY MORTGAGE BLDG.
1940 EAST SIXTH STREET
CLEVELAND

Chosen Out of 100 Applicants

The Way to Bigger Income

"To LaSalle goes the credit for training me so that I was able to turn a refusal into an acceptance in preference to over one hundred other applicants," writes E. W. DeMotte, a New York man. "I cannot give too much credit to LaSalle and its Placement Department for the success of my application for this very fine position." LaSalle trained him. LaSalle got him the job.

"My investment in LaSalle training," writes J. B. Lewels, "has already paid me, during two months alone, an actual cash profit of 300 per cent."

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

Such records as those just cited are within the reach of any man who will set his goal toward real success. During only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling $1,399,507, ***an average increase per man of 89 per cent.***

If you are in earnest when you say that you want to get ahead, you will not be satisfied until you have put this kind of training to the test—exchanged it, just as thousands have done, for a bigger income.

The details of the LaSalle Problem Method—often spoken of as the ***salary-doubling plan***—will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And it's FREE.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 137-R **Chicago**

Tell me about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Ten Years Promotion In One

- ☐ **Business Management**
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship**
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy**
- ☐ **Traffic Management**
- ☐ **Railway Station Management**
- ☐ **Law—Degree of LL.B.**
- ☐ **Commercial Law**
- ☐ **Industrial Management**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods**
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management**
- ☐ **Banking and Finance**
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice**
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching**
- ☐ **Business English**
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking**

Name..

Present Position..

Address..

Invest safely to earn

The Arnold plan does away with risk and enables investors to enjoy proper interest return combined with complete freedom from worry as to the safety of their money.

Every Arnold Certificate is secured by and is in fact an interest in a group of highly desirable first mortgages, usually in amounts of from $1,000 to $5,000 and never for more than 60% of the actual value of the properties.

Every Certificate is further guaranteed by Arnold and Company with Capital and Surplus of $1,250,0000.

Issued in amounts of $100, $500 and $1,000, to run two to ten years. May be purchased direct without broker's fee. Monthly payments if desired. Yield 6½%.

Write today for
Booklet No. 24

ARNOLD CERTIFICATES
6½%

ARNOLD AND COMPANY
1416 EYE ST N.W.
WASHINGTON. D.C

What is the first step to Get 8%?

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON!

TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
MIAMI, FLORIDA

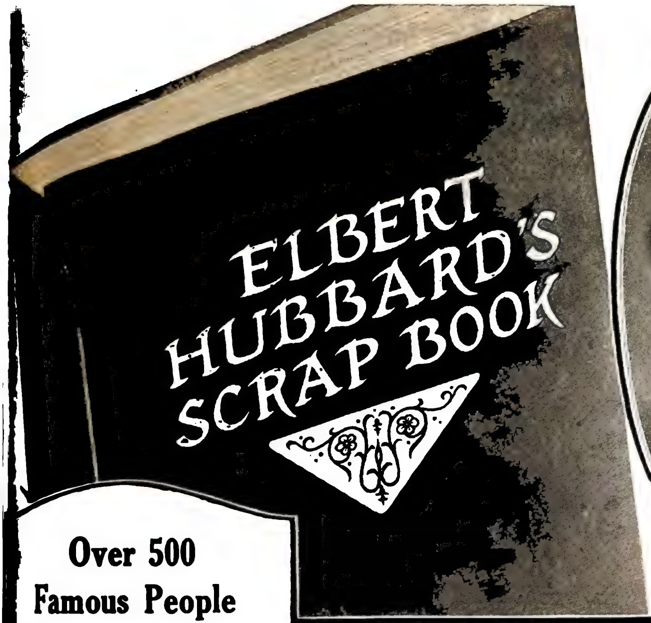
Without obligating me, please send your booklets
"*2% to 4% Extra*" and
"*Why Florida First Mortgage Investments Pay 8%.*"

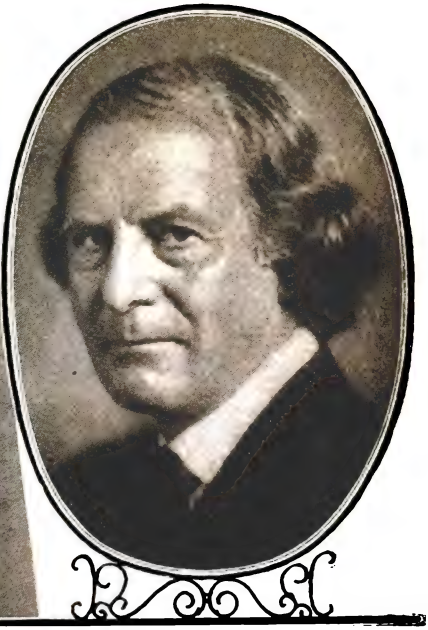
Name..

Street..

City.................................. State.................. 1801

You will then learn the five reasons why your money is worth 8% in Florida, how you can safely invest in first mortgage security through this, the oldest institution of its kind in the state. You will receive examples showing how you can gain by investing at 8% in place of 6% or 4%. Mail the coupon now.





Over 500 Famous People Helped Make This Scrap Book

Only 21 of Them Are Listed Below

H. G. WELLS
FRANCIS BACON
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
MAXIM GORKY
BALZAC
DANTE
OSCAR WILDE
CARLYLE
MADAME DE STAEL
DANIEL WEBSTER
CHARLES DARWIN
CONFUCIUS
DISRAELI
RABBI BEN AZAI
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
ARISTOTLE
JOHN RUSKIN
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
MAETERLINCK
HERBERT SPENCER

—and hundreds of other great minds from every age, every country, writing on almost every subject of general interest. Here is a liberal education in one amazing scrap book!

Elbert Hubbard's Amazing Scrap Book

Its Ideas and Inspiration Now Are Yours!

EARLY in life Elbert Hubbard began the remarkable scrap book that was to help him become one of America's most prolific writers and keen thinkers. He delved into the great storehouse of the world's literature, read exhaustively at the fountains of philosophy and wisdom—and preserved in his private scrap book the sentences, quotations and excerpts that inspired and helped him most.

And so Elbert Hubbard, himself one of the most brilliant minds of recent times, slowly accumulated a scrap book of choice thoughts and ideas to inspirit him in his depressed moments, exalt him in his work, sustain him in his overwhelming ambitions.

You cannot imagine what it will mean to *you* to own this Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book, turn to it daily for courage and inspiration, find in its pages endless thoughts and ideas for your life's work! It is a complete library in itself—the whole world is its scope—and the selections are so varied that scarcely two are alike!

Send No Money
5 Days' Free Examination

We want you to see this extraordinary scrap book and judge it for yourself. Read the very selections that inspired Elbert Hubbard, founder of the Roycrofters, editor and publisher of the Philistine, writer, lecturer, philosopher, business man! See if you, too, are not inspired—and immeasurably helped in your life's work.

Send no money—just the coupon—and the beautiful Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will be sent to you at once for 5 days' free examination in your home. You don't even have to pay on delivery. If you are not delighted with it you may return it within the 5-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. But if you are stimulated and inspired by the very first page you read, if you realize that you simply must have this unusual book—keep it as your own and send only $2.90 in full payment.

You are the judge. Clip and mail this coupon NOW! WM. H. WISE & CO., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 131, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

WM. H. WISE & CO., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 131, 50 W. 47th Street, New York City,

You may send to me, free for 5 days' examination, Elbert Hubbard's remarkable Scrap Book so that I can turn to it daily for inspiration, encouragement and ideas. Within that time I will either return it without obligation, or keep it for my own, sending you only $2.90 in full payment.

Name.......................
Address.......................
City.............State.............

☐ A few copies are available in a de luxe binding of semi-flexible basket weave buckram. The price is $3.90. Please check in the square at the left if you want this de luxe binding, with the same examination privilege.

Just 15 Minutes *a Day*

What it will mean to you is told by Dr. Eliot of Harvard in the FREE BOOKLET below

HERE are two men of equal position and business income. Which of them represents you?

They read about the same number of hours each week. But one has no plan for his reading; at the end of the year he has little or nothing to show.

The other talks like a man who has traveled widely, though he has never been outside of the United States.

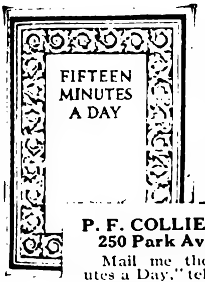
He knows something of Science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with History, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his mental growth? How can a man in a few minutes of pleasant reading each day gain so much?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as president of Harvard University, has answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking. "For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about these famous Harvard Classics. The free booklet tells about it in deta —how Dr. Eliot has put in his Five-Foot Shelf "the esse tials of a liberal education how he has so arranged it th even "fifteen minutes a da are enough, how in pleasa moments of spare time, by ing the reading courses Eliot has provided for y you can get the knowledge literature and life, the cultu the broad viewpoint that eve university strives to give.



This famous free book gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

Every reader of t magazine is invited have a copy of this ha some and entertain little book. It is free, be sent by mail, and volves no obligation any sort. Merely clip coupon and mail it tod

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York

Mail me the Free Book, "Fifteen Mi utes a Day," telling about the Five-Foot Sh of Books (Harvard Classics) and containing t valuable article by Dr. Eliot on what and h to read for a liberal education. Also adv how I may secure the books by small month payments.

Name { Mr. / Mrs / Miss . . . .

Address . . . .

4012 HC

. . . .

The publisher cannot undertake to send the booklet to children.

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM-

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans. I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic, and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems, and ambitions.

In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure*, I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I should have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts, and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books," are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its working, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of to-morrow."

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided, and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are — poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness, or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it to-day. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.

Suite 1341, 19 West 44th Street, N. Y. City.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite 1341, 19 West 44th Street, N. Y. City.

Please send me without obligation your free Booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.......................................

Address.

City.......... ....State..................

Thousands say of this book:

"This is just what I have always wanted!"

The Daily Reading Guide

Simply mail the coupon for your cop

A YOUNG business man once said to a famous newspaper editor: "You know so much about life, tell me, what is the matter with me. I can't read worth-while literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the editor. "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is the trouble with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that good literature offers the surest, quickest way to broad culture.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only time to read the most important ones.

The Tremendous Problem

This is the problem that has always stood in the way. And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, a number of the most famous men of letters developed a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worth-while things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

Thousands Acclaim It

The inspiration that came to the editors was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule for each day's reading, an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description.

This variety was so arranged that the selections fall upon anniversary dates in each reader's calendar. Thus on July 14, the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, the reading is from Carlyle's History of the French Revolution. Each day is full of such timely interest.

The Daily Reading Guide requires only twenty minutes of reading a day. It is for busy men and women. One year's reading brings you broad culture. Already this Daily Reading Guide in book form has solved the reading problem of thousands.

Accept It NOW

In the interest of good reading it has been decided to distribute a limited edition of the Daily Reading Guide to those who are prompt. You are asked only to help defray the expenses of handling and ma by enclosing 25c with the cou The Daily Reading Guide, boun rich blue cloth and conta nearly 200 pages, with introduc articles and essays by the fa editors, will be sent to you ent free of all other costs or obligation. Mail the coupon now to avoid disappointment.

Nelson Doubleday,
Inc.
Garden City, N. Y.
Dept. Y-1281
Clip, fill in and mail at once

NEL
DOUBLE
INC., Dept. Y-
Garden City, New

Gentlemen: In acco with your special offer troducing and extending t plan of essential reading, send me a copy of the "Daily Reading Guide," hand bound in blue cloth and contain program of daily reading for each the year, which embraces the essentials world's literature. I enclose 25c (in sta currency) to defray cost of handling and p There is to be no further payment.

Name....................................

Address....................................

City....................................State....................

EVERYTHING SHAKESPEARE EVER WROTE

---

39 Volumes in One!

YES—in this one convenient, luxurious volume—the complete works of William Shakespeare!

His plays, his poems, his sonnets—complete and unabridged. Every word of his immortal works, printed in large, clear-face type on a beautiful featherweight paper, so finely woven that the type does not show through. A marvel of modern publishing!

Thumb Indexed Edition

A feature that adds to the convenience of this book is the handy thumb index. You can turn instantly to any title you desire.

Because this book, printed in Glasgow at Collins Clear Type Press, is a book for a lifetime, it has been made beautiful and durable. The binding is of flexible seal-grained keratol, guaranteed to be far more durable than ordinary leather. Gold-stamped title on backstrap. Gold-edge pages are a further embellishment.

A book you will be proud to give a friend for Christmas. And a book you will treasure in your own library. If you do not now possess Shakespeare's works you surely will not want to miss this opportunity. Or if you own one of the many-volume sets, you will appreciate the convenience of this new form.

Think of it! At one stroke you can obtain an entire Shakespeare library—all that can be had in the thirty-nine volume sets. *And at a fraction of the cost.* The sensationally low price of this de luxe volume is but $3.98. Only $3.98 for a complete collection of the greatest masterpieces in our language. Can you conceive of a greater bargain?

Will You Examine This Book?

Simply Mail the Coupon

Because this is an almost unbelievable offer, we ask you to judge yourself. Let us send you the book without obligation on your part. You pay nothing to the postman. The book will come to you for examination. If you like it—as we feel sure you will—pay the small price mentioned in the coupon. If you do not like it return it at our expense.

Mail the coupon, without any money—NOW.

WALTER J. BLACK CO.
7 West 42 Street
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

16 Beautiful Illustrations

[illegible] Shakespeare? *If you ever plan to read Shakespeare again, take advantage of this unparalleled opportunity.* Mail the coupon now.

Walter J. Black Co.
Dept. ES
7 West 42nd Street
New York City

Gentlemen: You may send me your new Thumb-Indexed Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works in One Volume, subject to my approval. If I agree that it is one of the most wonderful books ever made, I will send $3.98 in full payment within one week. If I do not agree I will return the book at your expense.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

Swordsman—Lover—Debauchee!

Artist Supreme in Gold and Silver

Here is your chance to own the unexpurgated Autobiography *of* Benvenuto Cellini

Joseph Schildkraut as Cellini and Nana Bryant as t Duchess in the play, "The Firebrand."

You have read something of this extraordinary man, friend and boon companion of Michael Angelo—protege of many Popes—duelist, carouser, perfect artist in metals, sculptor of Hercules in marble and bronze, and designer of the great "Medusa" which has thrilled generations of artists.

Read Cellini's own life, as he tells it himself, his pen freed from all modern inhibitions.

Live with him through hundreds of extraordinary escapades, where life hangs on the flickering flame of a candle, or is staked on the toss of a coin. Sit in his studio while he models the grim features of Cesar Borgia, or the gracious limbs and throat of the frail *Bona Roba* of Florence.

Go with him to that amazing party in honor of Michael Angelo, where each guest brought the most beautiful girl he knew, and where Cellini snatched the prize by introducing a boy in women's robes, his hair dressed by the waiting lady of a queen.

All this in one handy 454-page volume

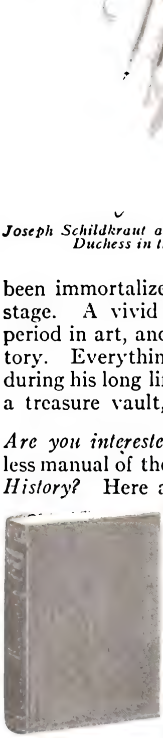
Old-fashioned editions of this master work, by no means available in all libraries, comprise two or three bulky volumes. But now you may have it in a single beautiful book, complete and unexpurgated—just as it came from Cellini's pen.

Here's a book *everyone* should own. A medieval history, an interpretation of the Renaissance, a swashbuckling romance and one of the world's great autobiographies—all in one book.

The "Firebrand"

You have seen, perhaps, in New York, "The Firebrand," a popular play with Benvenuto Cellini as hero. Not only in drama has this amazing book been immortalized, but even on the operat stage. A vivid picture of the most viv period in art, and in social and political hi tory. Everything Cellini did or failed to c during his long life is crowded, as jewels in a treasure vault, into this flashing volum

Are you interested in Art? Here is a pric less manual of the age of Michael Angelo. . *History?* Here are Italy and France fro 1500 to 1562 pictur by one who swung sword with his own ha in the sack of Rome. • *Sociology?* Here is t XVIth century, viole and licentious, lived l fore your very eyes. *Literature?* Here is masterpiece of narrati written by a bragg and a murderer, a scu tor and musician.



Another Reynolds Book

This is Cellini's Masterpiece; the Famous Rospigliosi Cup. Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Send No Money!

This is another Reynolds book. At your book store. If not in stock, we will send you this new edition for one week's free examination. At the end of one week, return it or remit the special introductory price of $3.00.

Be prompt. Only a few hundred copies are on hand; send this coupon now, today, before you forget or mislay it. Why not tear it off and mail immediately?

REYNOLDS PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue New York

To the
REYNOLD
PUBLISHIN
250 Park Av
New York

Send me, without expe obligation for FREE ex tion, the new edition of venuto Cellini's Autobiogra will keep it for one week. I wi remit $3 and keep the book, or return the book to you and not be gated in any way.

Name {Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address ....

4080

The Eternal Mystery of WOMAN

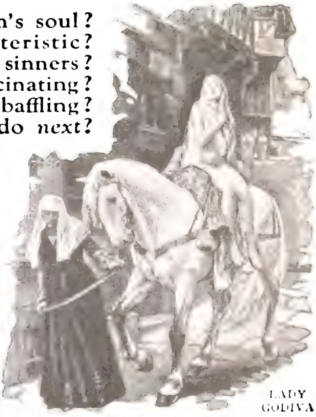
Now Almost Completely Laid Bare Before You

JOAN OF ARC

What, **in your mind,** is the essence of Woman's soul?
Which **is the outstanding** feminine characteristic?
Why are **some women saints** and others **such** sinners?
Must a **woman be beautiful in order to be** fascinating?
Why is **the nature of** Woman **so complex** — so baffling?
Is there **any way** you can tell what she will do *next?*

You've probably never faced such a difficult—yet interesting—string of questions. For ages they have bewildered all who have sought to know and understand Woman.

Heretofore there has been no concentrated record of Woman and her life in all lands and ages, upon which to base an *understanding* of her. To compile such a record were too tremendous an undertaking for any one man. Indeed, it has taken *ten* men—authors of greatest intellectual brilliance—to lay before you, after years of study, the story of Woman as completely as is *humanly possible.* Their combined work, WOMAN, is now in your grasp . . . ten glamourous, bewitching volumes.



LADY GODIVA

WOMAN

Helen

Cleopatra

Fatima

Poppaea

Salome

Magdalene

Messalina

Catherine

Isabella

Elizabeth

Antoinette

Dolly Madison

Your Comprehensive Library of Her Life in All Lands and Ages

You will get a refreshing new view-point on world history through Woman. You will be told about women of ancient Greece and Rome, or Europe and America, of the Orient and of the backward races in far places and curious past and present social customs. You will see woman as she is—noble and true or vicious and false; as the helpmate or toy of man. You will trace her emancipation, intellectual development and influence on human culture and destiny.

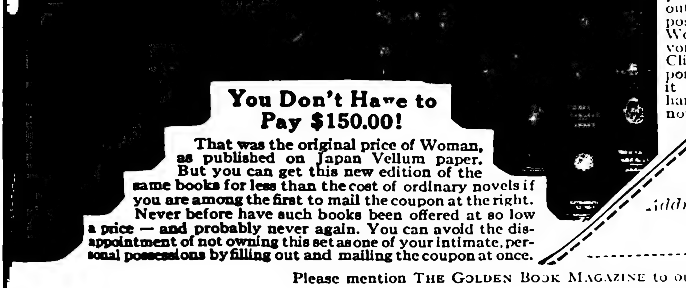
The Truth About Certain Women

You know that Woman today occupies a first place in all minds. A glance at your newspapers, magazines and books shows you how powerful is her influence for good or evil in life. Yet this great subject has only *now* been treated *adequately.* You may know something of the women you see in the little sketches above, but there is much *more* for you to know *about* them and others—truths which will entertain, amuse, then thrill—or astonish—and *enlighten* you.

The authors have not hesitated to tell you the whole truth. If, while concealing nothing, they tell you of the faults of women, it is to accentuate their virtues: if they tell you how a Russian Countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude girls to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell you how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France and how Lady Godiva helped those of Coventry. Love, marriage and divorce among people in all circumstances of life are subjects of many interesting chapters. A whole volume is devoted to discussions of Oriental women.

You Buy from "The Tiffanys of Publishers"

That is what the New York Herald has called the publishers of Woman, who, in over 50 years, have satisfied 500,000 customers. Quality and refinement show throughout these books. The authors are of national reputation; the editing is with the deepest insight and of the utmost thoroughness; the tint illustrations are by artists of distinction; the type is new French design, and the volumes—size 5½ x 8 x 1¼—are bound sumptuously in purple watered-silk finished cloth, full gilt. There are over 4000 fascinating pages.



You Don't Have to Pay $150.00!

That was the original price of Woman, as published on Japan Vellum paper. But you can get this new edition of the same books for less than the cost of ordinary novels if you are among the first to mail the coupon at the right. Never before have such books been offered at so low a price — and probably never again. You can avoid the disappointment of not owning this set as one of your intimate, personal possessions by filling out and mailing the coupon at once.

Yours Absolutely FREE for 5 Days!

Sign and mail the coupon today. Do not send any money. The Rittenhouse Press assumes all risk. See and feel the attractive books, enjoy the beautiful illustrations of "Queen of the Harem," "Miracle of the Roses," "Degeneration and Regeneration," etc., and read the chapters that appeal to you most — for *five days.* Then, either return them or send us only $1, and $2 a month for 9 months. But you must act *now,* because when the present edition is sold out it may be impossible to reprint Woman at so favorable a price. Clip the coupon while it is at hand—now.

G. B. 1-26

Rittenhouse Press
Rittenhouse Sq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—

Send for my inspection, charges prepaid, the 10-vol. set of WOMAN, bound in purple cloth. I will return it in 5 days or send you only $1 as first payment and $2 a month for 9 months.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

____

Only once in 50 years comes a book bargain like this!

1. SHAKESPEARE

— everything he ever wrote, complete in one wonderful volume.

HERE is the book that has taken America by storm—all of Shakespeare, complete in one beautiful *useful* volume. We want you to examine this genuine Collier's-Lakeside Edition in your own home at our risk—and return it at our expense if it doesn't exceed your expectations.

Everybody reads Shakespeare.

Everybody needs Shakespeare. Everybody can find a new thought every day in his pages. Along with the Bible, Shakespeare is the foundation upon which *all* modern English literature rests. And now, for a tiny fraction of the cost of an old-fashioned set of Shakespeare, you can have his complete works in one splendid book, easy to use and delightful to own.

2. OMAR—free

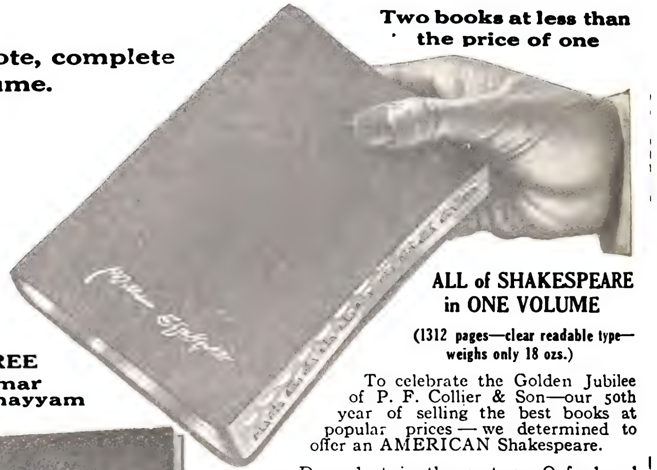
Pocket edition of the Famous Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, best of all books to dip into for an alluring thought or a haunting line of joyous Oriental poetry. Large, clear type, well bound in black limp leather, stamped in gold. While the edition lasts, a copy of Omar—without extra charge—comes to you with each Shakespeare.

Send No Money

We want you to take plenty of time to examine this Collier's-Lakeside Shakespeare. Show it to your friends. Read it for a week. Compare it with any edition you can find. If for any reason it doesn't far exceed your expectations, return it without obligation.

Remember you get SHAKESPEARE and OMAR, TWO BOOKS at Less Than the Price of One!

Two books at less than the price of one



FREE Omar Khayyam

ALL of SHAKESPEARE in ONE VOLUME

(1312 pages—clear readable type—weighs only 18 ozs.)

To celebrate the Golden Jubilee of P. F. Collier & Son—our 50th year of selling the best books at popular prices—we determined to offer an AMERICAN Shakespeare.

Dependent in the past on Oxford and Glasgow, we have sold thousands of these imported books at $6.50. Now with the aid of the Lakeside Press, rid of ocean freights and customs charges, Collier's presents a volume that rivals the most famous foreign edition at prices for every American home.

37 plays, 2 long poems, 154 sonnets—ALL. Introduction by President W. A. Neilson of Smith College, authoritative Life of Shakespeare, full page portrait, Index to Characters, Glossary of Unfamiliar Words. Convenient thumb index to find instantly the play you want. 1,312 pages, clear readable type—a book so finely made you can roll it up and carry in your pocket.

EXAMINE IT IN YOUR OWN HOME AT OUR EXPENSE

Shakespeare—in one fine volume—treasured companion of statesmen, bishops, authors, engineers, society women, students, ready for YOU to use and enjoy. Printed on finest India paper, bound in soft ooze brown suede leather. Along with Omar Khayyam, for FREE examination, in your own home.

But be prompt. To insure immediate delivery, before you turn the page or mislay this offer, use the coupon now.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, Inc.
250 Park Avenue, New York

Special Cash Price of $5.00. (With your complimentary copy of Omar's Rubaiyat.)

Simply detach and mail this coupon—send no money.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me for free examination, your American De Luxe Shakespeare, complete in one volume. Send also, without charge, until edition is exhausted, the pocket Omar Khayyam.

☐ When the books are delivered, I will deposit $1.50 with the postman, plus a few cents postage, and send you $1.00 each month until the price of $5.50 has been paid. —OR—

☐ I will deposit $5.00 with the postman, which will be credited as payment in full, and promptly returned if I decide not to retain the books.

(Mark X in square to indicate plan of payment you prefer. Your deposit will be refunded at once if the Shakespeare does not exceed your expectations.)

Name..

Street and Number..

4032 NSBBM-53

City.......................................State...............

There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him. He sees and describes not merely this man's love or that woman's inspiration, but the blind sweep and devastation of universal forces.

H. L. Mencken.

Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time—how I envy them!

Gouverneur Morris.

The only writing of [illegible] twelve years that [illegible] enrich the English [illegible] to any extent.

[illegible] Galsworthy.

Some Remarkable Facts About Conrad

At an auction before Conrad's death, his original manuscripts sold for $110,998. Before his death also, a numbered autographed de luxe edition of his books was published, the Sun Dial Edition, limited to 735 sets. That number of people promptly came forward and paid, each, $175.75 for one of these sets (a total of $129,176.25). Now for the most modest book budget comes the Inclusive Edition of his *complete works, containing everything in the Sun Dial Edition, including special prefaces written by Conrad for each book.* It will be sold for only $35.00, payable in small amounts, instead of $175.75 cash.

One comes to Conrad with unspeakable relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.

Christopher Morley.

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.

H. G. Wells.

To stand in a Summer stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.

Mary Austin.

A COMPLETE EDITION OF JOSEPH CONRAD

at a saving of $140.75 over the limited autographed Sun Dial Edition

"I AM not a literary man." Conrad once modestly said. But what did the world think of him? It was shown strikingly before he died, by the payment of over $110,000 for his original manuscripts, and by the outlay of over $129,000 for a few autographed editions of his complete works. Probably no such tribute was ever paid, in all history, to an author while he was still alive.

"I feel that Romance is dead now, not Conrad," an American woman in England wrote home to a friend. That was the feeling of unnumbered thousands when this great Master passed away.

The Secret of Conrad

What is the secret that lifted this former Polish cabin-boy to the foremost place in contemporary English literature? Perhaps most of all, it is the exciting narratives he told and the rare glamor of the life he wrote about—the life of outcasts, wanderers and adventurers in the farthermost places of the earth.

What an array of them there is: rough traders, thieves, murderers, adventurers—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East, and there battling out their destiny! And what women move through his stories; the bewitching plotter, Dona Rita; the mysterious Flora de Barral; the brave little outcast, Lena; the elusive and pathetic Nina of Almayer, the unfathomable and seductive Malay princess for whom Willems sold his soul—to mention but a few.

"Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

Conrad had met these men; he had known these rare, strange women he wrote about, and what tales he spins of them! Tales of the devoted love of men and women, in remote seclusion, far from civilization, possibly deserted on some lonely isle, surrounded by chattering people of other races; tales of blood and adventure in the mysterious China Sea, where typhoons spring out of a cloudless sky; tales of breathless romance covering the far-flung world—of friendships and conflicts of men and women caught in swirling eddies of life.

"Such tales they are as men tell under the haunting stars,"—that, in one phrase, typifies them. No wonder Hugh Walpole burst out, after reading one of Conrad's books, "Here, surely if ever, is genius!"

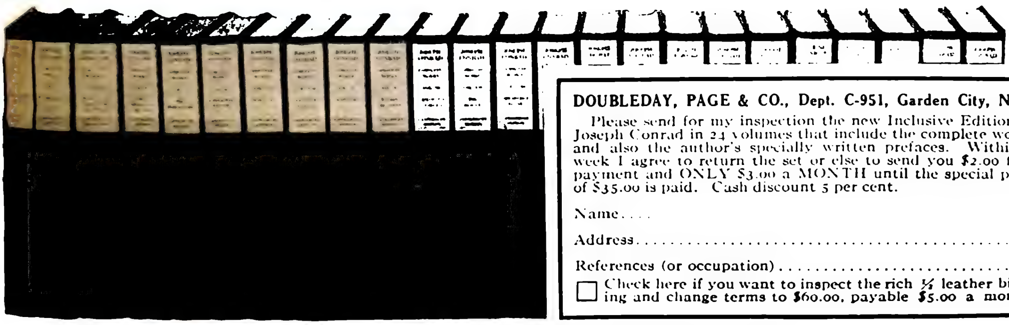
An Exceptional Opportunity

Gouverneur Morris once said of Conrad: "Those who have not read him are simply not well read." If that was true before Conrad's death, how much truer it is today! You will never be satisfied with yourself until you own and have read all of Conrad's books.

And instead of $175.75—the price of the Sun Dial edition—the cost of the Inclusive Edition, containing everything in the De Luxe set, is only $35.00, and may be paid in convenient small amounts. This is a saving of $140.75 over the Sun Dial edition.

The publishers respectfully advise prospective purchasers not to delay, as these sets at this extraordinary price are disappearing fast. Use the coupon below, or write a letter.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
Dept. C-951 Garden City, N. Y.



DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Dept. C-951, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send for my inspection the new Inclusive Edition of Joseph Conrad in 24 volumes that include the complete works and also the author's specially written prefaces. Within a week I agree to return the set or else to send you $2.00 first payment and ONLY $3.00 a MONTH until the special price of $35.00 is paid. Cash discount 5 per cent.

Name.... ..

Address..

References (or occupation)...........................

☐ Check here if you want to inspect the rich ½ leather binding and change terms to $60.00, payable $5.00 a month.

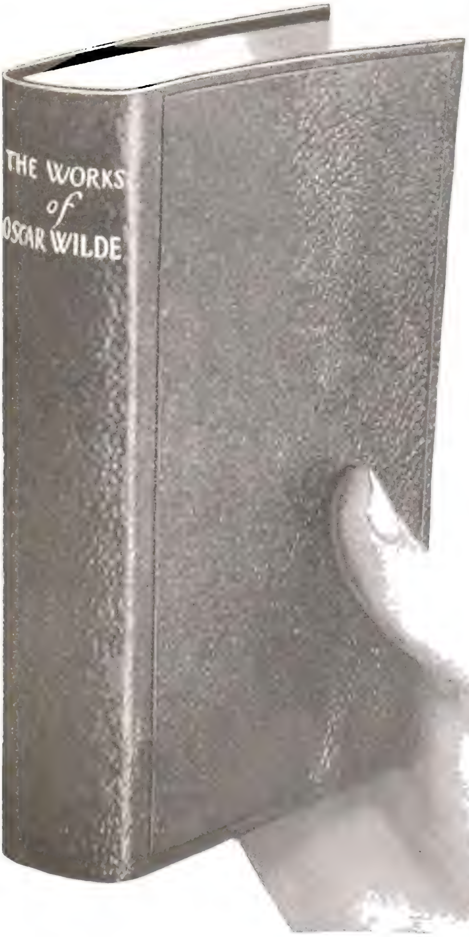
"He never made a commonplace remark in his life"

SO SAID a famous writer of Oscar Wilde. His words were like jewels. His brilliant conversation was the sensation of Britain's most distinguished dinner tables; his sparkling epigrams were on everyone's tongue; his piercing wit, his daring philosophy, his incredible versatility made him the literary sensation of his day.

What an amazing figure he was! The most striking personality of his time—perhaps the most dramatic character in literature. Think of a writer who could at once convulse smart society with his sophisticated plays and delight the hearts of children with some of the most beautiful fairy tales ever written—who could write fiction of enthralling interest, poetry of unforgettable beauty, essays of penetrating insight!

Today there is an ever-growing demand for Wilde's works. More and more people are discovering with boundless delight the charm and brilliancy of his art. In recognition of this widespread interest a remarkable new edition of his works has just been published—

The new India paper Edition of Oscar Wilde in One Volume



Certainly every cultivated person wants to possess Oscar Wilde's works in *some* form. Here, then, is an unparalleled opportunity. Here is the most convenient form in which you can own Wilde, perhaps also the most beautiful form, and at the same time the most economical. A truly de luxe volume and an amazing bargain, all in one!

Printed from the self-same plates as were used in a famous de luxe edition of many volumes, this book gives you the same large, clear, beautiful type. It is only through the use of exquisitely fine India paper that fifteen hundred pages can be contained in the thickness of less than two inches.

Will you examine it free?

So that you may judge this new One-Volume Edition of Oscar Wilde for yourself, we will gladly send it to you for your inspection. It is only necessary to mail the coupon. But do this promptly as there will be a tremendous demand from book-lovers, and the edition is limited.

Famous Wilde titles included in this edition:

- The Ballad of Reading Gaol
- Ravenna
- The Harlot's House
- The Happy Prince
- The Nightingale and the Rose
- The Decay of Lying
- Pen, Pencil and Poison
- Lotus Leaves
- A Woman of No Importance
- Salome
- Louis Napoleon
- The Importance of Being Earnest
- Panthea
- An Ideal Husband
- and many other tales, poems, and essays

1500 pages

WALTER J. BLACK CO.
7 West 42 Street
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.
(Dept. 371)

Walter J. Black Co., Dept. 371
7 West 42nd Street
New York City

Gentlemen: You may send me for free examination, the new India paper Edition of Oscar Wilde, 1500 pages in one volume, flexible, grained Keratol binding. Within a week I will either return the book or send only $5.45 in full payment.

Name.............................

Address.............................

City....................State....................

Keep pace with
the world

WINSTON'S CUMULATIVE LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPEDIA

EVERY VOLUME A LOOSE-LEAF BOOK

Kept Constantly Up-to-Date

REVOLUTIONIZES ENCYCLOPEDIA MAKING

The day of the old-fashioned encyclopedia is past. A reference work to be **authoritative** must be **kept constantly up-to-date.** The simple, invisible, loose-leaf system (Patented in the United States and Canada) used in **Winston's Cumulative Loose-Leaf Encyclopedia** makes it possible to **add all new and important information** to the work without changing the size or form of the volumes. No outside metal parts—no rings, springs or hinges to get out of order—every page bound stronger than in a sewed book.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THOMAS E. FINEGAN, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D.

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, STATE OF PENNA.

Complete in Every Department of Knowledge. An able corps of associate editors, each an expert in his own department of knowledge, is constantly engaged in recording the Progress of the World. The work contains articles on a great many subjects not found in other encyclopedias, and is planned to include the material facts on all subjects covering the whole range of human knowledge. There are 5000 pages, 40,000 subjects, 3000 illustrations, color plates and maps—giving what everyone wants to know on every encyclopedic topic. It is the most **up-to-date, authoritative** and **comprehensive** encyclopedia published.

APPROVED AND ADOPTED BY BOARDS OF EDUCATION

Authorized by the State Departments of Education for use in the schools in **New York, Ohio, Texas** and other States, and by the Boards of Education in many cities and towns throughout the country, including **Philadelphia, Boston** and **Chicago,** the work has received the highest commendation of educators, as well as business and professional people everywhere.

A HANDSOME NECESSITY FOR THE HOME LIBRARY

The Encyclopedia comprises 10 volumes, rich and sturdily bound, with genuine leather backs and gold titles.

INVESTIGATE ! !

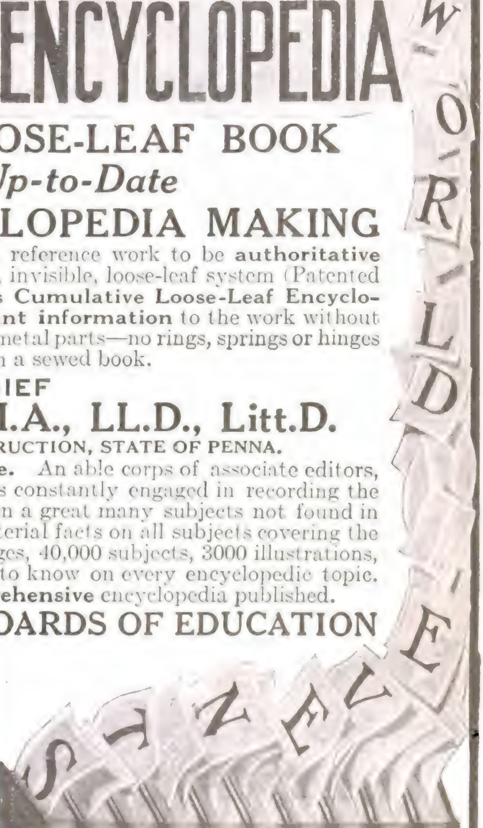
No obligation is incurred in mailing coupon, on receipt of which we will send FREE

FREE——"Knowledge Is Power"——FREE

full of interesting information and illustrated will be MAILED to you, and you will also receive full particulars of this new idea in encyclopedia building—Winston's CUMULATIVE LOOSE-LEAF Encyclopedia, a low-priced comprehensive reference work that remains as new and up-to-date as the day you buy it.

MAIL COUPON TODAY ☞

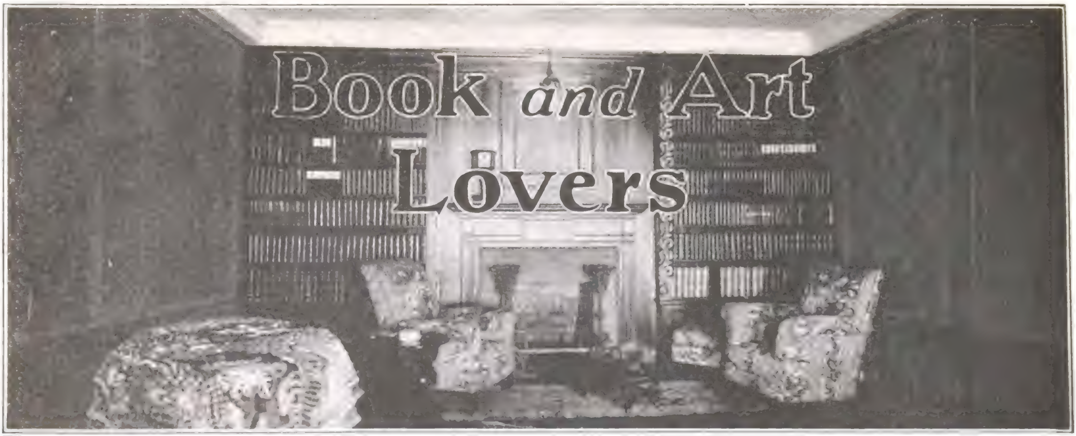
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
WINSTON BUILDING PHILADELPHIA



THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., Winston Bldg., Philadelphia
Without any obligation on my part, send free by mail "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER" and particulars of your easy payment plan on WINSTON'S CUMULATIVE LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPEDIA. G. B. 1-26

Name

Address



Your Family Portraits

This little picture at the left shows an old daguerreotype, apparently hopeless; the other after our restoration. You also, reader, doubtless have similar portraits in like or worse condition. Let us restore them for you before it is too late.

It is not only the vogue to hang portraits of one's ancestors on the wall; you will find keen interest and pleasure looking over your family daguerreotypes, tintypes, old "Family Album," faded photographs of your father and mother and grandparents. Gather them into a little group on your desk or some convenient wall space. You will enjoy living with them; also they give a note of distinction to your room.

Also Have Them Reproduced

in the faithful and artistic COPLEY PRINTS for keepsake gifts to your relations. They should be copied even if only to provide against fire, loss, damage, or fading in the case of old photographs. WRITE FOR OUR SPECIAL CIRCULAR (free) ON THIS SUBJECT.

Fine Art Reproductions of

Distinguished American Art in

The Copley Prints

For 30 years a hall-mark of good taste in pictures

For Gifts, _your_ Home, _and_ Schools

One can live without art—but not so well

Send 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue

(*Send Money Order or Stamps*—NOT COIN)

It is practically a little Handbook of American Art

This Indian subject, "Out of the Silence" from a Copley Print copyright by

CURTIS & CAMERON, 613 Pierce Bldg., Opp. Public Library, BOSTON

NEW YORK'S LARGEST SECOND-HAND BOOK STORE

BOOKS BOUGHT
Postcard or phone (Stuyvesant 2550) will bring our representative

ONE or THOUSANDS

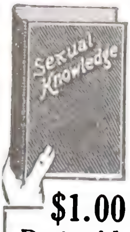
BOOKS SOLD
Catalogs, issued frequently on all subjects, mailed free on request.

Tell us your "Hobby" and send us your "Book Wants."
Our large establishment has been built on the solid foundation of
Fair Treatment in Buying and Selling

SCHULTE'S OLD BOOK STORE
80 Fourth Avenue **New York**

PATENTS. Write for our Guide Books & "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANKS" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for Inspection and Instructions FREE. *Terms reasonable.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 786 Ninth, Washington, D. C.



SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE—

ILLUSTRATED

By WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, M. D., Ph. D.

SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and
Every young woman should know
What every young husband and
Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

$1.00 Postpaid
Mailed in plain wrapper

Cloth binding 320 pages -many illustrations
Table of contents, and commendations, on request

AMERICAN PUB. COMPANY, 105 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

"It turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon him"—

WHAT was the frightful tie between this ghostly beast plucking at Hugo's throat and those giant footprints around the body of Sir Charles Baskerville? The mystery grips you—mystery such as comes only from the pen of Conan Doyle, greatest of mystery writers—

SHERLOCK HOLMES, world's greatest detective, once more pits his keen wits against this beast. But even he was not prepared for the fearful events that final night by the great Grimpen Mire. "Never," says Dr. Watson, his colleague, *"never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish be conceived!"*

READ THESE FASCINATING STORIES BY

CONAN DOYLE

Doyle has a book for every mood. You may draw swords with Sir Nigel or share the big business villainies of Ezra Girdlestone. In Fly Trap Gulch, the huge man-eating plant awaits you; you are among the Nihilists; you are in Sassassa Valley with the fiend of a single eye. One of the world's greatest love stories is Doyle's. And one of the most stirring prize-fight tales. Fiction of every sort enough to last a year; and the Sherlock Holmes stories besides—ten beautiful volumes. If you act at once they are yours.

SEND NO MONEY—

Just Mail the Coupon Today

It is easy to own these books. You need not send a penny. The coupon will bring the works of Conan Doyle to your home. You do nothing but look through them, and decide whether you want to own them. At the end of the week, if you do not need them in your library you return them at our expense. You merely *receive, read* and *pass judgment.* Let the coupon below bring Doyle, the Prince of Entertainers, to your door. Mail the coupon now, before the FREE SETS OF OPPENHEIM are exhausted.

FREE — Six Wonderful Novels

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

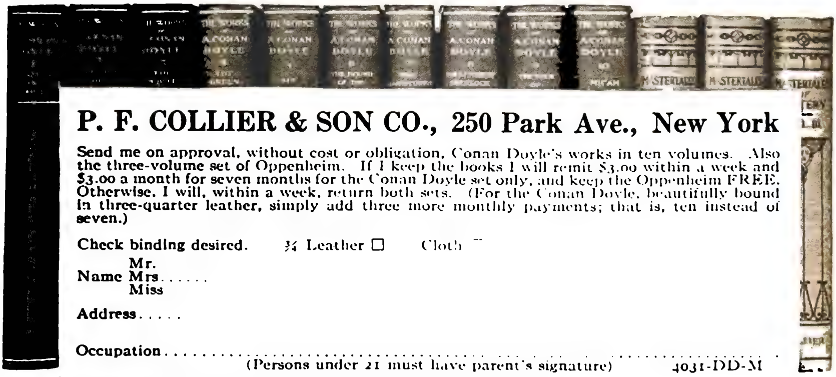
Master of the International Intrigue Story

While the few sets last, those who send in the coupon will receive free with the Doyle, in three compact volumes, six complete, stirring novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim—the master of amazing adventure in international intrigue, of weird situations in underworld and palace.

Bankers, lawyers, judges, college professors—all read Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes is one of the great figures in literature. Both Oppenheim and Doyle grip the imagination, bring quick, complete relaxation. They write, not to moralize or teach, but to bring pleasure. Oppenheim's six novels that go—FREE—with Doyle are: Master of Men, The Great Awakening, To Win the Love He Sought, The Yellow House, The New Tenant, A Daughter of Astrea.

Hours of Pleasant Thrill Await You in These Books

68 Stories
10 Novels
3 Novelettes
36 Adventure Stories
19 Famous Sherlock Holmes Tales



P. F. COLLIER & SON CO., 250 Park Ave., New York

Send me on approval, without cost or obligation, Conan Doyle's works in ten volumes. Also the three-volume set of Oppenheim. If I keep the books I will remit $3.00 within a week and $3.00 a month for seven months for the Conan Doyle set only, and keep the Oppenheim FREE. Otherwise, I will, within a week, return both sets. (For the Conan Doyle, beautifully bound in three-quarter leather, simply add three more monthly payments; that is, ten instead of seven.)

Check binding desired. ¾ Leather ☐ Cloth ☐

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ......

Address.....

Occupation..
(Persons under 21 must have parent's signature) 4031-DD-M

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

What is *your* Kipling Experience?

A KIPLING experience—what is it? Ask ten people and you will get ten varied enthusiastic answers. For Kipling always takes you on a new adventure.

One is to follow a trail that leads straight into the heart of the "Land of the Indian Nights"—to meet Lamas, princesses, beggars, secret service agents, swank officers, half caste girls, adventurers.

Another is to sail far away over the blue seas to Japan, to America and to Egypt; to live with the hardy fishermen of the Grand Banks; to find a small town politician in Colorado plotting to get a fabulous necklace from a Maharajah on the other side of the world.

To go aloft in a glittering airship in the year 2000 A. D.; to be introduced to a whimsical whale; to learn how the rhinoceros got his skin; to meet the butterfly that stamps.

Kipling's Greatest Appeal

So extraordinary is the scope of these Kipling experiences that, when you ask your friend to name this writer's greatest appeal, the answer may be those radiant novels, "Kim," "The Light That Failed," "Captain Courageous," "TheNaulahka."

Or it may be his unequalled short stories: "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Brushwood Bay," those inimitable essays and stories of travel; or the rollicking "Jungle Books" and "Just So Stories."

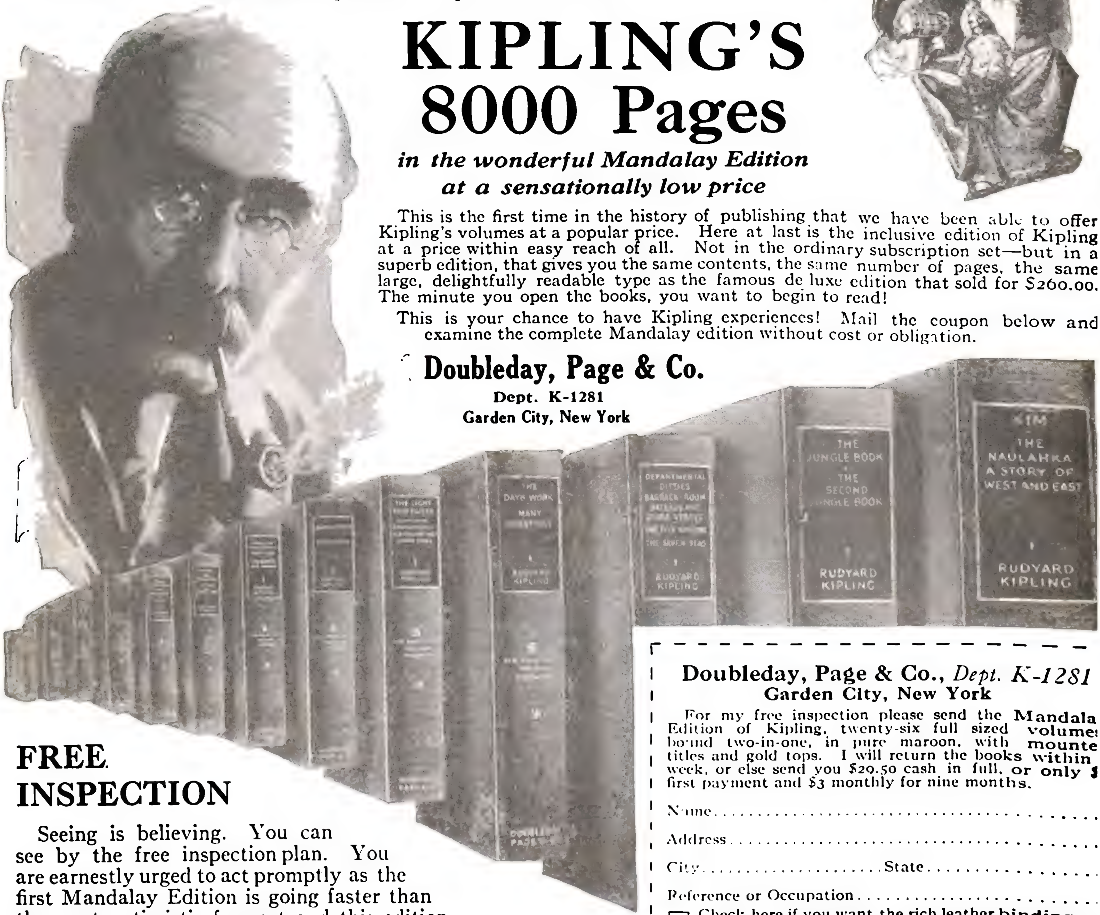
KIPLING'S 8000 Pages

in the wonderful Mandalay Edition at a sensationally low price

This is the first time in the history of publishing that we have been able to offer Kipling's volumes at a popular price. Here at last is the inclusive edition of Kipling at a price within easy reach of all. Not in the ordinary subscription set—but in a superb edition, that gives you the same contents, the same number of pages, the same large, delightfully readable type as the famous de luxe edition that sold for $260.00. The minute you open the books, you want to begin to read!

This is your chance to have Kipling experiences! Mail the coupon below and examine the complete Mandalay edition without cost or obligation.

Doubleday, Page & Co.
Dept. K-1281
Garden City, New York



FREE INSPECTION

Seeing is believing. You can see by the free inspection plan. You are earnestly urged to act promptly as the first Mandalay Edition is going faster than the most optimistic forecast and this edition will soon be unavailable.

Doubleday, Page & Co., *Dept. K-1281*
Garden City, New York

For my free inspection please send the Mandala Edition of Kipling, twenty-six full sized volume bound two-in-one, in pure maroon, with mounte titles and gold tops. I will return the books within week, or else send you $20.50 cash in full, or only $ first payment and $3 monthly for nine months.

Name. . . . .

Address . . . .

City. State . . . .

Reference or Occupation . . . .

☐ Check here if you want the rich leather binding ar change terms to $49.50, payable $4.50 first payme and $5 a month.

"The Secret of the Ages"

YOU remember the story of Aladdin and his wonderful Lamp—how he had but to rub this Lamp and there sprang forth a powerful Genie, ready instantly to do his bidding. Riches, fame, power—this marvelous Genie carried them in the hollow of his hand. Anything that Aladdin might wish for—from power and fortune to the hand of the beautiful Princess—he had but to command, and the Servant of the Lamp forthwith produced it. There is more than childish fable to this old Arabian Nights' tale. There is the Wisdom and the Mysticism of the East—so frequently hidden in parable or fable.

How Can You Live Your Dreams

Those **Wise** Men of the East had grasped, thousands of years ago, the fundamental fact—so hard for our Western minds to realize—that deep down within ourselves, far under our outer layers of consciousness, is a Power that far transcends the power of any conscious mind.

"The Father that is within us," deeply religious people term it. And, truly, its power is little short of Divine.

"Our second subliminal mind," so the Scientists call it.

Call it what you will, it is there—all unknown to most of us—a sleeping Giant who, aroused, can carry us on to fame and fortune. A Genie-of-the-Brain more powerful, more the servant of our every right wish, than ever was Aladdin's fabled Genie-of-the-Lamp of old.

Health and happiness, power and riches, lie ready to its hand. You have but to wake It, to command It, to get of It what you will.

"THE BOOK OF LIFE"

Seven Pocket Size Volumes Beautifully Bound in Artcraft

The 7 keys to Success that make your Day Dreams, your visions of wonderful achievement, of fortune, health and happiness—COME TRUE! And come true not five, ten, or fifteen years from now, but TODAY, A. D. 1925!

Do You Want To Make More Money?

HERE IS MY GUARANTEE: If within six months the $1 a month you pay me for this course hasn't grown to $60.00—if you can't credit to it at least $500.00 of ADDITIONAL EARNINGS—send back the books and I'll refund to you cheerfully and in full every cent you have paid to me for them. There are no conditions—no strings of any kind to this offer. If within six months these little books have not brought you the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow then they are not for you. Send them back and get your money! So don't decide about buying now. You can do that later. Send me only the FREE TRIAL "Courtesy Coupon" at the right, with your name and address on it. Then, AFTER the week's tryout—AFTER you have summoned your Genie and put him to the test—you can send me your dollar or return the books. I'll pay the charges both ways. But send the coupon right away, for I'm printing only a few thousand Sets for this "Advance Edition."

ROBERT COLLIER, Dept. 71, 599 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

ROBERT COLLIER,
Dept. 71.
599 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

For Free Trial—Yes! You may send me one of the Advance Sets of "The Book of Life" beautifully bound in Artcraft to examine, to try out for a week at your own risk and expense. At the end of the week, if I want to keep the set, I will send you special Introductory Price on this Advance Edition of $6.85 (or $1 then and $1 a month for 7 months). Otherwise I will put the books back in their box and return them to you, in which event I shall owe you nothing.

Name.....................................

Address ....

City..............................State ...

CLOSERIE
Hubbard

SPEAK FRENCH, GERMAN OR SPANISH IN A SHORT TIME

LEARNING to speak, read, and write a foreign language may seem the most difficult of tasks.

If you have ever attempted it, you may feel that it is *impossible* for you to learn except after years of hard study, which you do not care to undertake.

Yet here is a *guarantee* that, not only can you *learn* French, Spanish or German, in YOUR OWN HOME, by MAIL but that you can learn it very quickly.

The trouble with every other method of teaching foreign languages is that your mind is cluttered up with a mass of translations, rules, exceptions to rules, grammar, and dozens of other intricate details.

The Pelman method is so different, so much simpler, so much more PRACTICAL that there is no basis of comparison.

A Striking New Idea

Here is the revolutionary new principle of the Pelman method, in a few words: In English, French, German, Spanish and some other European languages there is a great body of words (reaching up into the thousands) which are practically identical in all these languages.

If you were asked to read a French, German or Spanish newspaper, you would probably give up without making the attempt. Yet, as a matter of fact, you already know a very large number of the words you would meet with. You would recognize most of them "at sight." Others you would be able to guess correctly from the way they fit in with the words you know.

Really, instead of being totally ignorant of these three languages, you already have an excellent start toward learning one or all of them!

Guarantee

Every Pelman Language Course is taught under the absolute guarantee that if, after completing it, you are not entirely satisfied with your ability to read, speak and understand the language, your tuition will be refunded instantly upon demand.

(Signed) B. C. McCULLOCH

Vice-President, The Pelman Institute of America, N.Y.C.

It is this remarkable fact that lies at the basis of the wonderful success that has come to the Pelman Language Courses, wherever they have been tried.

Learn As Children Do

Just like a child learning to speak, you do not bother at first about grammar. Instead, you learn from the very first lesson how to use the language itself. When you can speak, read and understand others readily, then—and then only—you get the knowledge of grammar you need in a new simple way.

Suppose, for example, that you have decided to learn French. (The Pelman method works just as simply with other languages.) When you open the first lesson of the Pelman method, you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you soon realize that no English is necessary. You find that you already know enough French words to start—and you can easily discover the meaning of the unfamiliar French words by the way they "fit in" with the ones you recognize at sight.

By means of this revolutionary system, within eight to twelve weeks you will find yourself able to speak a foreign language more fluently than those who have studied it for years in the toilsome "grammar first" way.

This is no exaggeration. I England, where this wonder ful new method was orig nated, tens of thousands c people have found that makes foreign languages a tonishingly easy to learn. I America, this success wa at once duplicated. This by far the most practical an sensible way to learn French Spanish and German.

Send for Free Book

A free book, yours fo the asking, shows you what a real culture benefit, what a wonderful means for pleas ure it is to have another language at you command. This book actually shows yo that you can read, at sight, a page of th language you decide to learn. It show why it is possible to guarantee that yo will learn either French, Spanish o German within a short time to you satisfaction, or it will cost you nothing To send for this book places you unde no obligation. No salesman will ca upon you. Mail the coupon at once.

The Pelman Language Institute

Approved as a correspondence school under th laws of the State of New York

Suite L-1341
19 West 44th Street, New York Cit

The Pelman Language Institute
Suite L-1341, 19 West 44th St., New York Cit

Please send me full information about th Pelman System of Language Instruction.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . State. . . . .

I am interested in

☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ Germa

"Madame voudrait de la sauce aux champignons?"

asks the waiter— and you feel *so* helpless

A mushroom sauce made by a famous French chef! Of course you would want it if you only knew what the waiter were talking about!

HOW much pleasure is missed by travelers who have never learned to speak French! All those subtleties of speech and manner that make the French people so delightfully different.

Americans traveling abroad without a knowledge of this universal language are likely to meet with all sorts of traveling difficulties, too. Misunderstandings about trains, baggage, hotel accommodations, meals. Yet, all this is so unnecessary! *Anyone* can learn, in a very short time, to speak simple French easily and correctly if he will only use the *right method.*

The great publishing house of Hugo has long been known throughout Europe as headquarters for Foreign language instruction. Millions of Hugo language books have been sold. For more than one hundred years this famous family has conducted language institutes in the greater cities. They have evolved a method of teaching French that is recognized everywhere as the most advanced, most authoritative and most practical method in existence.

The Famous Hugo Method Has Now Been Brought to America

In order to acquaint Americans with a method of learning conversational French that has been used successfully by so many thousands of Europeans, Hugo's Language Institute of London has now prepared a special edition of their course for American use. To introduce it in this country, an amazingly liberal offer is made.

HUGO'S FAMOUS "FRENCH AT SIGHT"

24 Fascinating Lessons by Mail—Special Introductory Offer

Now, in the easiest and most delightful way in the world, you can learn to speak French *like a Frenchman.* Instead of starting with tiresome rules, verb lists and grammatical constructions, you will actually learn to *speak French sentences* in your very first lesson. In the Hugo course you learn simply from seeing the same expressions used over and over. You do not seem to be studying at all!

Pronunciation and accent are taught by a device so ingenious that you will soon find yourself speaking French as the French themselves speak it.

To all who enroll now we will also give a year's subscription to Le Petit Journal, without additional cost. This entertaining little French magazine will be of great assistance in familiarizing you with French life and customs and in enlarging your vocabulary.

The Complete Course for only $12.00 **If you act quickly**

For a limited time (for introductory purposes only) you are now offered the complete Hugo course of twenty-four lessons, at the astonishingly low price of only $12.00. This is only a fraction of the regular price. Moreover, it may be paid on the convenient terms of only $2.00 a month. This is indeed a wonderful offer. Can you afford to miss so exceptional an opportunity to learn conversational French?

Examine These Lessons Free **Simply Mail the Coupon**

The coupon below will bring you the entire course of 24 lessons for free examination. You can return them in 5 days or send only $2.00 a month until $12.00 have been paid. Don't delay. Mail the coupon NOW.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Dept. F-1281,
(American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London)
Garden City, N. Y.

This Special Offer Includes a Year's Subscription to Le Petit Journal

LE PETIT JOURNAL

Published twice a month, eight months of the year, in everyday French, this delightful illustrated magazine contains current news, extracts from French publications, notes on French life and customs and humorous sketches. When you enroll you will receive a full year's subscription, 16 issues, without additional cost.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.,
Dept. F-1281
(American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London)
Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in learning to speak French as the French speak it. Please send me the Hugo "French At Sight" course, in 24 lessons, for free examination. Within 5 days I will either return the course or send you $2.00 at that time and $2.00 each month until a total of $12.00 has been paid. I am also to receive a year's subscription to Le Petit Journal, 16 issues, without additional cost.

Name...

Address...

City.............................State...............

5% Discount for Cash with Order.

Amazing!

Whitman's Chocolates are sold in every state in the Union, and in nearly every community, yet—

Whitman's
Sampler
Chocolates & Confections
Started in 1842

—WHEREVER a package of Whitman's Chocolates is opened there is a double wonder of quality and freshness. Whitman's are distributed *direct* to each local store acting as our sales agency—not through a jobber. Every package is doubly guaranteed to give complete satisfaction.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA New York Chicago San Francis

What Love Can Do

But the lover, when shut out, often in tears, covers the threshold with flowers and wreaths, and anoints the haughty doorposts with oil of marjoram, and imprints kisses, a poor wretch, on the doors. LUCRETIUS.

The wrinkles on my face are all untold,
My hair is gray and thin;
My limbs are sadly feeble grown and old;
But love is young, and sin. From the Sanskrit.

He mooned at her feet. . . . He bought a violent yellow tie, to make himself young for her. He knew, a little sadly, that he could not make himself beautiful; he beheld himself as heavy, hinting of fatness, but he danced, he dressed, he chattered, to be as young as she was . . . as young as she seemed to be. SINCLAIR LEWIS.

O Mother Venus, quit, I pray,
Your violent assailing!
The arts, forsooth, that fired my youth
At last are unavailing;
My blood runs cold, I'm getting old,
And all my powers are failing. EUGENE FIELD.

"You, gentlemen, seem to think slavery a pleasant and an honourable state. You have less experience of it than I. I have been enslaved to Miss Dobson since yesterday evening; you, only since this afternoon; I, at close quarters; you, at a respectful distance. Your fetters have not galled you yet; my wrists, my ankles, are excoriated. The iron has entered into my soul. I droop. I stumble. Blood flows from me. I quiver and curse. I writhe. The sun mocks me. The moon titters in my face. I can stand it no longer. I will no more of it. Tomorrow I die." MAX BEERBOHM.

O love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight! Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rish, who turns men into monkeys, wheel-barrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language as thou doth metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest object, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew's-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. FIELDING.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! A happy new year to my dear country, the land of old integrity and truth! A happy new year to friends and enemies, Christians and Turks, Hottentots and Cannibals! To all on whom God permits his sun to rise and his rain to fall! Also to the poor negro slaves who have to work all day in the hot sun.

IT'S wholly a glorious day, the New Year's Day! At other times I can bear that a man should be a little bit patriotic, and not make court to other nations. True, one must not speak evil of any nation. The wiser part are everywhere silent; and who would revile a whole nation for the sake of the loud ones? As I said, I can bear at other times that a man should be a little patriotic: but on New Year's Day my patriotism is dead as a mouse, and it seems to me on that day as if we were all brothers, and had one Father who is in heaven; as if all the goods of the world were water which God has created for all men, as I once heard it said.

And so I am accustomed, every New Year's morning, to sit down on a stone by the wayside, to scratch with my staff in the sand before me, and to think of this and of that. Not of my readers. I hold them in all honour: but on New Year's morning, on the stone by the wayside, I think not of them; but I sit there and think that during the past year I saw the sun rise so often, and the moon—that I saw so many rainbows and flowers, and breathed the air so often, and drank from the brook—and then I do not like to look up, and I take with both hands my cap from my head and look into that.

THEN I think also of my acquaintances who have died during the year; and how they can talk now with Socrates and Numa, and other men of whom I have heard so much good, and with John Huss. And then it seems as if graves opened round me, and shadows with bald crowns and long gray beards came out of them and shook the dust out of their beards. That must be the work of the "Everlasting Huntsman," who has his doings about the twelfth. The old pious long-beards would fain sleep. But a glad new year to your memory and to the ashes in your graves!

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

January.

1 *Friday—New Year's Day.* Begins another year—another blank page on which to inscribe a twelvemonth of living. *What will you write?*

2 *Venus, evening star, at greatest brilliancy.*
I said to the Almighty: "Lord, if you do exist, send a cold in the head to this excessively superb drum-major; make him sneeze on parade."
ANATOLE FRANCE.

3 Any stigma will do to beat a dogma.
PHILIP GUÉDALLA.

4 A great wind blew all the stars to flare,
And cried, "I sweep a path before the moon,
Tarry ye now the coming of the moon,
For she is coming soon."
FRANCIS THOMPSON.

5 The President opened his mouth—and out flew a moth.
Contemporary Folklore.

6 *Epiphany* (Twelfth Day). *Beginning of Carnival.*
I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them.
THOMAS GRAY.

7 Men have tried hard to put away the dark;
A million lighted windows brilliantly
Inlay with squares of gold the winter night.
TEASDALE.

8 You far away—you know
That when the wine-cup reddens o'er the lake
I call to you a thousand leagues apart,
From the sheer confines of the world—and lo,
All golden for your sake,
Spring dimples through the doorway of my heart.
OU-YANG HSIU (MATHERS).

9 We were treated with the greatest respect and ham sandwiches.
LADY DUFFERIN.

10 Openin' wide His door,
God lights the stars, His candles,
And looks upon the poor.
YEATS.

11 A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, of the spheres touched by some raw angel. It is not George the Third trying the Hundredth Psalm?
LAMB.

12 (Lord's Day). I do find my wife do keep very bad remembrances of my former unkindness to her, and do mightily complain of her want of money and liberty, which I will rather hear and bear the complaint of than grant the contrary, and so we had very hot words a great while.
PEPYS.

13 It sifts from leaden sieves,
It powders all the wood,
It fills with alabaster wool,
The wrinkles of the road.
DICKINSON.

14 *Total eclipse of sun in Philippines and Far East. New Moon.*
Mr. Granville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman.
WILLIAM COWPER.

15 My bed is so empty that I keep on waking up;
As the cold increases, the night wind begins to blow.
It rustles the curtains, making a noise like the sea:
Oh that those were waves which could carry me back to you.
CHINESE, 6th CENTURY (WALEY).

16 I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.
WHITMAN.

17 We have our thaws. They come to our January woods, when our ice cracks and our sluices break loose. Thought that was frozen up under stern experience gushes forth in feeling and expression. THOREAU.

18 O winter stern and chilly,
When frozen are our noses,
And piano-strumming silly
Our ears so discomposes.
HEINE.

19 I laid the diamond exactly in the middle of the work, and over it I had represented God the Father, sitting in a sort of free, easy attitude, which suited admirably well with the rest of the piece, and did not in the least crowd the diamond. BENVENUTO CELLINI.

20 Let mystery have its place in you; do not always be turning up your soil with the ploughshare of self-examination. AMIEL.

21 There was a forced smile upon his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled, and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman.
SYDNEY SMITH.

22 I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure.
MARJORIE FLEMING
(*aged* 7).

23 An efficient bore must always have something respectable about him, otherwise no one would permit him to exercise his occupation.
SCOTT.

24 The great sun begins his state
Robed in flowers and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
MILTON.

25 "Severe weather, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick. "Fine time for them as is well wropped up, as the Polar Bear said to himself when he was practising at the skating," replied Mr. Weller. DICKENS.

26 How far they are, the days of light,
When the sun at the horizon
Seems to regret to leave the earth
It gilds with one last ray.
PAUL NANCEY.

27 The Scotch dialect is singularly rich in terms of reproach against the winter wind. STEVENSON.

28 Men hating nature are insane. Women and nature are close. If it is rather general to hate nature and maltreat women, we begin to see why the world is a mad world.
MEREDITH.

29 What is wrong with the world is, that no man can say what would be right with it. CHESTERTON.

30 For that to which romance conducts, in all the affairs of life, is plain enough—distinction and clarity, and beauty and symmetry, and tenderness and truth and urbanity. CABELL

31 "Yes, he is every other inch a gentleman."
CONTEMPORARY CRITIC.

The Golden Book Magazine

Volume III JANUARY, 1926 Number 13

The Striped Man

By HARRIS DICKSON

Very cordially yours

Harris Dickson

NO CHINK of light peeped out, nor murmur of human voices came from that lone cabin by the forest's edge. Crouching beneath a shrouded water-oak, the funereal mosses drooped above its roof. A black, mysterious density behind pulsated with the crooning life of unseen things. The screech-owl raised his quaver, a tremolo of frozen fear. Half-picked cotton-fields spread before the cabin, in regions of white and patches of brown. Mid-December afternoon had darkened into night.

Within, a negro man rocked to and fro, nodding drowsily at the wide-mouthed chimney. Old Aaron jerked himself awake, then knelt before his burned-down fire. A constellation of sparks glittered amidst the clouds of gray-banked ashes. But a constellation would never roast the yams upon which Aaron depended for his supper. That's why he grumbled, "Dar now! Dis fire is teetotally went out. I jes' *got* to fetch a turn o' wood."

He stood up before the hearth, trying to organize himself for a venture to the wood-pile. His monstrous shadow flickered roofward, among the naked joists and rafters. Suddenly the negro threw up his head, listened and shivered at the sinister baying of a solitary hound: "Dat ain't no *bear*-dog; nor yit a 'possum-dog. Dem's *blood*-dogs; dey's chasin' somebody."

The door being stoutly latched, Aaron cautiously opened a shutter, a solid shutter in a window that had no sash. Again he listened. "Sho' *is* blood-dogs. One o' dem convicts got away from de State farm."

With screech-owls, bloodhounds, and fugitives outside, the lonesome negro felt creepy in the dark. He lighted a cheap oil-lamp and set it on the table. "Roarin' fire would make dis cabin look a heap mo' brighter."

While Aaron bent over his hearth and nervously scraped out a place for the back-log, that shutter opened again—noiselessly and warily it opened. A face peered in, a drawn and haggard face. At first it was only the glittering eyes; then a shoulder, a shoulder in stripes, the black-and-white brand of a convict. Those eyes watched Aaron; a striped arm stole through and reached toward the door-latch. The arm

Copyrighted, 1925, by The Review of Reviews Corporation

was short and the latch was far. Aaron rose. Shoulder and arm drew back. The convict disappeared.

"Huh! Settin' here studyin' 'bout it ain't gwine to roast no taters." Aaron shuffled to his door, and listened before he flung it open. The hound had hushed.

"Huh! Squinch-owl ain't nothin' to be skeered of." Aaron began to whistle, and hustled to the wood-pile.

Immediately a convict's striped garb flitted across the yellow stream that poured from Aaron's doorway. The man dodged inside. He was very young. Swiftly he searched for food, for clothes, and found nothing. At Aaron's returning whistle he melted into formless gloom behind the door. Murky lamp-light glinted upon the long blue barrel of his "navy six."

Aaron stumbled in with an armful of wood, and could see nothing. Cat-like, the convict followed him. At the hearth the negro eased down his load, and rolled a back-log into place. Aaron neither saw nor heard the man behind him; he only felt, and glanced over his shoulder into that surly blue muzzle. His staring white eyes followed the length of a rigid arm, up to a tense and desperate face, whose tight lips opened, "Don't—make—a noise."

Aaron shut his mouth with a gulp.

"Lock that door. No. Stop! You'll run away." Backing to the open door the convict listened, then closed it, and fastened the shutter. Aaron failed to relish these preliminaries. "Mister, what *is* you fixin' to do to me?"

The striped man came at him. "Make up that fire."

Aaron made the fire, promptly. The convict dropped into a chair, faint from hunger and exhaustion. "Have you something to eat?"

"Got taters." Aaron raked a yam from the ashes. The striped man snatched it and ate ravenously. "Give me another."

Aaron had the second yam ready and waiting.

"Anything to drink in the house?" He was wet to the waist, draggled with the blue mud of the swamp.

The negro caught his talking-wind as he found the bottle; "Dis is *good* licker. Cap'n John fotch it hissef, 'cause I had a mizry in my side." Before Aaron could rinse a cup, the convict drank greedily from the bottle, which Aaron frugally removed beyond his reach. Another such drink would empty it.

"Old man, whose plantation is this?"

"B'long to Cap'n Buckner, suh."

"Captain *John* Buckner? The sheriff?"

"Yas, suh; de *High* Sheriff."

"Where is he to-night?"

"At de big house; jes' now glimpsed him ridin' home."

The convict stretched his legs before the fire; steam uprose from drying prison trousers. His eyes closed. Aaron glanced furtively toward the door. If he could only get this man drunk.

"Take another drink, Mister?" pouring wastefully into the cup.

"No! No!" The convict bounded upright. "No! I *mustn't* go to sleep. Here; take off those clothes—quick."

Aaron staggered. "Shuck my clo'es? What fer, Mister?"

"Take—them—off."

Aaron shucked his coat, and looked down. "Not de breeches, too?"

"Breeches, too—hurry." Off they came.

"Mister, is you gwine to leave me naked as a jaybird?"

"No; put on mine." He flung aside his prison garb, the trousers curling flabbily on the floor, like some huge, distorted serpent. "Get into my breeches—quick."

Aaron wobbled against the table, feeling for the proper place to stick in his trembling leg. The convict put on Aaron's trousers. "Get me some shoes."

"Dese?" Aaron held up a foot.

"No; haven't you a change?"

"Yas, suh; when *I* changes shoes I goes barefooted."

"Then give me those." That "navy six" pointed; had it gone off, Aaron's feet would not have been in the shoes. "Dar dey is."

Kicking out of his rough brogans, the convict slipped into Aaron's ampler footgear, "Now take mine."

"Boss, I can't squeeze my feets into dem shoes."

"Do you want me to slice off your toes?"

"Not ef it's jes' de same to you, suh; thankee, suh." Aaron squeezed, and limped without complaining.

Then the fugitive examined his own shirt, a prison shirt bearing that telltale number, 923. "Old man, have you a clean shirt?"

"Sholy. Jes' washed my udder one dis mornin'. You's more'n welcome to it." Aaron had a hunch that punctuality was the best policy, and grabbed that shirt from the bed-post—a blue-checked gingham, clean, but unstarched and torn.

"Boss, 'tain't much of a shirt. Calf done chawed off one sleeve. It looks all right, ef you roll 'em bofe up."

The convict changed into the blue shirt, then laid his hand upon the door-latch, "Old man, can you run?"

"Dat depends, boss; I runs 'cordin' to what's pushin' me."

"Suppose it's two bloodhounds and four deputies?"

"*Run?* You say *run?* I'd nacherly *fly*."

"Don't fly. Keep both feet on the ground, and leave a trail."

"Leave a trail? Who? Me?"

"Yes; the dogs are trailing those shoes."

"Dese shoes?" Aaron dropped to the floor and snatched them off. "Dogs ain't gwine to trail *dese* shoes—not wid Aaron in 'em."

"Put those shoes back."

"Boss, lemme git barefooted; I'll show dem dogs *some* runnin'."

"Put—on—those shoes."

Aaron scrouged into the shoes and stood up. "My feets hurts."

"Dogs will make you forget that. Wade in the sloughs, crawl along the fences—break your trail. Keep those dogs away from here as long as you can." Both men stopped, and listened to the deep-mouthed, uncertain howling of a beast at fault. The convict smiled. For months he had studied hounds, and knew their baying and barking.

"He's lost my trail—at the slough. I crossed there twice—pulled out by a grapevine, and swung into the cane-brake. It may be an hour before they get here. Hurry, old man."

Aaron didn't hurry. "Boss, my knees is weak. I can't run."

"You've got to run. If the dogs get too close—can you climb?"

"Onpossible to keep a squirrel on de groun'."

"Better climb; the dogs'll eat up those clothes."

"Huh! I'd throw down de clo'es, an' let 'em eat."

"Now start."

Aaron grovelled on the floor, crawled to the convict, and seized his arm. "Boss, I'm teetotally onqualified to run."

"Get out and try."

Aaron clung to him, his eyes rolling in terror. Suddenly those eyes snapped into fixed positions. He was staring at the convict's left arm, which showed through the tattered sleeve. The elbow had been broken. An ugly scar, the red scar of a burn, zigzagged from shoulder to wrist. Aaron scrambled to his feet. His eyes bulged wider, searching the face, the figure, every feature of the youth. Slowly dawned the horror; even more slowly came the hesitating words, "Young—Mister—Dancey—MacRae!"

"What?"

"Sho'ly dis is young Mister Dancey MacRae?"

"Shut up! You don't know what you are talking about."

"I *knows* Mister Dancey. Ole Missy's baby boy."

MacRae's face twitched; his eyes drooped, then lifted. "You old black liar; my name is—name is—number nine-twenty-three," emphasized by the "navy six."

"Dat's all right, boss; p'int dat thing t'other way. Thankee, suh." The negro moved closer; his voice lowered.

"Ole Missy had a baby boy what I 'tended to. He warn't no more'n half growed up when he got his arm broke, jes like yourn, fetchin' a crippled nigger ooman outer de fire. Dat's de time our quarters burnt up. You kinder favours him, an——"

"Look at me again, old man. Look hard. Do I favour anybody that you know?" MacRae tried to hold the weapon steady, but it wavered.

Aaron looked closely, and answered positively, "Sho' don't, boss; sho' don't. You don't hardly favor yo' own self."

"Then you never saw me before?"

"Never sot eyes on nobody what look like you."

"Very well; start your running."

From the clearing, closer and closer yet, came one long triumphant howl, rocketting upwards to the stars. The fugitive had heard nothing else for hours. He knew what that meant. They were bounding on, straight on; those grim relentless dogs had struck his trail. They were here.

MacRae slammed the door and gripped his "navy six." "Too late. They've got me."

"No dey ain't, Mister Dancey; no dey ain't. Jes' tie me in dis chair an' put a gag in my mouf. Den you hide. Nigger done dat las' summer, an' *he* got away."

MacRae stood irresolute, hearing the dogs more clearly than he heard the negro. "Aaron, I *must* get away, only for five days. I *must* find somebody; find something. I'm coming back."

"Comin' back?"

"Yes; I couldn't go like this, and stay."

"Den you tie me, an' hide; I'll make 'em think you's gone."

"Hide? Where?"

Something had to be done; the inspiration struck Aaron.

"Hide up dere." He pointed to a couple of planks which rested across the joists, nearly above the hearth. They were wide enough to conceal a man, and except for them the roof was open.

"You lie down flat on dem planks; dey'll never see you. I'll set de lamp right onderneath, and dat'll make a big deep shadder."

It was very dark above those planks, in the peak of the roof. MacRae considered, while Aaron placed the lamp beneath the planks.

"Quick, Mister Dancey. Take dis plowline an' tie bofe o' my hands behind me."

MacRae laid his pistol on the table, and bound the negro to a chair.

"Now put a gag in my mouf, same as dat convict done. Dere's de cotton sack."

Ever nearer came the dogs, nearer, nearer. Hurriedly the boy tore a strip of cloth, tying a knot to fit in Aaron's mouth.

The negro grinned. "Now den, I can't move nary hand, neither foot. Hold on, Mister Dancey, hold on! 'Sposin' dem dogs tuk a notion to eat up dese clo'es." Aaron squirmed and wriggled, while MacRae stopped his mouth with the gag. Now they could hear the gallop of horses; frantic dogs were howling, and trying to scratch beneath the door. MacRae thrust the pistol into his pocket and leaped upon the table.

Bang! Bang! Bang! on the door. MacRae clutched the plank and swung into space.

Bang! Bang! Bill Slaydon's voice outside was shouting, "Aaron! Aaron!"

The young man's dangling body lifted itself convulsively; he threw one leg over a joist. Manifestly his strength was nearly spent.

"Aaron! Aaron, open this door! I see your light."

Aaron's eyes shifted back and forth, from door to writhing man. MacRae hooked an elbow over the joist, and drew himself up just in time. The shutter was snatched open, and Bill Slaydon's bearded face appeared in the window, "Here, nigger; unlatch this door."

MacRae jerked his feet out of the range of light into the realm of shadow. Aaron caught the scintillation of his eyes, the threatening gleam upon his "navy six." Then all had vanished into upper darkness.

Aaron began to scuffle, and make a noise with his feet. The deputy sheriff saw him. Slaydon's face drew back; his voice called out, "Nathan, hold them dogs in leash; that feller's been here."

Then a burly man, booted and spattered, crawled through the narrow window. "Whicherway did he go? Oh, you're gagged." Bill Slaydon glanced round the room, saw nobody else, and tore away the gag.

"Cut dese ropes, please, suh; dey's hurtin' my legs."

A slash, this way and that, set Aaron free.

"How long has he been gone? Talk sudden!"

Aaron stretched himself, and groaned; "'Pears like I been tied all night, de way my legs feels."

"No such thing; 'tain't nine o'clock yet."

"Dat man tuk my clo'es; chunky, thickset feller——"

"He's a boy—number nine-twenty-three."

"Mebbe so; mebbe so; he bust in dis house so brief I skacely got a chance to squint at him."

"Did he get anything to eat?"

"Feed dat man? Who? Me? I would give dat man *nothin'*. He ack scandlous."

"Did he rest?"

"Never tarried here no time."

The deputy pulled at his beard. "He can't hold out much longer. Lemme see your foot."

Aaron remembered, and jerked off those prison shoes. "Dogs mought take a notion to eat 'em up."

"Changed with you, did he? He's a slick one." The deputy held a shoe in his hand, and said, "Maybe them dogs won't pick up the new trail."

"Let 'em foller a trail what leads away from *dis* cabin."

Above, in darkness, crouched that tense body, with glistening eyes and ready weapon.

"Which direction did he go?" the deputy demanded.

Aaron grabbed Slaydon's arm, and led him to the door. "Right yonder way, suh. Jes' to de lef' o' dat big oak. Clumb de fence, an' cut across nigh Jim Hering's house."

"How could you see him? With the door shut?"

"Never seed him. I heered Jim Hering's dog abarkin', an' dat's de onliest way he was 'bleeged to travel."

Slaydon strode out into the moonlight. Aaron's heart thumped as he shut the door, and ran to MacRae. "Mister Dancey, lemme fetch you one o' Cap'n John's hosses?"

"Get his *best*, and get it *now*." MacRae sat up, and swung his legs, preparatory to dropping. The barefoot negro slipped out, and dodged back, "Lie down, Mister Dancey, lie down; de sheriff's comin'. Pull in dat foot."

Aaron turned to face Bill Slaydon, who entered, followed by the sheriff, a high-bred old man with keen gray eyes that saw everything—everything except the boy on the plank. Aaron took a sharp breath; no negro had ever succeeded in fooling Cap'n John.

The sheriff glanced around him, then questioned Slaydon. "You say the dogs tracked him here?"

"Yes, sir; they acted fine. He can't travel far. Had no rest, and nothing to eat in two days."

"He swapped his prison clothes and shoes with Aaron?"

"And lit out. We would have caught him right away, but he had a can of powdered pepper and sprinkled it in his tracks. That stopped the dogs for hours. His pepper's gone now. We found the can. Next thing we'll find him—asleep."

"Very well. Be moving."

Slaydon went. Aaron stepped out behind him, hoping that Cap'n John would follow. Instead, the Captain drifted toward the rocking-chair. Aaron darted ahead and placed the rocker, placed it before the fire, with its back turned, so that Cap'n John couldn't see the man above him. "Set here, Cap'n; set here, ef you's jes' *'bleeged* to res' yo'self."

The sheriff sat down. "Shut the door, Aaron; and latch it."

This order made Aaron feel mighty dubious; he fumbled at the latch, fumbled and held back.

"Come here. Stand where I can see you. A convict entered your cabin. You mustn't hide him on the sheriff's plantation."

"How come I want to hide anybody? But he sho' entered. I kin prove dat by dese clo'es."

"What did he look like?"

"Big, fat, red-faced man—wid freckles—"

"What?" Cap'n John turned his head in surprise.

"De bes' I could make out. Dat man behave so rapid he got me flustered."

"Was he young, or old?"

"Kinder 'twixt an' 'tween. Sometimes he 'peared more older dan what he 'peared young. Who dat? Who dat?" Aaron heard a scratching sound upon the plank, and saw a sifting of fine dust. The noise he drowned with a shout, "Who dat?" running to the door, and knocking down a chair. There Aaron stopped and laughed. "'Twarn't nothin', Cap'n; 'twarn't nothin' 'ceptin' dat ole sow scratchin' herse'f against de house."

Captain Buckner glanced up to see where the falling dust came from. Aaron stood over him and pointed down at the fire. "Cap'n, dem's yaller yams a roastin' in dem ashes."

"Yams?" the sheriff bent forward.

"Keep 'em kivered, Cap'n. Rake up de coals. Taters 'quires steddy watchin'. Now den, I'll fetch some o' yo' own whisky, an' make a hot toddy. Don't let dem taters burn."

Aaron produced the sugar, poured water in the cup of whisky, stirred and gabbled, gabbled and stirred, then set the cup on the fire to heat. "Watch it, Cap'n; don't let dat cup turn over."

The sheriff sat very still, gazing into the fire; presently, without turning his head he inquired, "Aaron, are you sure that wasn't a *young* man? About twenty-four?"

"Lemme ponder, Cap'n; lemme ponder. No, suh, 'peared like more of a settled-looking man; family man." Warily he eyed the sheriff from behind. Cap'n John was examining the prison shirt, which MacRae had left upon the table.

"Aaron, did you observe anything peculiar about his arms?"

"Had two arms, Cap'n; ev'y man nacherly got de same 'mount 'o arms, 'ceptin' he gits one cut off."

"Nothing wrong with his—his *left* arm?"

"Nothin' ailed dat arm—not from de way he flung me around."

"He took off this shirt?"

"Yas, suh; shucked it sudden."

"You saw no—no scar—on his left arm?"

"No, suh; jes' clean an' white, like a baby."

Captain John Buckner eased back in his chair and smiled, a smile of intense relief. "Then I must have been misinformed. It was not—it was not——"

"No, suh; 'twarn't him. Didn't favor *him* a bit."

"Didn't favor who?" with a glance of vague suspicion.

"Dunno, suh; jes' didn't favor nobody."

"Didn't favor nobody?" Aaron felt uneasy as the sheriff kept repeating, "Didn't favor nobody." Then a long silence—out of which, "Aaron, by the way, you moved on my place from the old MacRae plantation?"

"Cap'n, you better watch dat toddy." It gave Aaron the fidgets when Cap'n John began putting two and two together.

"You must have known Mr. Dancey MacRae?"

"—Spark's liable to pop in dat toddy, an' spile it."

"You knew Mr. Dancey MacRae?"

Aaron looked mighty solemn, standing behind the sheriff's chair, with one eye cocked upward at the plank. "Cap'n, what you reckon ever 'come o' Mister Dancey?"

Then Aaron's mouth flew open. His eyes widened with horror. Something clicked against the plank; a click, low, but distinct. The muzzle of a pistol crept slowly out of shadow. A hand, and then an arm, followed it. Firelight flickered on a long blue barrel which wavered and trembled, swinging directly downward. The arm behind it hung full length and limp. From where the sheriff sat he could see nothing; but he might turn his head.

Aaron gasped, "Look out, Cap'n; yo' toddy's 'bout to tumble over."

Captain John leaned forward and steadied his cup, while Aaron stood on tiptoe. No other movement came from the plank. Aaron knew that boy, and realized what had happened. In the warmth of the room, from the drink and unconquerable exhaustion, MacRae had fallen asleep.

"Watch yo' toddy, Cap'n." Aaron snatched a stick from the hearth with a fork at the end. Behind the chair he began to shuffle his feet, and sing,

"Ole gray hoss come atearin' out de wilderness"—catching MacRae's arm in the fork of his stick.

"Tearin' out de wilderness; tearin' out de wilderness"—lifting the arm, carefully and slowly.

"Kickin' up dus', an' 'tendin' to his bizziness"—getting the arm safely to its plank again.

"Dar now!" Aaron moved in front of the Captain, and grinned. He dropped his stick and lifted the mellow cup. "Here, take dis, Cap'n. Drink hearty; toddy time is done arrived."

The sheriff nodded, "Thanks. Whew! That's hot. Aaron, won't you have one?"

"No, suh, Cap'n, thankee, suh. Whisky don't he'p me none. An' 'sides dat,"—squinting upward at MacRae—"'sides dat, I got to keep my head."

The sheriff rocked and sipped, talking half to himself, half to Aaron. "Incomprehensible! Unbelievable, the way that stubborn boy acted at his trial. Refused to defend himself. Told his lawyers nothing, except to beg that they get him a five-day parole, so that he might produce certain evidence, the nature of which he refused to divulge. No judge could grant such a request, so Dancey pleaded guilty, and took his sentence. He's protecting somebody, probably a woman. Wouldn't tell his best friends—not even *me*."

"Den you don't believe he done it?" Aaron's black face was very eager.

"Nobody does. We can get him a pardon, but he won't accept it. Wants to clear his name."

"Didn't he come clear at de cote house?"

The sheriff shook his head. "No; and it's my duty to arrest him."

Like an old mud-turtle, Aaron craned his neck around the back of Cap'n John's chair. "Cap'n, what words was dem you spoke?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Never mind." The sheriff checked himself, starting to rise; and as he did, MacRae's arm dropped again. Aaron grabbed his stick and laid a hand upon the sheriff's shoulder. "Set down, Cap'n; set down. You ain't *nigh* finished dat toddy."

"It's too hot."

"Blow on it, Cap'n; blow on it." Aaron hooked MacRae's wrist in the fork of his stick, and began lifting, "Keep ablowin', keep ablowin', keep ablowin'." Having learned the trick he turned it neatly, and let out a deep breath as that betraying arm was hid. But the pistol—MacRae had let go his grip. Aaron saw the weapon toppling from the edge of the plank, and tried to shove it back. He only succeeded in breaking the force of its fall. The forty-four struck Cap'n John's shoulder, and rattled to his feet.

"Hello. What's this?" Aaron was nimble, but Cap'n John got the "navy six." "Hello, what's this?"

"Dat's jes' my pistol. I was fixin' to put it on de shelf."

"*Your* pistol? Navy six, blue barrelled, forty-four. Yes, yes—" looking at the number, and taking out a memorandum. The sheriff was puzzled; then his lips shut a bit tighter, and Aaron got scared.

"Cap'n, yo' toddy's gittin' cold."

"Aaron, is this *your* pistol?" without glancing up.

"Yas, suh—can't you smell dat tater scorchin'?"

"Where did you get it?"

"Traded fer it; I disrecollects perzackly——"

Captain John looked squarely at the negro. "This pistol was taken from the guard by that convict who escaped."

"'Taint *on*possible. I overspoke myself. You see, Cap'n, when I starts to talkin' my tongue gits in my way."

"Well?" the sheriff continued to look straight through him.

"I 'lowed I done picked up my own pistol, but it mought ha' been de one what dat white man lef'."

"So he left his pistol?"

"Sho'ly done so. Never wanted to tote *nothin'*."

"He didn't need it? Not even for the dogs?"

"No suh; no suh. Dat white man ain't skeered o' dogs. He ain't even *skittish* 'bout dogs. He *loves* dogs."

"Very curious. Very curious." The sheriff's gray eyes snapped; turning the pistol over and over in his hand he kept nodding "That's very curious."

If ever a negro needed wits, Aaron MacRae needed all of his. Aaron realized that fully. He stood like a rabbit, with both ears up.

The shot came, sharply, "Aaron."

"Yas, suh."

"You were *very fond* of Mr. Dancey MacRae?"

"Nowise p'tickler; jes' *knowed* de boy. Who dat? Come right in, Mister Slaydon; Cap'n still here."

Bill Slaydon halted in the doorway; "Cap'n, them dogs won't pick up the new trail. We better start 'em with something of Aaron's."

The sheriff did not want Bill Slaydon to come in; and he wanted to get rid of Aaron. So Captain John rose from the fire, with the lamp, and walked quickly to the door. "Here, Aaron, take this lamp. You and Mr. Slaydon circle round the house; see if you can't find his tracks."

"But, Cap'n, I——"

"Do what I say."

The lamp chimney rattled, and the oil sloshed, as Aaron followed the deputy. Captain Buckner closed the door, looked under the bed, and trampled a pile of seed cotton in the corner—the only possible places of concealment. He glanced upward at the roof—all open, no garret. Then Captain John stood still, very still, hearing the sigh of a sleeper, and seeing an arm that dropped. MacRae had shifted position; it was not his pistol hand, but the left. Captain John kicked the fire into a blaze. Then he heard Aaron at the door, crossed swiftly, and stopped him outside.

"Me an' Mister Slaydon couldn't find nothin'."

"Very well. Give me the lamp. Go with Mr. Slaydon, and show him that little path through the canebrake."

"Wait a minit, Cap'n, wait a minit; lemme——"

The sheriff blocked the door, and called, "Oh, Bill, Aaron will show you where to start the dogs. If they don't strike something in a half hour, bring them up to my house. Needn't come here again."

Again the sheriff shut old Aaron outside of his own cabin. Turning with the lamp he examined MacRae's arm, but did not touch it. He got up on a chair, looked into the boy's face, and stepped down again. He took up the pistol, and hesitated—and hesitated. "Maybe the boy ought to have his chance. Escaping to get that evidence. He'll come back, and give himself up."

When breathless Aaron burst in he found the High Sheriff sitting cozily beside the fire, sipping his toddy. Above his head, hung that accusing arm.

Captain John arose. "Good night, Aaron." Before he could turn, the negro caught his elbow and held the sheriff's face away—away from that arm. Aaron also snatched up the lamp, and held that as if lighting the floor, but always so that his own body cast the arm in shadow. "Walk keerful, Cap'n; dat broken bo'd mought ketch yo' foot."

Blind-bridling him to the door, Aaron pushed out the sheriff. "Now, den, you's all right; got a new moon to light yo' way."

"Oh, Aaron," the sheriff paused; "you've been sick. Bring a basket up to my house, early to morrow morning—very early—and get something to eat. Better come before daylight. Remind me of that suit of clothes I promised you, shirts and shoes and things——"

"Yas, suh; I ain't hankerin' a'ter dese stripety clo'es."

"Those dogs won't bother you again. I'm sending them away."

"Sho' is proud o' dat fack. Good night, Cap'n."

"Good night, Aaron."

Dimly the negro wondered why Captain John Buckner, with a knowing smile upon his lips, and kindness in his eye, should insist upon shaking hands—shaking hands with an old negro, as man to man—"Good night, Aaron."

That was Aaron's chance to shut his own door, from the inside. He leaned against it, and wiped his forehead. The arm swung accusingly.

"Sho' is lucky Cap'n John never seen dat."

Aaron dragged his table beneath the plank, and called, "Mister Dancey! Mister Dancey. Huh! Dat always was de *beatenes'* boy fer gwine to sleep."

In barefoot silence the negro placed a

stout chair on the table, and mounted. Strongly, tenderly, he lifted down the lad, started toward his own bed, and halted; "No, suh! *No, suh!* I can't put *dis* boy on nary nigger bed. Ole Missy would turn over in her grave."

Aaron glanced at the fire, and his face lighted. "Dat's it; same as camp huntin'. I'll jes' fix him down a pallet."

Gently he laid MacRae upon the table, with a coat under his head. A sack of cotton from the corner. "Dat makes a nice sof' mattrass." There were no sheets; a blanket served. A log, with another sack, formed the pillow. Aaron tucked the sleeper between his cover. "You sho' needs a good night's res'."

Crooning to himself the negro banked his fire. "Better fix dis tater; he mought git hongry in de night. Lordee, how dat chile used to holler fer 'Aaron! Aaron!' when he woke up hongry."

The negro took his lamp, secured the fastenings of door and windows. Then he filled his old clay pipe. "Reckon dat's 'bout all, 'cept to keep watch."

Puff! The lamp went out. Aaron stooped at the hearth, and picked up a live coal, juggling it in his palm as he walked. At the door, he sat down with his back against it. Then he lighted the pipe. A ruddy glow from the coal, behind his palm, glorified a black and placid face.

"Ole Missy's baby boy! Huh! I reckon nothin' ain't gwine to 'sturb *him*—not *dis* night."

Jim Bludso,
of the *Prairie Belle*

By
JOHN HAY

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the *Prairie Belle?*

And this was all the religion he had,—
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire,—
  A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but
    Jim yelled out,
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle again the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied
  I reckon he never knowed how.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
  And her day come at last,—
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
  But the *Belle* she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
  The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
    boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle.*

He weren't no saint—but at Jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

The Leopard of the Sea

By H. G. DWIGHT

Power over the waters hath Allah given to the unbeliever, but over the land to the faithful.
—TURKISH PROVERB.

AFTER it was quite dark, a man who strolled by happened to catch sight of my camera. He stopped and began to examine it. I discreetly lit a cigarette in order to show him that the camera had a proprietor. He continued his inspection, as much as to show me that he had known I was there. Then he took out his tobacco box, rolled a cigarette with deliberation, came up to me, saluted me politely, and lighted his cigarette from mine. It is the custom of the country, you know. Nobody has any matches. I suppose somebody did once, but since then everybody has gone on taking the sacred fire from everybody else.

Having made the second salutation of usage, the stranger showed no haste to be off. Indeed, after standing a moment, he sat down on another stone near me—not so near as the Greek had done. From that, and from his silence, and from a certain easy awkwardness about him, I guessed he was a Turk.

"Do you make postcards?" he asked at last.

"No," I said, "I am just taking a picture."

"Ah, you have a whim."

"Yes," I assented, "I have a whim." And I smiled to myself in the dark at the pleasant idiom.

"Why do you take pictures now, when it is dark?" pursued my companion. "There is a very pretty view from here in the daytime, but can your machine see it at night?"

I did not mind his inquisitiveness. There was nothing eager or insistent about it. It was simple and natural, and there was a quality in it that I often feel in the Turks, of being able to take the preliminaries of life for granted. The man was evidently not of the higher classes, but neither was he of the lowest. I could make out that he wore European clothes and no collar.

'I want to get the lights of Ramazan," I explained to him. "I took one picture at sunset, so as to get the shape of Yeni Jami and the way the Golden Horn lies behind it, and afterward I shall take another on the same plate, for the lights."

"Ah!" he uttered, as if perfectly comprehending my whim. And after a pause he added: "They must make a great feast at Yeni Jami to-night. They have not lighted one lamp yet."

It was true. The minarets of St. Sophia, the Süleïmanieh, all the other great mosques that ride the crest of Stamboul, already wore their necklaces of gold beads, while mysterious pendants began to twinkle between them. We watched one spark after another spell "O Mohammed!" above the dome of St. Sophia, and a golden flower grew out of the dark between the minarets of Baïezid.

"Do you come from afar?" suddenly asked my companion.

"Yes," I said, "from America."

"From America," he repeated. I could see by his tone that the name did not suggest very much to him. "I have been to many countries, but I have not been to America. How many days does it take to go?"

"Eh," I replied, "if you pay very much and go half the way by train you can do it in eight or nine days. If you go all the way by steamer it takes about three weeks."

"Then it is not so far as Yemen," remarked my companion.

"Oh, have you been to Yemen?" I asked in turn. "I have been to many countries too, but I have never been to Yemen."

"I never would have gone if I had known. But now they go most of the way by train."

"Didn't you like the sea?" I ventured.

"Fire is for the brazier and water is for the cup," returned my companion somewhat enigmatically.

A flicker came out against one of the dark lances of Yeni Jami, and then three small lamps—which were glass cups of oil with a floating wick—dropped into place one above another. Presently three more appeared beside them, and three more, until the lower gallery of the minaret was set off with its triple circlet of light. There was an interval, during which one could imagine a turbaned person picking his way up a corkscrew stair of stone, and the second gallery put on a similar ornament. I was wondering whether the turbaned person would have to climb all the way down to the ground and up into the other minaret, when lights began to flicker there too. But what I really wondered was what my companion meant by his odd proverb.

"Have you been much on the sea?" I asked, hoping to find out.

"Eh, my father was a stoker on the *Leopard of the Sea*, and when I was thirteen or fourteen I went on board too. The captain took a fancy to me, and when I grew up they made me a lieutenant. But we only went outside once: that time we went to Yemen."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, beginning to be interested in my man and resolving to seize him by the leg if he got up from his stone. "What sort of a ship was the *Leopard of the Sea?*"

"Didn't you ever hear of it?" he asked in surprise. I didn't answer and he went on: "She was not a battleship, if that is what you mean. They called her a cruiser. She was an old steamer they bought in Europe. Sometimes she carried soldiers to the Dardanelles, but most of the time she lay in the Golden Horn."

"How did she happen to go to Yemen?"

The experience of a lengthening career has taught me that information may sometimes be obtained by asking for it, and this time my strategy was successful.

"It was an idea of Sultan Hamid. One night, late late, an aide-de-camp from the Palace came on board with an officer in chains, and said that he was to be taken at once to Yemen. Ten minutes later another aide-de-camp came to say good-bye to the officer, from the Sultan, and to give him his promotion as general, and to make him a present of five hundred pounds. They said he was a Circassian prince and that he had been plotting. It was a lie. But Sultan Hamid believed it. And how was he to know that you cannot start for Yemen like that, in ten minutes? It was not his trade. It was ours; but none of us was on board, and we had no coal, and no food, and nothing, and the people from the Palace said we must be gone before morning. So sailors came to wake us up—as many of us as they could find—and there was great calamity. And we did start before morning. We got a tug to pull us, and we went around to Küchük Chekmejeh, in the Marmora, and there we stayed till we were ready to start. It took us three or four weeks. The machine was old and broken, and we had to get an Englishman to mend it. And the *Leopard of the Sea* had been lying so long in the harbour that no one could find her bottom. It was all grown with bushes and trees, like a garden. And what mussels grew in the garden! and what *pilaf* they made! We picked off all we could, and we ate them ourselves till we were sick of them, and we sold the rest. The mussels of the *Leopard of the Sea* were famous in Constantinople. Afterwards we were sorry we had sold the mussels, though. When at last we started for Yemen each one of us had ten loaves of bread and some olives and cheese. We didn't know how long we would be on the way. At the end of three days we had only just passed the Dardanelles and the cheese and olives were gone. A day or two later the bread was gone too, though we were still far from Yemen."

"How about water?" I asked.

"Water we had, thanks to God! We had a machine for making the water of the sea sweet. It was only food we didn't have. We had to stop at an island and get some."

"What island was it?" pursued I, in curiosity, wondering how far the *Leopard of the Sea* got on ten loaves of bread a man.

"How should I know? It was an island in the White Sea." By which he meant not our White Sea but the Mediterranean. "I didn't ask the name. Greeks lived on it. The governor, of course, was a Turk. We were very sorry when we left it. The sea began to show himself after that. Until then we had not known him."

"Were you sick?"

The darkness hid on my face the grin without which this question may not be asked.

"My soul! Who is not sick when the wind blows on the sea—unless he is accustomed? We were not accustomed. How should we be? We had never put our noses outside the Dardanelles. It was worst for the captain and me, because we had to stay on deck and steer whether we were sick or not. But we got accustomed by and by. And the captain taught me a little about the machine which points its finger at the Great Bear, and about the papers wherein are written all the lands and islands of the earth. And after two or three weeks we found Egypt. It seemed to me a miracle. When I saw it lying white and flat on the edge of the sea and the captain said it was Egypt, I said to myself: 'How do we know that it is Egypt? It may be Persia. It may be England.' But it was Egypt, thanks to God! And if it had not been for the Circassian I don't know what we would have done.

"He was a very good man. The aide-de-camp who brought him from the Palace said that he was to be kept shut up in a small room and that he was to eat nothing but bread and water. But we were all shut up and none of us had anything but bread and water, and not always that. And so the captain very soon let the Circassian do what he liked. And when we got to Egypt the Circassian bought food and coal for us, out of the money the Sultan had given him. For we had none. We had spent all we had at Küchük Chekmejeh and at the island. Then we went on, through the river that goes into the Arabian Sea. We had orders to take the Circassian to Jiddeh; but at Suez they brought us a telegram telling us to go on without stopping to Hodeïda, and afterwards to bring the Circassian back to Jiddeh. At Hodeïda, however, we found another telegram which said that we were to go on to Basra, for some soldiers."

"To Basra!" I exclaimed.

I began to feel hopelessly choked up with questions. I wanted to know more about the Circassian. I wanted to know more about everything. The man whom chance had brought for a moment to a stone beside me had an Odyssey in him, if one could only get at it.

"To Basra, *ya!*" he said before I could stop him. "And a time we had getting to Basra—more than two months. It was so hot we could not sleep at night, and again we had nothing to eat. And worst of all, the machine that made the water of the sea sweet got a hole in it, we used it so much, and after that the water was only partly sweet. And it was so bad we tried to find water on the land, and one night we went too near and sat." By which the mate of the *Leopard of the Sea* meant that they ran aground.

"We sat for two weeks, trying to get away. It was good that the wind did not blow in that time. In the end I don't know whether more water came into the sea or what happened, but all of a sudden we found that we could move. Then another calamity came on our heads. Although we had been sitting for two weeks we had been burning coal most of the time, trying to get away. So before we got to Basra no coal was left. The Circassian had bought more than we needed to get to Jiddeh or even to Hodeïda, but we never expected to go any farther. So we spent all our time finding wood for the machine. We burned up all the doors, all the chairs, all the tables, all the boats. We cut down walls in the ship, we tore up decks. And then we only just got into the river of Basra.

"At Basra how good it was to put our feet on the earth! And if you knew what a country that is—hot, flat, dirty! They speak Arabic too, which none of us could understand but the Circassian. And thieves! We had already burned up most of the ship, but they would have stolen the rest if we had let them. So although we had come to land we still had no peace. And twelve hundred soldiers were waiting for us and expected to be taken away immediately. They had been in Arabia seven years, poor things, although when they went the government promised that they should stay only three. There had been three thousand of them in the beginning. More than half of them had died, not from bullets but from the sun of that country and its poisonous air. And not one of them had been paid or had had a new uniform in seven years. You would have wept to see them—how ragged and thin they were, and how they begged us to pay them and take them away.

"How could we take them away or pay them? We had not been paid ourselves for four or five months, and we had no food or water or coal, and nobody would give us any. We went to the governor, we went to the general, we went to everybody; but not a *para* could we get. The Circassian still had a little money, most of which we used in telegraphing to Constantinople. And still no money came. We had to sell our watches, our clothes, anything we had left. One day we even sold two windows—you know the little round windows in the wall of a ship? A fat Arab wanted them for his house. What could we do? We had to live. We couldn't find any others to take their places and so we nailed kerosene tins over the holes—one inside and one outside. They looked very funny, like blind eyes. They were at the bow, one on each side."

My companion paused a moment, as if musing over the blind eyes of the *Leopard of the Sea*. Then he rolled himself another cigarette. I noticed for the first time that the minarets of Yeni Jami were fully alight, and that other lights were beginning to hang in the darkness between them.

"In the end it was the Circassian again who got us away from Basra. He gave the captain the last money he had and told him to telegraph to Sultan Hamid and say five hundred pounds must be sent to us immediately or we would go to Europe and set the Circassian free. How was Sultan Hamid in his palace to know that we had no coal and could not go to Europe if we wanted to? But the next day the governor came to the captain with five hundred pounds and a decoration, which he pinned on his coat with much speech, and invited him not to let the dangerous Circassian go. The dangerous Circassian was there listening with the others, and the governor liked to speak with him more than with any of us, because he was an *effendi* and knew all the people of the Palace. The governor after all, poor man, was no better than an exile himself.

"So at last we started back to Jiddeh, with money in our pockets and bread in the cupboard and coal in the machine. The captain took care to put a lot in the place where the windows had been that he sold, to keep the tin tight against the wall of the ship. We got along very well that time. We reached Jiddeh in forty-five days. Before we got there the captain told the Circassian that he would not give him to the governor but that he would give another man, one of the soldiers, and say it was the Circassian, and bring the Circassian back to Egypt and let him go. But the Circassian would not allow him. He said it was not just that another man should be punished in his place, and that they would find it out in Constantinople and punish the captain and the governor and there would be many calamities. Even when the captain wept and kissed his feet, the Circassian would not allow him. You see, they had lived together for so many months and had suffered so much together that they had become friends. Ah, he was a very good man. Because he was a good man God rewarded him, as you will see."

I did not see at once, however, for my companion stopped again. And when he went on it was not to give me any essential light on the history of the mysterious Circassian.

"I told you about the soldiers we brought from Basra, who had been in Arabia seven years and who had never been paid. They were so glad to leave Basra that they made little noise about their money, and the general promised them that they would get it in Jiddeh. But when they heard the story of the Circassian, how he telegraphed to Sultan Hamid and got money for us, they said it was a shame that he didn't get money for them too: they had gone seven years without a *para*. And when the general of Jiddeh told them that they would be paid in Constantinople they made much noise. They would not believe that the general had no money, and they brought the Circassian into it again and said he must telegraph to Sultan Hamid. They could not understand— It was only when the general threatened to keep them in Yemen and send the *Leopard of the Sea* home without them that they were quiet.

"We were sorry to leave the Circassian in Jiddeh, but we were glad to start away at last. It is the country of the Prophet, but *vallah!* it is a dirty country. We came quickly enough up to Egypt. The *Leopard of the Sea* walked more slowly than ever, because the hole in the machine for making the water of the sea sweet spoiled the water, and the bad water spoiled the machine of the ship. Still, we went forward all the time. And in Egypt, thanks to God, there was no telegram. And our hearts became light when we came once more into the White Sea, where it seemed cold to us after Yemen.

"The captain said he would stop nowhere till we got to the Dardanelles, lest he should find a telegram. But our calamities were not quite done. It was because of the soldiers again. After they smelled the air of their country once more and ate bread every day, something came to them. They went to the captain one morning and said, 'We wish to go to Beïrout.' The captain told them he couldn't go to Beïrout. He had orders to go to Constantinople. What did they wish in Beïrout? They merely answered, 'We wish to go to Beïrout.' And in the end they went to Beïrout. What could the captain do? They were a thousand, with guns, and we were forty or fifty; and they were very angry. They said they were fools ever to have left Arabia without their money and they were tired of promises.

"So we went to Beïrout. The soldiers told the captain that he need not mix in their business: they had thought of a thing to do. Only let him wait till they were ready to go. And half of them stayed on the steamer to see that he did not go away and leave them. The other half went on shore and asked where was the governor's palace. Every one was much surprised to see six hundred ragged soldiers going to the governor's palace, and many followed them. When they reached the palace the soldiers asked for the governor. A servant told them that the governor was not there. 'Never mind,' said the soldiers, 'we are six hundred, and on the ship there are six hundred more, and we will find the governor.' Then they were told to wait a little and the governor would come. And the governor did come. For I suppose he was not pleased that there should be scandal in the city. Also it happened that he had very few soldiers of his own, because there was fighting in the Lebanon.

"He received the six hundred very politely, and gave them coffee and cigarettes, and asked them what he could do for them. And they told him their story, and what they had suffered, and how many of them had died, and that they had never been paid, and they said their hearts were broken and they wished their money. The governor said they were right, and it was hard for a man to go seven years without being paid. Still, he was not their general: how could he pay them? 'You can telegraph to Sultan Hamid,' they said, 'and he will send you the money. We shall wait here till the answer comes.' And they waited, the six hundred of them.

"They made no noise and frightened no one, but they sat there on the floor with their rifles on their knees, and smoked cigarettes with the soldiers of the governor—who pitied them and said they would never drive them away. And by and by the governor came back and said he had heard from Sultan Hamid, who said it was a sin that his children should be treated in that way, and they should have their money. And then he called a scribe, and they made an account and the soldiers took the money. It came to eight or nine thousand pounds. And a mistake was made by the scribe, and some soldiers got too little, and the governor gave them what was owed. And the soldiers said they were glad they had not been paid in seven years—to get so much now.

"The captain was not pleased by this work, for it put us back many days and he thought Sultan Hamid might be angry if he got too many telegrams asking for money. However, the captain was pleased and we were all pleased to get away from Beïrout with no more trouble. But of course the soldiers were the most pleased, who smelled their own country again after seven years, and who had their money at last. They sat on the deck all day counting it, and singing, and some had pipes which they played, and those who were Laz or Kürds or Albanians danced the dances of their country. But before long the sea began to dance, and then they stopped. And by and by the wind blew so hard they could not stay on deck. We did not mind, because we were accustomed; and the wind was from the south, which helped us. But they were not accustomed, and they were very sick. The ship was so small and they were so many that downstairs there was no room to turn without stepping on a sick soldier. And water poured down from above, and they all got soaked as they lay on the floor. Even if we had not burned up all the sofas and tables and chairs in the sea of Basra there never would have been beds enough for them. And at last there came a night when the captain and I began to think. The ship went this side, the ship went the other side, waves rolled back and forth in the cabin, everywhere there were cracks and cracks till we thought the *Leopard of the Sea* would crack in two. By God, it was a night of much fear. But what is there more than *kîsmet*? It was our *kîsmet* that that also should pass."

I saw it was time to open the shutter of my camera, for the lights between the minarets of Yeni Jami had grouped themselves into the image of a ship. It seemed an odd coincidence. When I sat down again on my stone, after pinching the bulb, the mate of the *Leopard of the Sea* continued to stare abstractedly at the little bark of gold sailing in the dark sky.

"Who shall escape his destiny?" he uttered at length. "For six months we had had no peace. We had lacked bread. We had suffered storms. We had sat on the floor of the sea. We had been burned and frozen. We had been robbed. We had been worse off than beggars. We had been unjustly treated. We had eaten all manner of dung. But no harm had come to us, thanks to God! And the morning after that night was like a morning of paradise. The sun was bright and warm. The sea was blue blue. There was no wind. There were hardly any waves, for we were among the islands again. We could see on them the flowers of almond trees and peach trees. The soldiers said they heard the birds. They had forgotten all their calamities, the soldiers, and were sitting on the deck again, counting their gold, singing, playing pipes, dancing. And in front of us we could see the mountains of the Dardanelles."

He sighed, telling the beads of the string he carried as he went over the memory in his mind.

"There was only one thing: the *Leopard of the Sea* sat very low in the water. Why not, after the rivers that came in the night before? I thought nothing of it. We pumped, but we didn't mind, because we were so near home. I saw, though, that the captain was thinking. I asked him if he was afraid they would make trouble for us about the telegrams and the money. Sultan Hamid often did things for reasons that were not apparent, and he never forgot.

"'God love you!' said the captain. 'I think nothing of that. But do you remember those windows we sold in Basra? Those are what make me think. We needed bread then, it is true, and no one can blame us. Also we nailed the tin very tightly. But in the storm I kept thinking of them. And you see the bow now is lower than the stern. Those blind eyes are under the water.'

"'They will still see the way to Stamboul,' I told him. 'There is plenty of coal behind the tin.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'but coal is like rice. It drinks up water, more and more, without your knowing it.'

"'Eh, if we have a *pilaf* of coal in the ship, what matter?' I said.

"He laughed.

"'I would not mind só much if we had not burned the boats. Just look downstairs and see if there is much water about.'

"I looked, and I couldn't find any to speak of. I went down to the engine room, without telling them why I came, and there was very little. What they were thinking of down there was the machine. It had become more and more rotten, from the bad water, till it would hardly work. The door of our house was open in front of us, but when we would have run to it like boys, the *Leopard of the Sea* could only walk, slowly, slowly, like an old man."

He had left out enormously, and I realized in the end that I had small notion what manner of man he was himself. But I am bound to say that he did make vivid, as we squatted there on our neighbourly stones, the final case of the *Leopard of the Sea*.

"Why should I make much speech? The old man never found the door of his house. It was because of his blind eyes. But until the last moment we hoped we might get to the Dardanelles. The sea became more and more quiet. It was more beautiful than anything I have ever seen, like blue jewels with light shining through them. A great purple island stood not far away, and white houses were on it. And sails played like children on the blue of the sea. It was so beautiful and so still that the soldiers were not frightened. They noticed that the ship settled in the water, but the captain told them it was nothing. He asked me what we should do—whether we should let off steam to keep the machine from bursting. We finally decided not to. We might reach land after all, and steamers and ships were all about us. While if we let off steam and signalled for help, there would be much confusion and the soldiers might make another calamity; for they were very simple. '*Akh!* if they only hadn't made us go to Beïrout!' the captain said. 'We would have been at home by this time.' But we were very sorry for them."

He stopped again for a moment. Yet I knew in my perverted literary heart that it was wholly without melodramatic intent.

"The sun set. Night came—a warm night of stars. I remember how they looked, and how the soldiers sang on the deck, and then how the *Leopard of the Sea* suddenly began to run—but down, pitching forward."

I wondered many things, but chiefly if he would say anything more. It seemed indecent to ask him—with that picture in my eyes of a lighted steamer suddenly lurching, bow foremost, out of sight. Presently he did say something, though not just what I hoped. First, however, he leaned over and patted the ground.

"The earth!" he said. "The earth! I like to feel that under my feet!"

Then he got up, made me a courteous salaam, and left me on my stone to stare at the little ship of light hanging over the dark mosque.

Laughter shows us the end and object of evolution; tears are only the evidences of our mistakes on that long and delightful journey. HAROLD BEGBIE.

The A-Flat Major Polonaise

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

THIS happened in the autumn. The female part of the yachting season, when everything was joyful and no man of the crew could prophesy what might happen next, had come to its sad end some time before. There followed a between-time period, with much brass polishing in the engine-room and two short shooting trips. Three or four times snow had lain on the *Rorqual's* decks, to stay in some crevices on the shady side of the deck-house till ten o'clock in the morning.

One day, after carrying an eight-pound twelve-bore gun from dawn till three in the afternoon, over fallen leaves and through swamps already half full, I arrived in a receptive and tolerant mood, to find one maid arguing with the expressman, who did not appear to be feeling very well, and three of the biggest trunks I have ever seen lying in the drive. From the house, through closed windows and doors, proceeded the "Don Juan" Fantaisie—no less—and it came as the sound of a full orchestra, and the windows trembled, for that piano was a concert grand.

The expressman had been imported direct into Nova Scotia from Bermondsey, S. E., where he had carted leather. As I came up, he was saying: "Ow, yuss, I can carry 'em up alone, too, if I want t'; but I down't want t'. If I could maik 'alf 's much noise 's that," indicating the thunder from the front of the house, "I'd carry one o' these 'ere rownd on each finger, I would, jus' t' show wot I could do," and he smiled a blighting smile.

"He'll lend us a hand, Jimmy," I said, referring to the pianist, "and we'll travel them up in no time." I went in, and we embraced like royal personages.

"Now the expressman thinks he's killed, so come out and give us a lift with your—" I hesitated.

"Box-cars — coal-barges — canal-boats —scows—lighters—anything you please," he finished. "Don't mind me; I'm only the one who has to lug 'em round and fight for 'em. I've got a dummy piano and about sixty books in that long one, and—oh, all sorts of things in the others." He took the forward end in a herculean hand, and the trunks went up on the run, with the man from Bermondsey tottering behind, and me hovering amidships and getting jammed into corners.

"How long are you going to stay?" I ventured to ask.

"Don't be silly!" he said. "How do I know? Like any servant-girl, depends on how you treat me and how I like it. Now, if you interrupt me again before I have that thing played through three times—to carry trunks or anything else—I'll shoot," and he strode away, pulling from his right hip pocket a heavy, nickel-plated pair of wire-pliers and waving them at me as he went. As the piano started again, I heard the expressman snarl and whip up his horse.

Every one, most especially including the feminine part of the household, was overjoyed that he had come at last. We only feared the time when he would go, knowing that this might be controlled by no one. A year before, when the *Rorqual* had been lying in another harbour, he had passed through the town. He stopped long enough to hire a horse, drive till he found us, come aboard, eat a doughnut, and swear that he would come to stay on the way back. Instead, he had disappeared into the Far West without giving any sign whatever. Now he came in an equally characteristic way, out of nowhere, unannounced, with a carload of baggage, and began to play the "Don Juan" Fantaisie.

Without question, he was one of the world's greatest pianists. His ambition was without any limit that I ever saw, but as simple as the Great Pyramid. I have no doubt that tribulations and disappointments and sorrows stood up in his pathway as with the rest of us, but he seemed to ride on and over them with as much detachment and disinterest as the little god Juggernaut in his towering car. He worked, it might be three, it might be six, hours a day, but when he eased up from the racking nervous strain, either in city or country, instead of flying to some foolish extreme for relief, he took the most profound care of himself, lived with an ascetic kind of cleanliness, and yet without any sort of bigotry. But he had to do something. All great pianists have to do something; otherwise they would blow up. In his case he turned naturally to walking; but sometimes even walking, which is a great and healthful exercise, is not enough. If he always walked enough to make him perfectly safe, he might not have time for anything else, as is the case with many other people. So, beside the walking—and this is what I have been 'working toward—he was ready at any moment for any pure devilment, excepting, as mentioned before, only those things that were forbidden by his creed; and herein lay one of his greatest charms. He also, I knew, turned naturally to the mysteries of after dark and had a morbid curiosity for the unexplored. And so, to recapitulate, in his work he was a person of great dignity, filled with the faith that does not make haste, but is content to perform chromatic octaves and Cramer and the Forty Daily Studies by the year; and in his play he was as irresponsible as the Northern Lights, and more dangerous.

Every morning of this visit, fair weather or foul, he would get up at some unknown hour—sometimes if I happened to wake long before daylight I would hear him moving about—and he would disappear, and with him would disappear half a basket of grapes. He would be back for an eight o'clock breakfast and report where he had been and what the white frost looked like at sunrise, and we would find that he had covered perhaps seven, perhaps ten miles. Then, after breakfast, after elaborately massaging his hands and going through some mysterious preliminary exercises that required a towel hung up on the wall on a level with his head, he would retire to the music room and close all available doors, and the piano would break into song.

"I've been thinking about this piano for the last fifteen hundred miles," he said.

For three mornings he plowed through amazing clouds of scales, arpeggios, involved exercises, and Czerny studies, but reverted always to some glittering complication in the "Don Juan" Fantaisie. On the fourth morning he treated himself to a concert, and for three full hours no maid or other person in that household did any sort of useful work. They stood or sat behind convenient shelters and listened.

Ye musicians, this was his program, and in part only.

Weber: Mouvement Perpétuel de Sonate, Op. 27.
Rachmaninoff: Prelude, Op. 3.
Beethoven: Sonata in C minor.
Chopin: Study in F minor. Waltzes in D-flat, C-sharp minor, and E minor. Impromptu Fantaisie, C-sharp minor.
Liszt: Gnomen Reigen.
(Here, apparently, he began to warm up.)
Chopin: Ballade in A-flat. Barcarole.
Mendelssohn-Liszt: Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream.)
(Here the gardener came to rest on a wheelbarrow beneath the music-room window.)
Rubinstein: Grande Staccato Étude de Concert.
Schubert-Liszt: Erlkönig.
Wagner-Liszt: March, from Tannhäuser.
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2
Mozart-Liszt: "Don Juan" Fantaisie.

As the last echoes died down, the cook, whose head had been motionless in the dumbwaiter for forty minutes, said: "Aw, why did he stop? But I suppose the poor man must be tired."

I said, oh, no, I didn't think so at all; only that it was very trying to the nerves. And she said yes, she supposed it must be. It proved that I was right, for as I went in, I saw him bolt through a French window, stoop to throw a handful of gravel at a visiting cat, and start running round and round two flower-beds. The change of climate no doubt had something to do with it, for the Nova Scotia air in the autumn, when you can see fifty miles through white sunlight, is very bracing; but from the time of that concert his general exhilaration became so great that at times it was difficult to deal with.

The next morning he began with scales in torrents, and as he went on, I could hear that he was wilfully neglecting the "Don Juan" Fantaisie. Then followed a longish silence. Then of a sudden he came thundering down on the four lower E-flat's, and broke into Chopin's A-flat Major Polonaise (Opus 53). I stopped outside the door, transfixed, and through other parts of the house heard doors softly open and stay open, while he led his hosts up that whole triumphant pathway, until the last great chords, having attained to pure glory, died out again into silence, and in the silence the doors softly closed, one by one.

In that moment he began on certain details of that great polonaise, and he worked at them at intervals, with a twenty-minute stop for a wholly silent lunch, for seven consecutive hours. The day following and the day after were nearly as bad, and as he came out into the sunlight on the third afternoon trying to balance a carpet-sweeper on his chin, I said, "Why do you work like that at the A-flat Major?"

"Because, my son," he said, hanging the carpet-sweeper on a standard rose-bush for the household to find, "the A-flat Major Polonaise is the greatest thing of its sort ever written for the piano, just as the piano is the greatest instrument for which a man may write. When all the quarter odd million words in your wonderful English language are meaningless and useless to some poor, forlorn beggar, the A-flat Major can make him sit up and think he's a man—which is the same thing as being one. With real men, with blood in 'em, like you and me, the A-flat Major can make us sit up and think we're gods. There's nothing else can do that. That Weber's 'Perpetual Motion' makes you remember you're living. and that's a good thing sometimes; and when that melody at long last comes parading up from the bass, you know, perhaps, how heart-free the men will feel when they sing in heaven. The 'Tannhäuser' March—it wasn't written for the piano, but no matter—it's very wonderful and stately and magnificent; and still you see it's so human, full of repose and big songs, like a whole people on the move. Then the 'Don Juan' Fantaisie—it is wonderful; but there it ends. Whether you're playing it or listening to it, you finish up in amazement; but your religion isn't helped a bit. When Liszt did it, he was a little girl trying to make a real live owl out of a peanut and a piece of brown paper—trying to make a full orchestra and a brass-band out of a piano, and he succeeded pretty well. Then the sonatas are not all in one piece, and they're conventional instead of logical. Some of those big concertos are fine things for big musiians, but there are only a few big musicians on earth, and they can play 'em for one another. For the rest of the people, their minds keep dropping away from a concerto at places where they shouldn't. But the A-flat Major Polonaise is unbroken, and it's for the piano alone, and it's just long enough to carry you—and the girl you love, if she is with you—up into high heaven, where you can look down together and see all your life, past and to come, and its connection with the rest of the beautiful world. It's the triumph of individualism. There's no longer any question of your value to the universe. The universe can't get along without you. The A-flat Major is the whole doctrine of human insistence and final triumph. It's all your ambitions and all your love in all your life come true at once; and nothing in words can do that. And it's for all mankind. Everybody can understand the A-flat Major—when it is played—and here's the cruelty of it: it is hardly ever played. In all the world there are, besides me, who can play it, only two people I ever heard. That is a very great, but a very natural, misfortune, for it is a great sword that only a great man can handle. It is written *maestoso*—majestic—but who of the others play it so! They play it *allegro*—anything—and in the first two pages—yes, in the first ten bars—it rises up and overcomes them, and they are no more seen. It has to play itself through. Perhaps fifty times in my life have I seen the A-flat Major Polonaise play itself through all alone, a few times fairly well, and many times very badly; but at the end the people cheered, and never knew—except two or three—that the man on the chair by the piano had nothing to do with it, but was overcome even before they were overcome. It needs a giant to lead it up, and, while he leads, to be so far above the work itself that he can dream all the time of the life of the whole world. When I play it, I have to use all the restraint there is in me—and this is the hardest thing any man can do—so that when I come back to the main theme for the last time people's very hearts within their breasts may turn to water with emotion. As I finished it once, I looked down, and close to me sat an old man, a general who is known to all the world and who knows no music, smiling gravely, and with the scalding tears of sheer joy running down his cheeks. 'My God, sir,' he said to me afterward, 'while you were playing that, I heard every gun I ever heard and saw every woman I ever loved.' That's why I work like that at the A-flat Major, for there are some things in it that don't satisfy me yet. *Now* there are two men alive who play it as well as I do. In two months there will be no one—not even Chopin, if he were yet alive.

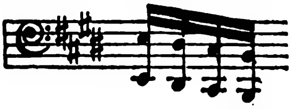
"Come out of this, and I'll walk you around the middle division; and then if you've got a dry stitch on you, I'll walk you round again."

I have reason to suspect he lived in several atmospheres, but of them all this was the most exalted, and in it I have seen him do wonderful things, one or two of which I hope I may tell you about later. Some of the other atmospheres were very different, as you will doubtless see. In the meantime it was the same A-flat Major Polonaise, or rather the inevitable reaction from the A-flat Major Polonaise, that led us into various complications. Such is the power of music, even on the rebound.

On the morning of the second day following, the sun came up cleanly out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence into a sky like blued silver; so that as it rose higher, the whole country-side glared as it can only in the autumn. By noon that sky was an even, dead white, and the sun himself was silvering down until, by three o'clock, very fine cirrus clouds, very far away behind the veil, were moving slowly across his face, and the cold, faint shadows of bare branches on the fallen leaves would die out for a time and come up again, only to die out for longer, until at last they returned no more. Instead, came a soft breath of wind out of the southeast, and by five o'clock it was raining.

The pianist evidently deemed it a fitting afternoon on which to labour, and he laboured tremendously. Toward the last he fell on a portion of the A-flat Major Polonaise which ye know, at least by reputation. That morning he said, "I am not satisfied with the evenness of the *crescendo.*"

It is a left-hand accompaniment to a clanging melody, and it consists of only this:



played thirty-five times at the rate— to be mathematical—of, say, 140 times to the minute; or you strike those octaves at the rate of 560 in a minute, till your left hand is a blur, like the dancing crank-rod of a little boy's steam-engine. It begins *pianissimo,* very soft, and proceeds *poco a poco crescendo,* increasing little by little, until it becomes *fortissimo,* very loud. Then you continue something similar very loud for ten times, and all this while that melody in the right hand is booming through it; and then immediately you do it all over again, including the something similar very loud ten times again at the finish. Taken altogether, it is very impressive. It is something like being out at nine o'clock on the night of full moon and seeing for the first time the tidal bore of the Bay of Fundy come up the Petitcodiac. All this description is not as musical as it might be, but it will serve to show that there are difficulties in this passage. The truth of the matter is that to do it properly requires a left wrist and forearm like tempered steel, with the will of Napoleon Bonaparte and the self-control of the Foreign Office.

This is all important, for it shows why the pianist was so much affected by it that he felt he needed a change.

At half-past five o'clock symptoms of serious unrest began to develop. He had played it through from a murmur to a roar many times when, without warning, he rose up, seized me by the coat, and undertook to stuff me up the chimney. I threatened violence.

"Well, then," he said, "what do you propose doing to keep me 'mused? Didn't you hear it? Does it seep into your indurated cerebrum that unless y'r guest gets some new form of cooling excitement, the fly-wheel of his world-impresser will explode and triturate his untamed virtue?" I said it seeped, and, after some talking, directed at finding out what he really wanted, ended by promising to do what I could.

He went to his room with a book, and I, clad in a large Burberry against the rain that was now sifting steadily on the windows went down the hill, ostensibly to get the mail, but really to have the *Rorqual's* crew ready to go out on a shooting-trip at dawn, independent of all weather.

It was exceedingly dark. The rain was yet southeast, and on the wharf it slanted lightly in my face, and I could hear the water clucking mysteriously among the crib-logs and the short slap of the chops against the *Rorqual's* bow when that ship was invisible in the gloom ahead. Then a blackish figure, presenting the generous outlines of oilskins and a sou'wester, moved out from behind a pile of laths.

"Where might you be goin'?" it said.

"Hello, Henry, is that you?"—It was Mr. Simpson—"Where were *you* going?"

"Aboard the *Rorqual* huntin' for you; but I can see it wouldn't have been any use." This seemed evident. There was a reticent pause.

"What was it especially?" I said. The pause continued.

Then:

"I'm comin' to think I've degenerated," he began sadly. "My morals don't seem to be what they used to be. You remember about a year ago how constitutionally opposed you an' me was to nettin' salmon? We could tolerate spearin' enough to look on without takin' any active part,"—I recalled Mr. Simpson bearing a twelve-foot salmon-spear and dancing in a freezing river through the greater part of one joyful night,—"but the bare idea of nettin' sort of struck us here,"—he laid his hand on his iron-buttoned bib,—"and made us feel sickish. We said we could understand an' sympathize with spearin', but we couldn't see any sport in nettin', and, besides, it was unfair to the country an' to everybody. Well, I'm goin' up river to-night with Humphrey Kiderson an' a bag of bricks an' a net a hundred an' twenty feet long an' sixteen feet deep: an' I was thinkin' that perhaps you might like to come." Here he held up an open hand as if to block an interruption I had no thought of making, and continued rapidly: "*As* a spectator, of course. I couldn't think of you as touchin' a salmon net with those lily hands when it's against the law of this great country, *but* as a spectator. Y' see, if y'r oatmeal-fed conscience is liable to get a cramp, y' can clinch y'r fists an' shut both eyes an' keep thinkin' that if the salmon get caught at all, they'd get caught anyway whether you was present or not, an' that'll keep y' from breakin' down and weepin' in the boat." Here Mr. Simpson retired partly behind the laths again, where I could see his face in ghostly shadow, and paused for developments. I had been thinking rapidly, but not along these lines. In times of great stress it seems always that the gods prepare a way.

"Henry," I said, "could you take also a pianist?"

"What is that?" he inquired, startled out from behind his barricade again.

"A man that plays the piano."

"Oh, is that all. Never heard 'em called by that name. I thought it was a sort of female fortune-teller. Yes, we can take him; but I don't think he'd like it. I've only seen two or three, an' I never been really close to one. But to me they looked delicate an' seemed to flush up awful easy round the gills. If it turns cold, as it's likely to before morning, he'd freeze to death; besides the chance of comin' in personal contac' with wardens an' havin' to exhaust the beggars by strategy through three paralyzin' hours, crawlin' through wet brush on your soakin' tummy with the net on the back of y'r neck at half-past two in the morning, while some one in the boat is explainin' to the wardens that they had no idea there was salmon in the Black River in the fall, an' that personally—scrapin' the ice off the oar with their mitt—they was just out for a row an' happened up here as they would anywhere else, an' the bricks was for ballast in case of a typhoon comin' up, an' bricks wasn't evidence anyway. No, I don't think he'd enjoy it, besides bein' a nuisance."

"Henry," I said, "this time you're mistaken. There are as many different kinds of pianists as there are other people, but they all suffer from what is called temperament. It's a high-pressure development of the nervous system, and they have to be very strong to stand it. The great majority of them aren't strong enough. That's the kind you've seen, and that's the reason there are so few great pianists in the world. I suppose there are only about half a dozen or so on earth. This one is smaller than you are, but he could dance you like a baby on his knee whether you wanted to be danced or not." Mr. Simpson spat.

"My, how ferocious!" he interjected. "D'y' think he's likely to?"

"No, I don't," I said; "but it's probable he'll do something outrageous. You never can tell what he is going to do next. The only weapon he carries is a pair of nickel-plated wire-pliers in his hip pocket. Why, I don't know, except that he used to be a sort of electrician also. His present work is very wearing, and this evening he has been begging and praying me to find him some new and interesting excitement. Between you and me, if we were so unfortunate as to run into the wardens, I think all we should have to do would be to turn him loose in the woods, and drop back to the opposite side of the river, and he'd hang the lot of them."

"Well, he sounds pretty good," Mr. Simpson commented, "an' I don't much mind what he does so long as he don't complain that his hands is cold. If he can help the excitement, so much the better. I think that's what we go for more than salmon. You can fetch him along. And look: better bring along some blankets an' sleeping-bags. If everything's quiet, we can have a sleep for a while when the net is down. This rain is goin' to let up before morning. I'll go an' tell Humphrey. He was feelin' pretty good the other night, an' walked out the front door o' my shop an' cracked two ribs,—didn't notice he was on the second floor,—so he won't be able to do as much work to-night as he might. I s'pose we had better take the *Porpoise* up as far as we can, an' row the rest of the way?" The *Porpoise* was the *Rorqual's* really silent motor-tender.

"Henry!" I said sternly.

"No, 'pon my soul," he said; "I only wanted you—an' I'll see you, say in an hour."

We went up the wharf together until he turned into a dark alleyway, splashing through some unseen pool of water, and disappeared. I went on up the hill, running. The pianist I found still in his room, reading and scowling. I had nicely closed the door when the book came fluttering at my head. I stopped it with both hands, ball-fashion, a foot in front of my mouth and somewhat mashed.

"'*Her hand fell like a curled pink rose-petal, in her lap!*' Grrr-r-r! What did y' leave me alone with that for?" he roared.

"I didn't know what you had—some one must have left it here—but now listen—" and I unfolded the glittering prospect. First he insisted on waltzing round the room; then he turned to clothing himself under direction, partly his own things, but chiefly mine, which were much too large: rubber boots, a second pair of trousers turned up four inches, a crimson sweater that reached to his knees, a coat freely splashed with copper paint, and later, over everything, an oilskin suit, of which the overalls sat like the bellows of a concertina and rasped together when he walked.

"Why all this gear?" he inquired, fighting to get the eternal wire-pliers into the nearest hip pocket.

"Later," I said, "if you happen to be trying to go to sleep in a squashy marsh, lying chiefly in water and white frost, with nothing over you but the river steam, you'll find out. What might you be going to do with the wire-pliers?"

"They always come in useful at the critical moment and save everybodys' life. Never saw it fail yet; you wait and see. Now tell me something more about this salmon business."

I started to say that this was the time in the autumn when the run of big male salmon began to go up,—first the females, then the small males, then the big males till the ice made, and after,—and we might get them over forty pounds in weight——

"And the wardens?" he interrupted.

"The wardens," I said, "are paid by the Provincial Government, ten dollars for each seventy-hours' service on the river, to keep poachers off—us to-night. Every family in the Black River country is brought up to the belief that it owns every salmon that comes into the Black River at any time of year. This is a profound secret known to everybody in the county, most especially the wardens, who are local men and don't wish to hurt anybody's feelings; but they feel that they require the ten dollars. Then there are the head wardens. The department calls them chief overseers. They come from other parts of the country; so, as they don't have to live among the Black Riverites, and are better paid; they are very stern." The pianist pondered throughout the time it took me to get into a pair of waterproof boots and a suit of gaberdine impenetrable to all conditions of weather. Then he said:

"D'y' know, I believe I'd rather catch a chief overseer than I would a salmon! Do y' suppose there would be any way?"

"I don't know," I said; "but I imagine not." He lapsed into thought.

"Anyway," he said finally, "I bet you I'll be stage-managing this expedition before we get home. You watch." For a start in the direction of an interesting trip this seemed hopeful. When I left him, to have a portable supper for five men prepared, he had turned out part of the contents of one large trunk, and was thoughtfully searching through what to me seemed to be a remarkable collection of rubbish. He came downstairs bearing the wreck of a small, black leather bag, which he asked if he might take, explaining that he might get wet, and it contained a few dry clothes. I remember thinking of that bag only as a foolish and insignificant thing. Later it was to grow in my esteem.

In fifteen minutes, still blinded by the last of the street lights, we were groping our way to the edge of the wharf, carrying the bag, the supper, and two quart thermostatic bottles full of hot tea. Within hand-reach of the *Rorqual's* gaunt awning-stanchions, long stripped of their awnings in deference to October gales, we stopped, and a towering, black figure arose painfully from a sitting position on one of the boat-chocks and groaned. Another figure was briskly removing the cover from the *Porpoise*, as evidenced by the sound of rubbing wet canvas, and still a third, very indistinct, seemed to be operating about the *Porpoise's* stern. Here was the night-covered expedition in full activity. A voice came from the last figure.

"Humphrey's ribs is awful bad to-night, but he says he's goin', if it kills him." This was Mr. Simpson. "If Adam could spare one, surely, Lord, he's long enough to do without a couple—ain't ye, Hump?" From Mr. Kidderson we gathered that if he had been Adam, this vale of tears would never have been brightened by the presence of woman.

"Henry," I said, "this is Mr. Kimborough." They acknowledged each other deferentially. When we had climbed on deck, and Mr. Kidderson, between groans, was conversing with the pianist, Mr. Simpson worked around to a position near my right ear.

"Y' don't mean t' tell me," he whispered, "that the fat mariner is y'r friend with the high-pressure nervous system an' the wire-pliers!" I nodded.

"All I can say," he commented, "is that he don't look it. He ain't the breed I was thinkin' about at all. To me he'd look more natural eatin' pork and beans in a lobster factory." Then aloud, pointing to the figure that was now methodically rolling the boat-cover: "We have also our old friend Mr. Charles Anderson, who can navigate a flat, blindfolded, through hell in a thunder-squall, as you know, an' whose specialty is swimmin' in a mackintosh and rubber boots." This was a reference to an event of a year before, and, seeing Mr. Anderson move, I undertook to change the subject.

"Netting salmon!" I said, affecting pained surprise.

"*As* a spectator only—like you!" said Mr. Simpson, with blistering sarcasm.

All together we swung the *Porpoise* outboard and lowered away until up out of the obscurity came a ponderous splash and the falls hung loose in our hands. After her we lowered the *Rorqual's* thirteen-foot dinghy, which was to carry us during the later operations. For evident reasons we worked without lights, with the exception of one lantern, invisible in the *Rorqual's* lazarette. Up the companionway, over the side, and into the dinghy were swiftly passed and stowed out of the wet one single and two double sleeping-bags and one pair of white Hudson's Bay Company's four-point blankets, uncut—a third of an inch of matted wool sixteen feet long by eight feet wide. (A full-grown Indian lives in one of these and a pair of moccasins and nothing else throughout a Northwest winter.) Because of long experience, we made all provisions for comfort. Then from the wharf's edge Mr. Anderson bore two late oat-bags, one giving forth the metallic, grating sound characteristic of bricks, which, as sinkers, are more desirable than rocks, and the other being soft and uneven to the touch, and said to contain the net. These were reverently placed. Last came the supper and the thermostatic bottles, Mr. Simpson evincing immediate concern for their safety. Throughout these activities the pianist, otherwise Mr. Kimborough, had watched with growing interest; but when I took out a pocket electric flash-lamp and swung it about on one final tour of inspection, he sprang to attention.

"Freddy wants lightning-bug," he said, and annexed it for the rest of the night. He had a new toy.

Mr. Kidderson, who had been content to hang on the *Rorqual's* rail and drip in silence, except for a groan that seemed to work itself every thirty seconds, like an automatic, compressed-air, diaphone fog-signal, now came to the decision that under a light tarpaulin, on the soft sleeping-bags, in the midst of the dinghy, was the place for him, and he lowered himself with curses, and composed his limbs for slumber. Mr. Anderson, rocking precariously on the *Porpoise's* stern, made fast the dinghy's painter, and everybody paused for five seconds.

"All ready?" inquired the pianist, suavely. I nodded.

There was a flash of light, and a bang that deafened my ears, smote my chest, thrilled the deck under our feet, and echoed back with a crash from the town, where without doubt it shook every window. I was facing Mr. Simpson, and saw him jump clear of the deck. He was of a nervous disposition.

"What the bl—" he began.

"I told you," I remarked, "that you could never tell what he was going to do next. How did you do it?" I said severely, turning to the pianist.

"This way," said that person, flashing the electric lamp on half a ball of marlin, of which the end led into the far darkness forward. "Here, pull!" he said in a burst of explanation to Mr. Simpson. Mr. Simpson pulled. Another crash tore the air. Mr. Simpson danced again.

"Blast your shriveled soul!" he trembled (or words to that effect). "What did y' do that for!"

"I didn't do it: you did it yourself," wept the pianist, rocking on the rail in his glee. The *Rorqual* had a one-pounder repeating signal-gun of which we were very proud. While the others were bringing up sleeping-bags, he had been bringing up cartridges and marlin, though certainly we never saw him make his dispositions.

"Two guns having been fired, the mail will now sail," he said. "All aboard! The populace is about to arrive." By the time I had turned over the engine, and the dinghy, with Mr. Kidderson's startled head still above the tarpaulin, had swung into line on the *Porpoise's* wake, I looked up to see several figures in inquiring attitudes on the wharf's edge, silhouetted against the town lights. We left them to their questions, and fared out into the steaming blackness of the rain-hidden harbour.

Mr. Anderson quite naturally took the wheel.

"You steer?" he inquired. I indicated that my sphere lay in the open gulf outside Leith Head Light, wherever that might be at the present moment, our only view being the stiff tow-rope and the foam playing about the bow of Mr. Kidderson's car, very faint astern. So he bent to his work.

Then it rained, and it blew.

We forgot that it had been raining before. We heard it roar in the woods on Granton Head five minutes before it reached us. When it arrived, it blotted out the eternal sea. Earth and sky had disappeared long since. Blinded and half-choked, I put my hand on the vibrating tow-rope, and from this and the sound of wild splashing astern I inferred that Mr. Kidderson was still coming. We heard the swish and occasionally saw the snowy flash of the tops of short harbour seas, and sometimes as the *Porpoise*, running full in their trough, rolled down to her coaming, their crests lifted and blew in so that the exhaust-piping hissed louder, and the pianist and Mr. Simpson seated themselves on the floor-boards with arms locked for better protection. Through the noise of the wind and the sea and the labouring engine, I heard Mr. Simpson complain that it was raining under his left arm and he was not quite sure how it was getting in, though he thought there was a draft up his trousers leg. The subject changed smoothly to colds and their treatment. I could not catch Mr. Kimborough's method, but Mr. Simpson stated that when he had a cold, he hung his hat on the foot of the bed, left the light burning, and went to bed with a bottle of whisky. When he could see two hats every time he looked, he considered the cold cured and went to sleep. Then back from colds to wet feet, and from wet feet to fire departments, while we threshed up mid-harbour in a fully developed tempest, followed a tale by the pianist of how he had assisted at the celebration of the wedding of a neighbour who was an unfriend of his. I gathered that this happened in the West, and that while everything was in full progress in the house, he found his way to a small but important outhouse with four copies of the Winnipeg *Telegram*, a bottle of kerosene, and a match. The celebration was a jubilant success. Mr. Simpson, clinging to Mr. Kimborough and the seat, addressed himself to me:

"Y'r friend has got a stupendous mind," he said. "His last reminds me of just before Billy Clink an' me dissolved partnership in the carriage business an' I become pure blacksmith.

"Our shop was in the old Jamieson building, and John McKeever an' his wife lived overhead. When they was sober, their only ambition was to get rid of us, an' when they was drunk, the same, only more so. The old woman couldn't bear the smell of paint, an', anyway, she said they owned the whole building by *habendum*, whatever that might be, because she'd lived there for twenty-six years without payin' any rent. I told her, if that was the only qualification, she owned the whole town.

"War was declared one Saturday night when she got John to come down an' board up our door an' windows while she held the nails. Every Sunday mornin' regular old Billy used to go down to see that the tide was comin' in all right, an' this mornin' he seen the damage. John an' his wife was away at church, so he borrowed a hatchet and wire nails, an' took off them boards, an' used 'em for boardin' up their front an' back doors so they couldn't get in, an' boarded 'em proper, too. Then Billy went home to dinner. That was all we heard for a while.

"By-an'-by October come along, an' one morning Billy saunters in an' says: 'Well, I s'pose we need a fire.'

"'I s'pose so,' I says; 'but what's the matter with that elbow?'"—Mr. Simpson pointed toward an imaginary ceiling in the rocking and water-swept sky—"Of course our stovepipe went up through the McKeevers' drawing-room, an' Mrs. McKeever, with a woman's nasty but inconsequent mind, had unshipped the pipe at the elbow so we couldn't have a fire. Or we thought we couldn't for about forty-five seconds. I s'pose old Billy was as painstaking an' pigheaded as anything ever born in Nova Scotia of Scotch parents, an' the trouble an' the time he took in collectin' titbits to put in that stove was awful to see. Rags an' boiled oil, an' an old pair of rubber boots, an' a pretty good pair of leather boots, with three pairs of my socks an' some varnish, an' several other things I don't remember. On top of the lot he put in a crane—All right, then, great blue heron—that I stuffed with oakum, which he said never looked natural an' now, to the well-known properties of oakum would add the odour of cremated feathers. Is that better? When we lighted it we had some misgivin's as to whether the whole mixture wouldn't explode: but it burned perfectly natural. Up-stairs windows began to go up at once, an' water began to come down through the pipe-hole; but it ran out through the elbow, an' didn't hurt the fire. Then they stuffed up the hole, but Billy built a slow fire of rags—havin' faith that the smoke might percolate—an' we closed up shop for the day, an' went smelt-fishin'. Billy only went back once to take in part of an old hair mattress he found an' some glue he said we could spare.

"The next day the stovepipe was back all right.

"Then things went very nice for about two weeks till a cold snap come along, an' the old woman, backed by the old man, thought she'd have another try. I noticed in the morning the pipe was gone, but the hole wasn't stuffed, which struck me as sort of curious, considerin' the amount of experience she'd accumulated. Then one of the boys from the laundry sauntered in to say that about 6 A. M. he'd seen John luggin' two empty kerosene casks up-stairs, an' that for an hour an' a half steady afterward he'd been carryin' up water in buckets.

"'So that's his stupendous plan, is it?' I says to myself. 'See here, Henry, the time is now ripe for you to add y'r personal councils to these maneuvers.' So I lowered the elbow a little so that no amount of water in it could get to the stove, an' in that elbow I put, I s'pose, seven pounds of good-sized lumps of calcium carbide—belongin' to *this* boat's search-light an' borrowed from the engineer of the *Rorqual.*" This last to me. "All it needed was frequent rains to make thirty-six cubic feet of pure acetylene gas, which, measured by stink alone, is an awful lot, to say nothin' of the chance of its gettin' afire an' liftin' the roof off. Then I went away with the firm's book an' the foldin'-slate.

"About four o'clock I seen Billy goin' down, so I made it convenient to go down, too. It took him about six seconds to see that stovepipe was off an' the hole open. He winked at me just once, an' started collectin' stuff for a fire, an' I winked back. I forgot to mention the carbide an' the two casks of water. All the time Billy was collectin' choice morsels I could hear quiet but determined footsteps paradin' about up-stairs. When he lit the match I got as near the door as I could without it bein' noticeable, and about half a minute afterward there began what you might call a mutual surprise all round. That stovepipe hole commenced to run an eight-inch stream of water, but over the noise it made you could hear a noise like a tea-kettle boiling over on a hot stove, an' then instantaneously from up-stairs come some gaspin' an' a little swearin' an' the water stopped. By this time, though I was standin' in the draft of the door, the gas had me by the windpipe an' Billy was smotherin' inside, an' the stove was beginnin' to burn up bright an' interestin'.

"'What is it?' he says, chokin'.

"'Some chemical you've made by your mixture,' I says. 'Y' can't cook overboots an' turpentine together for nothin'.'

"'It'll kill the beggars,' he says.

"I says, 'All the better.'

"'It smells to me like acetylene,' he says.

"Just then there was a puff an' a belch from that elbow, an' a quiet sort of bluish-yellow sheet of flame spread over the ceiling and run about half-way down the walls—quite slow: I suppose it was half a second before it was all over. We was sort of startled for a minute, an' when we looked again, everything had settled down an' there was a pillar of fire, yellow an' white, sizzlin' up through the pipe-hole, an' up-stairs all they needed was the fiddle t' make y' think they was about the middle of the last figure of a set of quadrilles.

"'Now you've done it!' I says, an' started on the gallop for the engine-house. Simmy told me that when he got there with the hand chemical, John and Mrs. McKeever was dancin' round what from his readin' he judged was a natural-gas well, with a flame about eight feet high, an' throwin' water at each other with buckets an' cryin' with excitement. He said the more water they threw, the better it seemed to burn, and it needed the chemical to do it any good.

"That night the stovepipe went in for the rest of the winter."

The pianist had listened with many chuckles: he and Mr. Simpson were getting along beautifully.

"Now, would you look at Charley Anderson an' get a liberal education in the art of navigatin' by nothin' whatever!" the latter said. Mr. Anderson was standing high, balancing easily, and we might have been in the next county for all the attention we got.

"He may be listenin' an' he may be smellin', but he certainly ain't seein'; because there's nothin' to see except that the darkness is a little darker on the side away from the town lights, an' he's lookin' ahead. Note his long an' prehensile nose rootin' round in the fog. *Now* he's got it: look—please look at him spinnin' the wheel! Wouldn't you actually think he knew where he was goin'!" Mr. Anderson had crouched down in the *Porpoise's* pounding bow, and was steering as precisely as if he were coming into a dock, while we could see, as Mr. Simpson said, nothing whatever. The pianist broke into the pause. The Foremouth blacksmith had evidently been troubling his brain.

"I wonder," he murmured, "where in the green fields of English he culled that marguerite about 'a woman's nasty but inconsequent mind.'" Before I had a chance to offer my theory as to the wonderful way the Nova Scotia School System can teach all English literature without the use of the English language, he looked ahead in amazement and said, "Hello, we are now entering a forest!" Straight trunks of mighty trees suddenly stood up around us, with a suggestion of laced branches far overhead. We were disillusioned by the sound of seas swashing heavily among piles and the glare of a rain-blurred red light high above us.

"Railway bridge," said Mr. Simpson, and in the next twenty seconds it had dissolved in the air behind, and we were plowing into the trackless lower basin of the Black River, which is a place of intricate channels. The navigator could run now only by dead reckoning, and for the most part stood facing us, borne backward through the night, with his eyes—we could see them—fixed critically on the faint, low mantle of light from the Leith arcs that lay on the lost horizon astern and lent the illusion of an aura overhanging the funeral bark of some saint being carried through unblemished space into the regions beyond —the recumbent Mr. Kidderson in the oncoming dinghy. Then, as Mr. Anderson worked the wheel, the aura departed from the saint and slid around until it hung for two minutes off our starboard beam, whence it slowly retraced till it hovered, faint as the first blush of dawn, over the port quarter.

"About here we turn sharp to the right," said Mr. Anderson, as though speaking to himself.

"*Here* meanin' the middle of the night," Mr. Simpson explained. To the right we forthwith turned for the space of forty-five seconds, at the end of which time something thumped the bluff of the *Porpoise's* bow and slid aft, rasping along the port rubbing strake. Except Mr. Anderson, everybody started. It was a small tree standing amid swirling waters, with its top lost in the darkness.

"Channel bush," he said. "Look and see if there's an old collar of Henry's tied to it. It'll be a little wilted by now."

"W. G. & R., *Tamarac*, 17½," added Mr. Simpson.

I caught sight of a fluttering white rag, and said so.

"All right," said Mr. Anderson; "that's my mark: it means McCord's Point. Now we're off," and the *Porpoise* whirled round and slapped the seas again.

"Wah! that's a miracle!" said the pianist in his admiration.

"Miracle nothin'!" replied Mr. Simpson scornfully; "but he *can* do miracles. *That* ain't good sleight-of-hand. Wait till the Lord is nice enough to let you see him navigatin' this basin at 2 A. M., an' low tide, with a rowboat drawin' three inches more water than there is on the flats: then you can talk about miracles. No heaven an' no earth an' no sea an' no sky, an' two miles of water around y', as y' know from the country atlas an' former experience, an' five inches of water underneath y', which y' know by feelin' it; besides some eel-grass an' thirteen feet of mud; an' then: 'Henry, stick y'r oar out there an' see if y' can feel a log with two knots on it—ye-es: here we turn to the left.' Then: 'Now we're about due to strike a hump. That's funny'— and then all of a sudden you're hung up by the middle on something, an' can't feel any bottom round y' at all. From there you buck yourself off backward, 'Not too fast,' until y' get y'r wonderful bearin's by Isaac McLellan's dog barkin', an' have to fire the Mauser pistol every seven minutes to keep him barkin', which we did, an' took our bearin's off that dog alone for the next half mile round the Marcil mussel-bed an' never started a rivet. Talk about y'r submarine bells! An' then, when we'd got the whole countryside pretty freely stirred up, Charley knew the note an' period of every dog, like whistlin' buoys, an' picked out two on adjacent farms an' used 'em for range-lights all down the Grist Mill Channel. He said he was trustin' to McCord's dog barkin' on the roof of the root cellar, an' if he dragged his moorin's an' got down in the back field, we was lost.

"That's the time to see miracles," Mr. Simpson concluded. "Would y' be good enough t' look at him now!" The pianist gazed in awe. Mr. Anderson was again steering with precision by something ahead that we failed to make out, as we continued to do for the next fifteen minutes, through all of which time the wind lessened and the rain fell on the sea with a crisp roar like the feed of a steam thresher, and harmlessly cloaked the outsides of our persons in running water.

At the end of that quarter hour the helmsman once more wavered in the midst of space, turned the *Porpoise's* head first gradually to the right, then thoughtfully to the left, and appeared to seek some unguessable landmark.

"What is it now?" respectfully breathed the pianist. Mr. Simpson sadly shook his head, indicating that the problem was beyond him, and in the same instant came a blast of large and unmistakable squawks and a ponderous swishing sound from a district a little to starboard and perhaps thirty feet over our heads. I saw Mr. Kimborough jerk himself around to face this new peril.

"That's those two cranes that roost on the dolphin off the old gravel pit," Mr. Anderson explained, his voice cleared of all trouble; and added confidentially, pointing, "There's the spit by the Duck Pond, an' that's Ice House Point."

"You don't say so!" replied Mr. Simpson, as we followed the wave of the arm, and saw perhaps a blacker blackness in the dark. "Stella'ton! All change!" I stopped the engine, and we slipped the *Porpoise's* little anchor overboard, guarding against the rattling of chain, which carries so far over water.

Silently we drew the dinghy alongside, and silently we drew Mr. Kidderson from beneath the tarpaulin, and, to use Mr. Simpson's words, "coiled him away in the bow," without raising any protest. Mr. Anderson was already aboard, stuffing the rowlocks with waste for the sake of silence, and we climbed in and pushed off. In six strokes the *Porpoise* was gone, and in six more we were rowing beneath a low bank.

All of that mysteriously guided trip upriver is worth telling, but exigencies forbid. The wind had gone. The rain was as steady as the rustling of aspens in August. Every shadowy point had its significance. The two pairs of soft oars paused twenty minutes in a bubbling, pattering silence before an arched and mighty shadow said to be the Glenfairley Bridge, then came to the conclusion that a certain portentous disturbance had been a clod washed down from the bank, and softly passed through. Then, beyond a known pine-tree that stood above the spruces like a towering ghost, we were moving up on the right of a low island, and Mr. Simpson, in an endeavour to satisfy a request of Mr. Kimborough's, was giving, in a blood-curdling whisper, a description of head wardens and their awful functions, when the dinghy, apparently acting on a sudden thought of her own, paused, stopped, and started briskly downriver again, backward. I faintly saw the pianist turn a bewildered face to the weeping skies, as though to seek the cause of this new wonder there, for, to the novice, the phenomenon is startling, especially under the strain of the surroundings. To the matured mind it presents itself as the natural course of events when you run into the elastic, double backrope of a salmon net stretched tight from river-bank to river-bank. Mr. Kidderson suddenly came to life and sat up.

"Let's have an oar," he said, "till I shove it down. There! Now pull like women. *Cooeeoo,*" he whistled softly, as the backrope scrubbed along under the dinghy's keel, and the pianist gazed overboard to find it invisible in the black water. The woods on the right remained silent.

"All right," he said aloud, "don't answer then, ye whisky-bleared outlaws." At this stage we saw a faint red glow as from a pipe being smoked upside down, and somebody chuckled. Followed a deliberate voice out of the night:

"'S that you, Hump? *We* heard you had two ribs broke, an' thought we were bein' had."

"They got the pieces out of his heart an' lungs so he could come," interpolated Mr. Simpson, and two voices out of the night laughed.

"What luck?" Mr. Kidderson resumed.

"We're just set," drawled the reply, "and the tide's runnin' down yet." Then, after a pause, the words fell like strokes of a gong:

"They got a telephone message at the Glenfairley post-office to say that old Corbin left Churchville by the Black River road at five o'clock, so I s'pose he's comin' here, an' we may have to lift before we can do any good. He's not been on this river for a couple of weeks; but he can't get a boat, anyway."

"Oh," said Mr. Kidderson, in a tone which indicated it was a matter apart from his interests in life, "then you'd better stand by your nets. We must be moving. Good-night."

"Good-night." In that moment the command passed over from Mr. Anderson to Mr. Kidderson, for we were now among farms and wood-lots on which the latter had spent his golden youth and speared and netted salmon every autumn since, and he knew them by the sense of touch.

"Those were the Stewart boys," he informed softly.

"And who's old Corbin?" inquired the pianist. I had jabbed him in the back at the sound of that name. Mr. Simpson took up the task of instruction.

"Old Corbin," he said, "is Joseph Howe Corbin, Chief Overseer, Superintendent, and Inspector of Fisheries and Lord High Chief Head Warden, for this section of Nova Scotia in the Dominion of Canada, an' as bilious an' pin-headed an old sculpin as ever cried in a prayer meetin'. His one disease is bein' suspicious. Why, one mornin' about 1 A. M. we had what you might call a conversation, an' he wouldn't believe *me*. We was on opposite sides of the river, with no way for him to come across, so of course he couldn't see my frank an' open countenance. That might have made a difference. He said I was a liar," said Mr. Simpson in a hurt tone. "An' besides, he's got no sense of humour. He can't see any fun in this business, like us. He wasn't born with any sportin' instincts, wantin' to play the game. He's so dead in earnest he don't know whether the little stars in heaven is twinklin' or not. He don't spoil the fishin', but he spoils the restfulness of it, an' keeps ye jumpy an' nervous. He hadn't ought to be allowed. He's in the business for the love of it, an' half of 'em are scared of him. An' he's no fool, an' he's scared of nothin'."

"Nothing?" said Mr. Kimborough.

"So far as I know."

"And will he come where we are going to-night?"

"He'll come there if he comes any place on this river," said Mr. Kidderson, wearily.

"Glory be!" I heard the pianist murmur in rapture. "I didn't deserve this." Then, more softly, "And the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

"What are you rumbling about?" asked Mr. Simpson. "Are you scared?"

"Not yet," Mr. Kimborough whispered, and I could feel him trembling.

Here, where the river ran narrow and deep, and the dinghy, with her muffled oars, moved without so much sound as could be heard among the lessening raindrops, we ran into the boom of low voices in conversation, and immediately checked and dropped back into more utter darkness, where we put Mr. Anderson ashore with the net and two spears while we reconnoitered. At the end of another net, on an intervale island, two men sat under an overturned flat and talked politics—we caught the name of George Murray. We advertised the oncoming of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin, which was news, recovered Mr. Anderson, and proceeded up-river, the backrope being courteously lowered for our passage. So at last we attained to our pool, which, we learned, was appropriately called the Mill Set.

Then came out the characteristics of Humphrey Kidderson. He rose up in his strength and he forgot about his ribs. The old Black River spirit dominated. He cared not for all the wardens, head or otherwise, in all the green earth, so he didn't. He pulled off two coats in the face of the dying rain, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves and worked in his hairy bare arms. He talked loud and free, and banged the oars and the spears about in the boat until it sent shivers up and down the spinal marrow and sympathetic ganglia of Henry Simpson, as Mr. Simpson admitted, to say nothing of me. He said we needn't be so mighty nervous, as, if old Corbin *was* mushrat enough to come out in the rain-storm past, he certainly wouldn't bother coming down to look for nets until the tide started on the rise. He announced that Mr. Simpson could hop out on the east bank of the river and make fast one end of the backrope round a big boulder he would find at the bottom of a sheer forty-foot bank, down which everybody could easily come by falling, and in no other way. I, in my turn, could row like—various things he particularized while I was rowing, keeping her head up-stream while he paid out the net; but "Row, ye son-of-a-gun, row!" he stormed, while I whipped the pool into foam and eventually succeeded in straightening out the current-sagged net till at last we attained near enough to the west bank for Mr. Anderson to claw his way ashore on the low point, like a man in a tug-of-war, and, fighting for every inch of his ground, get a turn of the straining backrope around a marvelously convenient fence-post.

"Now give her a couple o' yanks!" he

said, and we yanked, though I heard him groan once as the ribs caught him again "Fine!" he commented at last, as the backrope swept away in a beautiful taut curve into the invisibility where dwelt Mr. Simpson. "Now for the bricks." Back into the dinghy we clambered again, and I heard the bricks grate as Mr. Anderson untied the bag. Then along the backrope we hauled ourselves, with the boat on its up-stream side and held against it by the current, so that when the bottom-rope was weighted and dropped, it might rest on the bottom of the river directly below the backrope, and the net between might belly out with the current. "The fish always mash in the upper curve," said Mr. Kidderson. And though it is altogether aside from the real interest of this tale, I have no keener recollection than that of seeing Humphrey Kidderson, wholly lost in enthusiasm, with his left hand, shadowy, palm up, and open-fingered to receive it, reach over the backrope with his right to where the sixteen-foot net lay out almost flat on the current, and jerk it in with the smooth, swift, rhythmic jerk of the netter of forty-two years' practice, the light twine wisping through the water till the bottom-rope came up, the marlin snood was found, and the brick slip-knotted in, to slide away again with the splashless drop of the expert. So the boat moved on, past the next float, and the wisping net came in again; till ten new bricks, stolen shamelessly from a growing structure in Leith, lay in a curved line across the dark bed of the Black River.

"All finished," said Mr. Kidderson, as the last brick went out over the quarter, and the dinghy surged in the dark with Mr. Simpson climbing in over her bow. "Now we'll go up to Malcolm McLeod's and talk to them for a while. They're very nice people." It was the same Malcolm McLeod's where we had sheltered the woolly horse a year before.

"An' leave the net?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Of course. Who's to bother it?" Such faith was inspiring. We would go. We went up past an upper intervale on our right, where there grazed shadowy cattle, still left out in this over-mild autumn weather, and on through two long reaches, until we had run clean out of the woods, and the river lay between low, treeless banks. In a patch of willow we made fast the dinghy and climbed out on an open intervale that edged into a field sloping up and away toward the Glenfairley road, beyond which one light shone like a star. As we crossed the road and approached the light, walking on the edge of a plowed field, the pianist leaped as leaps a young colt, and I could see that the mantle of leadership, which had slipped so naturally from Mr. Anderson to Mr. Kidderson. was about to change again.

"This *is* a wonderful country," he said. "Who'd ever think, to look out the window in Leith at these innocent hills, that to get up here you'd have to navigate by a 17½ collar and two whooping cranes!"

"Great blue herons," said Mr. Simpson, stiffly. A roar came from the farther side of a wood-pile we were approaching.

"Look out for the dog," warned Mr. Kidderson, ahead; "he's part mastiff, and very nasty."

"Oh, he is, is he?" said the pianist, and advanced around the wood-pile as a man still-hunting a bull moose. The roar continued for a space, then settled down into a blood-congealing growl. We moved past the end of the wood-pile so that we might view the hunt. The dog and the pianist were approaching each other in a straight line and with great caution, and both were growling furiously. The pianist was crouched down and appeared to be holding something in front of him. At ten feet the dog paused, doubtless in amazement, and at eight feet, with the pianist still coming on, his nerve seemed to break. At the same instant a blinding glare of light struck him in the eyes, and he turned and fled with yelps of terror, for Mr. Kimborough had turned loose the electric flash-light. The dog clung to the house as his only hope, and round and round it he went, with the pianist's oilskin rasping together on his trail, until we lay on the wood-pile in our weakness and moaned. There, after the dog had broken away and fled out through the next farm and the pianist had given up the chase, we were found by Mr. McLeod.

"I thought the horses had broke' out," said that person. "Where's the dog gone?"

"Donno," stuttered Mr. Simpson; "I guess he's dee-railed—jumped his orbit—" he made a highly descriptive tangential motion with his forefinger. "If he ever comes back, it'll be as a comet—with its tail between its legs."

But Mr. McLeod was continuing in the same breath: "You up nettin'? Who do ye think is gettin' a quiet cup of tea in the kitchen? Old Corbin. And he's got a young fellow from Churchville with him. You'd better get those oilskins off in the shed before you come in."

To the appointed shed we retired, all together, running, and while the oilskins were being stripped, the pianist hugged me round the neck. Then, in the warm smell of manure, with his feet on a milking-stool and his head among cobwebs, he made a speech to this effect:

"Gentlemen, follow me, and you shall inherit the earth. This concert is about to begin. What the program is to be I can tell you least of all. Your only duty is to await developments and back the band for all you're worth. No half-measures. Listen carefully, and take your cue from me every time. Don't be afraid. If you see a chance to lie, lie. And be picturesque. I am a good liar, an extraordinary liar, a finished, polished, ingenious, life-long liar; and I can lie you out of any lie you tell, no matter how confused you get. Only be serious and wholly in earnest. Now from here we start. This"—pointing to me—"and I are in this district boring for coal on behalf of myself. I live in Montreal. *You* are very naturally running the drill, and we have driven in to Mr. McLeod's for the night. Our horse is in the barn, and we are very tired. That is all you have to remember." He turned to Mr. McLeod. "Would you be good enough to acquaint your family with these facts and the general situation," he said, and Mr. McLeod went away, confused, but hopeful. We heard Mrs. McLeod being called out for a consultation on domestic matters, and after the pianist had irrelevantly roared "Whoa!" in different keys several times, and we had made mixed sounds in the porch, like people unburdening themselves from outer garments, we went in, to find her seated, knitting, with a stiff upper lip, beside two men who faced a table and ate.

No member of the expedition had ever before been within arm's-length of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin; no one of us could properly be said to have seen him. On one feverish occasion three of those present had known him as a mighty Voice that proceeded out of a bush that overhung the water, and afterward (because of the breaking of the bush) gave way to filthy and unnatural language; and the same three, at another time, had seen a dark object, later said to be him, progressing earnestly but painfully along the crest of a ridge of burnt land in an effort to keep pace with a boat that was moved by two pairs of oars and the current. For Mr. Kidderson's part I knew that he had once heard the same Voice discuss with two other men, standing on a culvert, the unlawful doings of some one unknown; the unknown being Mr. Kidderson, who at that time lay under the culvert in a flat and was aware that the bow of the same projected out into the open night. So the chance of seeing Mr. Corbin face to face was almost too much excitement, and he seemed dazed as he was introduced. Whether it was from joy or bashfulness we failed to discover, but he stared at the Head Warden until it was becoming noticeable, when the pianist arose and caught the situation in midair.

"Too bad, Hump," he said; "they must be hurting pretty badly. "You'd better lie down on your left side on the sofa: that'll ease them," and as Mr. Kidderson recovered his poise and came to rest, groaning appropriately, explained to Mr. Corbin how the bumper beam had swung and cracked two of Humphrey's ribs, and how he had insisted on working when he shouldn't. Then Mr. Kimborough wheeled properly into the breach and enveloped the Chief Overseer of Fisheries and the surrounding company in a baffling fog of words. It left me free to study and to listen.

Mr. Corbin's assistant had been presented as Mr. McDonald, which in eastern Nova Scotia conveys nothing. It is sufficient to say that he was a dark-coloured McDonald, and seemed to have been bred in the depressing atmosphere of Canadian local elections. The Head Warden himself was a medium-sized, reddish Scotchman, doubtless all Highland blood on his mother's side. He had small eyes that traveled, and he snuffed. He looked unhappy, and you could see his trouble at a glance. It has happened before. It was this: never, since he could think, had he done one little thing except eat, without having some little plan so mean that the average man couldn't think it, so transparent that the average man couldn't believe it, as the mainspring. So he believed that every one else had a little plan in everything as well, which made him very miserable, and utterly dried up what should have been the well-spring of his heart. Mr. Simpson expressed i beautifully later on: "Money," he said "is the only thing I'd trust him with.' At the present moment he was regarding the pianist with disfavour, for the average Scotchman is seldom convinced by words except that he rules the earth—at a St Andrews dinner. Ordinarily he is only dazed, and has a suspicion that there i something wrong. Mr. Kimborough noted this from the first, and I could see him spreading his net and pegging it down, corner by corner. But what he was striving for I had no more idea than an unborn child. It was all words.

As the wardens moved back from the table and opened their jack-knives, Henry Simpson, to fulfil his destiny as a tired man, disposed himself in a deep rocking-chair brought from the sitting-room, tilted his head back on an antimacassar, and appeared to sleep. Mr. Anderson lowered himself on the end of the invalid's sofa, and Mr. Kimborough talked, while I followed the labyrinth in vain. It was a beautiful talk. Though at first I could see Mr. Corbin looking patiently over our boots for fish-scales, toward the middle even he must have been convinced. We were almost convinced ourselves. The pianist gave a masterly geological history of the coal measures in that part of Nova Scotia, leading up with emotion to his reasons for boring. He invented several authorities, and controverted them with some heat, until he got Mr. Corbin to admit that in his opinion that was so. Then he said that the trouble with that part of Nova Scotia in these days was that the miners were too well paid and wouldn't stick to their work. (I had been wallowing astern trying in vain to make out even some general course.) He said further that things were very different in times gone past, he believed: and to times gone past he reverted, and so, circuitously, through ten minutes, to Joseph Howe, who was a very great man. *Was* Mr. Corbin named after him! Well! well! (Here Mr. Simpson suffered an impediment in his snore.) He remembered an extraordinary story told by Howe of the Government's investigations of a mysterious affair that very closely affected a man then in the room: he referred to Mr. Kidderson. (Here Mr. Kidderson, who had had both eyes closed, opened one slowly, as an elderly spaniel does, and slowly closed it again. Mr. Simpson's chair, which had been rocking almost imperceptibly, came to an icy stop.) Only that afternoon, Mr. Kimborough continued, he had been asking Mr. Kidderson about the affair, and it turned out that the two old people who had so mysteriously disappeared had been Mr. Kidderson's grandfather and grandmother; and, still more strange, to-day, October 27, was the anniversary of their death. But no doubt Mr. Corbin lived in these parts, and knew all about it.

Mr. Corbin said no; he was just driving through.

"Tell him the story yourself, Hump," suggested the pianist. Mr. Kidderson seemed startled, but recovered.

"No, no," he said; "you tell it. You know it just as well as I do—an' it makes me sick to talk about it. (Here Mr. Simpson slowly woke up, and under cover of a yawn I saw him bestow one surprised but gratified glance on Mr. Kidderson.)

"It's not much of a story," said Mr. Kimborough, sternly looking Mrs. McLeod over for signs of hysterics, "but it's the strangeness of it—that they should never have found out. You said the farm was less than half a mile from here?"

"Two farms down; other side of the river," said Mr. Kidderson.

"What river?" inquired the pianist, absently.

"They call it the Black River," Mr. Corbin broke in, visibly interested.

"Oh! Well, Humphrey's grandmother and grandfather lived there, and one afternoon in October—27th—that was what year? '67; yes; the old gentleman went down by the river—I remember the river now—to look for some cattle—had to go through some woods——"

"That steep patch leadin' from Crawford's pasture down to the Mill Set," remarked Mr. Kidderson to Mr. Anderson.

"He didn't come back," the pianist resumed, "and about dusk the old lady went to look for him—and she didn't come back; so Hump's father went to look for both with a lantern, and couldn't find a sign of them. The cattle were there on the intervale, but every time he'd try to get near them they'd stampede. That was curious, wasn't it?" Mr. Corbin snuffed and nodded. "Then they got hold of everybody they could with lanterns and torches, and hunted all night, and couldn't get a trace of them, nor the next day—not a track or a sound."

"Hm!" said Mr. Corbin, and while the pianist paused, the rain from the eaves dripped mournfully on the roof of the porch.

"Then—when did they start hunting again?"

"They come up an' got something to eat, an' started in again about five the next evening," said Mr. Kidderson, reminiscently.

"Yes," the pianist went on; "and when they went down, the cattle stampeded again; broke right away across the river, you said"—Mr. Kidderson nodded—"and they found the old lady and the old gentleman dead, right out in open sight, on the edge of the intervale and the woods, in a place they'd gone over a hundred times before. The bodies were laid out side by side as nicely as could be, and there wasn't a track on the ground about them except cattle; but"—the pianist leaned forward—"their heads were turned round so that the faces were at the back, twisted on the necks in some way, but without a mark."

Mrs. McLeod's knitting had stopped, and she wore an expression of unforced horror. Mr. Corbin said, "Well, that's extraordinary!" and all eyes were turned on Mr. Kidderson, who moaned as he shifted his position.

"An' they couldn't get 'em back," he said sadly. "I was only a little boy, but I remember them tryin'; but it was no use. It seemed to be something inside. So they didn't know whether to bury 'em on their backs—that is, face down—or on their faces—I mean on their stummicks—that is, face up—" Mr. Kidderson demonstrated with his hands, endeavouring to make his point clear—"but at last they buried 'em on their stummicks. And they never found out anything to this day. Abso-lootly don't know anything about it." At this stage Mr. Simpson sneezed violently twice, and rose to his feet complaining of a draft and saying that he thought the outside door must be open and he would go and see. From the porch he murmured something about its being time to water the horse, and I heard his footsteps moving toward the barn. At the last it seemed to me they moved with a certain restrained haste like those of one leaving the saloon of a liner in the middle of a meal. Mr. McLeod apparently heard the sound also, for he scraped his chair noisily on the hearthstone.

"Never got any clue at all?" said Mr. Corbin, with knitted brow.

"Never," said the pianist; "but Humphrey was telling me a curious story today. He says down there they'll tell you that on the night of every 27th of October—warm seasons like this—any cattle that are out will stampede up and down that intervale. Shows how silly superstitions are started by old stories, eh?"

"Hmm!" said Mr. Corbin; "yes, it does, don't it?" Mr. Kimborough acquiesced that it did, and I said I would go and lend Henry a hand with the horse. Inside the barn door I heard sounds like some one threshing with a flail, mingled with sobs, and found him lying on his face in a pile of straw, and beating the straw with his feet.

"I never come so near congestion of the brain in my life," he stuttered through the dark. "Ain't Hump a daisy! True, now, would you ever ha' thought it of him?"

"Never," I said.

"An' y'r friend with the high-press nervous system—he's a whale; he's a lallypaloozer." (This spelling is phonetic. I believe the word properly means a club they use for killing salmon in British Columbia.) "He's got the natural knack of tellin' a smooth an' sweet lie. You can hear the waters flow an' see the sun go down. He's a bird. But where was he wadin' to?" Mr. Simpson sat up properly, and with difficulty lighted a pipe. "Was he tryin' to scare the old man off the river for the night? For if he was, I believe he's done it: he was lookin' very serious when I was called away."

I was forced to shake my head again to indicate the entirety of my ignorance as to what that wonderful person's plans might or might not have been. "But," I said, "you can be sure of one thing: you can still look for the unexpected; and that's all I know." We sat and talked on together in the darkness and within a quarter of an hour heard the last of the rain die down and the drip from the eaves thin and slow and cease. Finally, as Mr. Simpson happened to look up, he said:

"Hello, church is out!" Through the porch door came the Head Warden and his assistant, in overcoats, followed by Mr. McLeod with a lantern. In the kitchen we could see Mr. Kidderson, stark and motionless on his couch, and Mr. Anderson and the pianist solemnly going through the preliminaries to undressing for bed, though it was not half-past eight. We largely rustled the straw and stepped out to express our surprise that Mr. Corbin should be going on; but he said he had business down-country that had to be attended to before morning, and smiled wisely at Mr. McLeod, who smiled wisely back. So Mr. Henry Simpson, hooking in the breeching, took up the smile also, and smiled learnedly, saying that he thought he (Corbin) must be a deputy sheriff, and Mr. Corbin said, "Maybe," and mysteriously climbed up, with his assistant, into a wagon in which the king-pin rattled obtrusively as he drove away into outer darkness. Mr. Anderson and the pianist came out with their suspenders hanging, and stood on the doorstep in the lantern-light and waved a soft farewell, and, as the sounds of traffic faded beyond the top of the next ridge, fled again for the kitchen, where we followed. Altogether it had been a most effective departure.

Mr. Kidderson was already on his feet, straightening himself with heart-breaking groans, and painfully girding himself for action. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod were prostrated in two chairs, and the pianist and Mr. Anderson were fiercely pulling on rubber boots and ordering Mr. Simpson and me to bring the rest of the stuff from the shed.

"What I went out for specially," Mr. Anderson grunted, "was to get the sound of that king-pin down perfect. To-night, with no wind, and things as dead still as they are, I think I could pick it out across two miles of open country."

"You're in the Mill Set?" inquired Mr. McLeod, between spasms. Mr. Kidderson nodded. "Then he can't get at ye from this side for the big bank. He'll have to go down and round by the Glenfairley Bridge and worry the Stewarts an' that lot first on the way up. You've got plenty of time." With this Mr. Kidderson agreed, but Mr. Anderson and the pianist were mistrustful, and said so.

"Mine enemy is gone forth into the night," chanted the latter, waving an arm abroad, "and behold I must go also, that I may utterly destroy him from out the earth; and these things are not accomplished as a breath of summer wind—so come on." But Mrs. McLeod seemed to be listening for something in the upper atmosphere.

In the same instant, feet, many feet, and without question large feet, moved overhead, beyond the ceiling. They moved without hurry, but as with one thought, as though it were breakfast-time, toward the stairs, down which they came disposedly. We of the expedition, speechless, looked at one another and at Mr. and Mrs. McLeod. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod looked at the door of the stairway, unperturbed, and from the door proceeded four men, of which the foremost exhibited the lank neck and moist red mustache of Mr. Tyss Burnett, whom I recognized from a year before, and who smiled. My first impulse was not to acquaint Mr. Burnett with the fact that I had helped to rob him of his net on that occasion; my second was to wonder what the next development in the evening's entertainment might be. In the meantime the quartet were introducing themselves freely to the pianist and expressing their appreciation. They also had followed the tragedy of Humphrey's grandparents, through a disused stovepipe-hole, and, having known Humphrey from his early youth, were greatly impressed. Mr. Simpson groped and addressed Mr. McLeod.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that besides harbourin' the Head Warden, you've got every driftwood-cussin' poacher in the Black River concealed among the lattice-work of this fortress? What are *you* doin' here?"

"We come for tea," explained Mr. Burnett, somewhat abashed, "think' we'd go down an' try the Mill Set after dark, when suddenly his Whiskers arrived, and as we was acquainted, we thought we'd go into the roof for a spell. Now, as you're in the Mill Set, we'll go farther up. That's all."

"*Ain't* this a wonderful country!" said Mr. Simpson to the pianist, and again the pianist admitted that it was.

Then all together, because Mrs. McLeod insisted, we had tea, and all together, after reluctant good-bys, we advanced on the unresisting river, with the dog that was part mastiff fleeing before us like a dry leaf before the gales of autumn. The rain and the wind were utterly dead; the clouds still hung unbroken, and after the light and the noise of the house, the valley of the Black River lay as dark as a deep cavern at midnight and as silent as a high mountain at noon. At a place where I was restrained by Mr. Kidderson from walking into the river itself, Mr. Burnett and his natives produced two unpainted and crazy flats from under an inadequate bush, and, walking them as surely as a pavement, poled away up-stream, using the butt-ends of salmon-spears. We, in our turn, unhitched the dinghy and, as silently as the foam-clots that met us, rowed down again through the black, unbroken woods, past the intervale with the live-stock, and out on the deep-shadowed bosom of the Mill Set, where our opening pupils made out once more the blacker curve of our backrope in the dark. The dinghy moved down on its center with Mr. Kidderson, his ribs again neglected, leaning out over the bow, and as the backrope scraped the stem, he seized it and raised it an arm's swing above his head. Thus the salmon fishermen feel for them.

In that moment the law in its majesty and all its officers were forgotten. At the word of command I put my hand on the net and felt it twitch, and in the same second, near the shore, over the gravel bottom of the shoal west bank, rose up a splash, and thither we rowed furiously. Then all was pandemonium, and flying October water.

They landed a thirty-six-pound salmon, net and all, fair in the pianist's lap, where they proceeded to "unmash" him; and you couldn't hear yourself shout. Finally, when he lay thrashing in the bottom of the boat, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Kidderson were hugging another, the tail of which slapped Mr. Kidderson's forehead as they worked.

"He's swallowed it, and one of the bricks." This from Mr. Simpson.

"Then turn him wrong-side out," shouted the pianist, burning with enthusiasm.

"Shove him through it," in Mr. Kidderson's voice. "Great Lord! there's another! Whoopee!" as Mr. Anderson, on his knees, deftly slipped him out into the stern-sheets. "Hi! Sock the beggar with an oar before he goes overboard!" And so it went, while the dinghy rocked and roared her way across the river until seven salmon, from eighteen to thirty-eight pounds, lay thumping the planking in her bottom. Mr. Kidderson ran them over with his hand and broke into open cheers until he was restrained with threats. Even as he cheered, two more fish raised themselves from the river and went over the backrope, a clean five-foot leap, and boiled on up-stream, followed by the advice that a man named Burnett would be looking for them at the ford.

Then came a moment's rest, which broadened out into a period of quiet such as this expedition had not seen. Though at the time we knew it not, this, in the manner of the Great Artist, was only a fitting introduction to the events that were to come; for it happened that our cup of joy had not even begun to fill. For Mr. Kidderson and Mr. Anderson, who apparently wished only for salmon, it was an era of rising tide and great promise, and of blessed respite from interference on the part of the law. For Mr. Simpson and me, who lived patiently in the hope of more excitement, it was a time of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. For the pianist it appeared to be only a golden opportunity to perform certain things of which we had no knowledge. His faith was as the faith that moveth mountains and maketh the sun to stand still, and his care was the care of genius.

We grounded the dinghy on the east bank, directly beneath the convenient fence-post that held the straining backrope; for there she became the center of all future tactics. And this is how. It is a most beautiful arrangement worked out by those thoughtful Black River brains during sleepless nights. That fence-post is on the end of a bare, low, intervale point that faces down-river. Across the river the other end of the net, as has been said, is made fast to a boulder at the bottom of a forty-foot bank, down which no man may come and live. Thus, one who would approach by land must come by the east bank and out on that intervale point. And so, when the wardens come, unheralded and by stealth, in the manner of wardens, the breaker of the law, seated in his own ship, which is afloat upon the waters, can pull on one rope once, this rope controlling a slip-knot, by which the end of the net is bound to the fence-post, and immediately, without further labor of any kind, he is floated away on the bosom of the stream as it runs to the sea, holding to the end of the net, by which he is carried across under the opposite bank, where he is not attainable, and can take in his net and pick sticks and autumn leaves out of the same at his leisure, if he considers it desirable, and whence, at the same time, he can address the wardens in their own language as seems to him fitting; and he need not even raise his precious voice, for the rocks behind him reflect sound perfectly. This was explained at great length by Humphrey Kidderson, who pointed out how its simple beauty all depended on the working of the slip-knot, and Mr. Simpson and I said we yearned to see it worked, and especially for Mr. Corbin.

But throughout a silent and age-long hour the patient elements gave no sign, and we sat close about the post on the edge of the bank and whispered. Once we were interrupted by two salmon striking the net, and these were gathered to their rest. In the meantime the pianist had disappeared into the hinterland, and for a long time we could hear him moving about softly on the mysterious borderline between the intervale and the woods. Frequently we heard a sharp click and the thrill of cut wire, and inferred that the wire-pliers had come into action at last. At the end of the hour he appeared suddenly beside us, and we could see his smile in the dark.

"Any one invading this territory from the forest is going to get into horrible difficulties," he volunteered. "I've cut up about three hundred yards of old fence and built entanglements specially designed for infantry."

So we waited through another half-hour, during which another salmon arrived, but was permitted to stay where he was; and still no Mr. Corbin. Then, just at the turning of the tide, when every creek and inlet in that night-covered country was filled to its topmost banks, a great trouble came to Mr. Kidderson. He developed an internal pain. He believed that without question it had resulted from over-exerting his ribs; the ends felt as if they were striking through somewhere they shouldn't.

"Boys," he groaned, "I'm going to die, an' we'll have to go home. The tide's high, anyway." The pianist was almost weeping with disappointment.

"Better wait a little longer and see how you feel," he urged. "It wouldn't be safe to travel as bad as you are now." Mr. Simpson joined in.

"If you'r' goin' t' die, Hump, y' can die just as well here as home, if y' 'd only die quiet enough—or we could take ye up to Malcolm McLeod's." Finally Mr. Kidderson thought that if he had a really good place to lie down, he might feel better, and the pianist sprang at the chance.

"In four minutes," he said, "I'll make you the finest bed you ever slept on," and in a moment he was dragging a sleeping-bag and a pair of great four-point blankets out of the dinghy. "Come on," he said, "I know a place." He led Mr. Kidderson away, groaning, and in a little we heard them moving carefully in the woods almost above us, where they gradually nestled down like a heron rookery at sunset. In a straight line they were hardly twenty-five feet from the point where we stood, and between lay a little backwater.

Once more we settled, and the pianist came down to confer, when I saw Mr. Anderson raise his hand.

"The king-pin!" he murmured. We listened, and at first could hear nothing. Then we caught it, going slowly and carefully a long way off, one thin sound in miles of silence, sometimes louder, sometimes occulted by trees or a little hill.

"Glory be!" said the pianist. We lifted the dinghy afloat and climbed in as silently as shadows. "Now I'll go and tell Hump," he whispered, leaning over the bow. Even as he spoke there came from up the intervale the loud twang of a wire, with the thud and squelch of a heavy body falling in soft marsh, followed by more twangs and thuds and the subdued voice of one man swearing continuously.

"Our friend Mr. Corbin is now engaged in arrivin'," said Mr. Simpson, under bated breath, "an' y'r woven-wire man-trap seems to be workin' like a fire-engine. My! ain't he pleased!" as further twangs and thuds and another blast of restrained profanity swept through the darkness. "Sounds as if he was tryin' to play a banjo with his feet, don't it?" I saw the pianist stoop and pick up the two salmon-spears from where we had laid them on the bank, and in the twinkling of an eye he had vanished, bearing them away with him.

"All incriminatin' letters destroyed," Mr. Simpson added in the same moment.

"Pull!" breathed Mr. Anderson. "Quick!" The backrope lay under my hand, and I jerked. The fence-post sprung audibly, there was a light splash that ran all across the river, the faintest *wisp* of the net through the water, the least grating of gravel, and the dinghy swung away with us into black silence until we approached that towering bank and lay under it, head up-stream. The slip-knot had worked. My head was close to Mr. Simpson's.

"Do you think they heard?" I said.

"No chance in the world; too far away. The deceivin' old sinner! Hired a third party to keep drivin' that king-pin round among these mountains so that any innocent farmer who might be seekin' the necessities of life at the Mill Set would notice that it continued to keep on goin', while him an' that other heavier-than-air treasury suckling glided out over the revolvin' wheels and floated down the nearest wood-road. *There* they are. Look at 'em comin' on fairy feet. See his giblets' whiskers stuck out ahead. Don't he look fierce!" Mr. Simpson hardly more than shaped the words with his lips. I had to say that these details were beyond me. All I could see was two objects without form moving cautiously and noiselessly out on the bare intervale point, until, at the extreme end, in the region of our fence-post, they seemed to fade away into nothing. It was all very indistinct—shadows moving in the deepest shadow.

The night held as black as a mine. The clouds hung even and low and unbroken. The calm remained perfect. The high tide had stilled even the voice of the river over the riffles, and the silence boomed softly in one's ears, keeping time with the heart, as on a mountain. The only sounds at all were faint and long-separated thuds from the hoofs of the cattle on the upper intervale. Then certainly for twenty throbbing minutes that silence went on. Once, fifteen miles away among the wet spruces, a locomotive whistled, and the blast trembled and broke and wailed itself out on every unseen hill in that whole parish. Once a curled sheet of something white, doubtless birch-bark, rode slowly past on the current, and that was the only moving thing I saw.

At last Mr. Anderson, proceeding like the minute-hand of a watch, bent nearer.

"They've sat down on the bank by the fence-post," he said. "Can't see what his little game can be. He certainly can't tell we're here. Or, if he did know it in any way, what is he going to do about it? Unless he knows we're in this boat, and has got some one set for us at the Glenfairley Bridge."

"More likely," submitted Mr. Simpson, "his fatal cleverness has led him to sneak down an' sit among the evergreens over our heads while Humphrey was havin' his pain an' gettin' his death-bed prepared, so that now his little chest is inflated with the knowledge that he has this expedition divided, an' that all the evidence will be in the ship, an' that the ship won't sail without makin' an effort to collect the rest of the crew, and that he'll wait till it does—when there will be war. By-an'-by he'll be so happy an' comfortable he'll smoke. You see."

Mr. Anderson swept away this suggestion with a jerk of his chin. His professional pride was bruised.

"If you don't know me better by this time than to think any boot-footed bush-loafer can walk in the woods over my head without my knowing it, ye learn slow, that's all," he said, and Mr. Simpson admitted that he might be wrong. Which later proved to be the case. In the meantime, having failed to deduce Mr. Corbin's thoughts, we ceased whispering, waiting for what might come to pass, and once more that great silence came down and lay like a mantle over the whole earth. Mr. Simpson and I reposed comfortably on sleeping-bags, with our faces turned up to the unseen firmament, and Mr. Anderson crouched like a cat, staring across the stream in the direction of the mysterious Mr. Corbin, who, it seemed, might be the winner in the end. I remember when at last the stillness was disturbed for one second by something on our shore. It was not a great noise. It might have been a meadow-mouse upsetting a dead maple leaf. Immediately afterward I saw the shadow of Mr. Anderson's hand touch Henry Simpson's forehead and point across the river. Mr. Simpson turned his head, and I heard him breathe, "Gentle Jehoshaphat!" I looked. From where we lay, the length of the net down-stream, we could see up into the little backwater that separated Mr. Corbin's earthworks, to the left, from the high, wooded bank, to the right, on one moss-clad shelf of which the pianist had laid Mr. Humphrey Kidderson. On the glassy surface of that backwater, near its mouth and fair in its center, moved a little globule of purple-pink fire. As we stared, in speechless and frozen astonishment, it changed to palest blue and suddenly disappeared. Before we could speak, out of the blinded obscurity came a crackle, as of a slight electric spark, then nothing but that vast silence again. Then I caught the slow-taken indraft of Mr. Simpson's breath.

"Will-o'-the-Wisp," he murmured uneasily. "I often heard of 'em, but never seen one before." Mr. Anderson considered this point, and placed it with elaborate accuracy.

"'Bout as much like a Will-o' the-Wisp as you're like Humphrey's grandmother," he said.

"Never mind about Humphrey's gran'-mother, will y'?" Mr. Simpson replied, and I heard him swallow several times. "But if it wasn't a Will-o-the-Wisp, what was it?" I could see Mr. Anderson shaking his head. "I've heard of quite a lot of different kinds of lightnin'." Mr. Anderson's head still shook.

"Don't know"—Here this hardly breathed conversation ceased, for another globule of purple-pink fire broke out on the surface of the backwater, but nearer the wooded bank, where it lighted one overhanging dead branch dimly with a ghastly blue light before it itself turned blue-white and vanished. Again, a few seconds later, out of the black darkness, came that little nerve-racking crackle, this time so faint as to make you think it might have been in your own ears. Then suddenly appeared two globules of fire, but now out on the main river, between Mr. Corbin's stronghold and us. For a moment they held steady, then ran about like maddened stars, and we could see what appeared to be faint columns of pale vapour ascending from each, till, almost at the same instant, they, too, vanished, and the crackle came again.

Here followed a longish black pause, and I am certain that I could hear not even a breath taken in that dinghy. At the end the manifestation returned to the backwater for again two points of fire broke out and moved, and the pale vapour ascended and was reflected in that mirror-like calm. But this time with a difference for above them, three feet or more above the water and apparently resting on the vapour (I state but the facts), was a devil, a purplish-pink devil, and the devil danced. It was an unconventional devil. It was unlike any devil I have ever seen or read about. It may not have had horns, I do not know whether it had a cloven hoof, or any kind of a hoof; and it certainly did not have a tail, or, if it did, it was a stunted tail like a rabbit's: but I am convinced that it was a devil. It either had to be a devil or an angel, and, as it was only about two feet high, it was too small for an angel, and I never heard of an angel dancing over two globules of fire above the surface of a half-wild river at midnight. Of course I have heard of other kinds of spirits, but they are unofficial, and I don't believe in them. In any case, at this point in the proceedings I heard Mr. Simpson say very softly: "Well, I'm damned!" so it was evident that he saw it, too. The devil lasted a very short time, and then went out: or rather, the globules of fire went out, and the terrible thought was that the devil might still be there, or here, or anywhere else. I saw Mr. Simpson feel the back of his neck, but no one said anything. Then the devil came on again with one globule of fire under him, but this time he was high up in the air over the same spot and much more indistinct. He moved with great uncertainty before he disappeared.

Then there was a very long and breathless pause in which I thought I heard one *snap*. It might have been a twig, or it might have been something inside my head. Suddenly there were several *plops* and half a dozen globules of fire played on the backwater. Then as one by one they went out, each with its crackle, and our eyes became partly accustomed to the dark again, we saw a very terrible thing about halfway up that wooded bank. It seemed to be white and it was a full fifteen feet high. It swayed easily and bowed gracefully from the hips, and it appeared to be full of a faint light that played about among its vitals. Aside from these things it seemed to be without form, and void. Altogether it was a most awe-inspiring sight. It had a nasty way of leaning out over the backwater, as though it thought of fluttering down on the intervale point where the Head Warden was watching. Further, it had a distressing habit of going out into almost utter obscurity and coming on again.

After perhaps two minutes of swaying it stood solemnly and silently upright, among the spruces, and there came forth from its direction a low, whistling moan that increased and wavered. I cannot describe it at all, but it was one of the most terrible sounds I ever heard. At the same time I became aware of the thuds of hoofs as we had heard them on the upper intervale, but much closer and heavier. They were coming down the intervale in regular beat, as though the cattle were in full stampede, and the moan from the fifteen-foot ghost rose to a wail, and thence mounted into a shriek. More than anything else it was like that frightful cry of the Canada lynx, or perhaps like a lost soul in torment, though I have never heard one of these latter, and it died down again into a moan that was lost in the pounding and squelching of the hoofs of the oncoming cattle. It was answered by a smother of sounds from Mr. Corbin's stronghold. There was a whimpering yell, such as might come from a man thoroughly unstrung, that tailed off into curses and prayers,—we could actually hear some one calling on Heaven to forgive and help,—and we saw two shadows, very close together, fleeing at notable speed up the intervale. The nerve of the Head Warden had collapsed, and he was flying on the wings of a great fear into the outside world. But he was too late. The cattle had reached the head of the little backwater and were thundering down the point like a herd of bison of the days gone past. Later we found there were just seventeen head of steers, but it was enough. We saw the two shadows turn and flee down the point ahead of them, and from the end of the point plow out into the water, where they stopped, waist-deep, while the steers checked on the brink and lowed with fright. Suddenly the water all about the wardens blossomed into those wonderful, running, fiery globules till the scene was lighted with their ghostly light. A second later a series of little explosions came from the edge of the water, under the very feet of the cattle, the air about them was full of fiery stars, and they turned as one steer and fled up the intervale again, overwrought with terror. And the representatives of the law climbed out of the Black River and fled on their tracks, which no doubt helped to increase their terror, if that were possible. In any case, they passed quickly from our dull sight, and in a little the sounds had died down to a frightened lowing very far away up-stream, and a slashing of spruce branches somewhere high up on the west bank. And the fifteen-foot ghost may have followed after, for when I turned my fascinated eyes backward, the space where it had been hung empty in the dark.

As for our dinghy, the *Rorqual's* best spar-varnished dinghy, she was prancing like a charger, for Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson, in helpless silence and with clenched fists, were rising up and sitting down in a choking ecstasy of excitement and glee. At last Mr. Simpson gasped, "How in God's world did he do it?" If I had been in a condition to reply, I had no reply to offer, but, in any case, the question was swept away by four figures walking toward us on the water from the direction of up-river. These resolved themselves into Mr. Tyss Burnett and his natives in the two disreputable flats, still standing up loosely, coasting down on the current, and wishing to know, for the sake of the Lord of the Universe, what the row had been about. They said they considered they had been more or less in at the finish, and that in their several different lengths and varieties of lives they had never seen anything that remotely resembled it in any way, whatever, at all.

"A yell like a lucifee," said Mr. Burnett, "then steers—millions of steers runnin' up the intervale like the mill-tail o' hell, an' some one cryin' an' cursin' behind 'em!" The end of the net had been forgotten, and had softly gone overboard, and we were drifting down-stream sidewise in company with the reeling flats, while Mr. Simpson, with a wealth of wonderful detail, stood up and told his broken story, until those men of the Black River sat down, and from sitting down lay down on the wet bottoms of the flats, and rolled from side to side in their agony. For proof, poling and rowing uproariously, we went back to the point with the fence-post where Mr. Kidderson and the pianist were only then arriving. Mr. Kimborough must have been partly undressed for ease of movement, for he was robing himself as he came, and at the same time dancing a ceaseless and intricate dance. For some time he could not be induced to speak, but at last, in the midst of a fairy ring, he stopped to reply to Mr. Simpson's inquiry as to how.

"Gentlemen," he said, "all great artistic triumphs are great only in their perfect simplicity. This was as simple as the sunrise; hence its effectiveness. It was the logical sequence of it that made it beautiful. The fire-works were little pieces of potassium that I had in this bottle,"—he held up an inconspicuous something in the dark,—"which burns when you throw it on water, and after it goes out, what is left blows up and makes that little crackle in the dark. It is all highly unnatural on a wet, cold river at midnight, and so is very striking to the mind that has been carefully prepared. Later, when I wanted it to blow up at once and make louder explosions to remove the steers up the intervale again, I threw in bigger pieces of potassium, because that's what *they* do. The little devil over the water was a little rubber devil that was filled full of my own breath. I keep it for a conjuring trick that amuses children. It came out of the black bag." (This last to me.) "I had it on a fishing-line and a birch pole. The big devil on the bank was the four-point blanket stuck on a salmon-spear, with me and the lightning-bug—squirt-lamp—electric flashlight inside, an' then at the end I sent Hump to bring home the cows. He pretty nearly got his neck twisted like his grandmother when they went back again, but he forgot about his ribs once more."

"Rose from his death-bed to save his countrymen," chimed Mr. Simpson. Mr. Kidderson spoke confidentially to me.

"I guess there was some flatulency mixed in with that pain about the ribs," he said.

"*And* the lucifee?" inquired Mr. Burnett.

"Oh," said the pianist, with modesty, "I yelled; but at that stage in the game any kind of yell would do. We'd laid the foundation of what they call an atmosphere, and there was a ghost in every alder."

We salved the net from the bottom of the river, and it took four men and the flash-lamp to unravel the one salmon, for in our absence he had used it as a winding-sheet.

"We lifted," said Mr. Burnett, "because the rain had raised the river, an' when the tide started to run out, we was gettin' everything from leaves to telephone-poles. An' if it's all the same to you, we'll hide our flats here and go down with you as far as the Glenfairley Bridge."

So we left those scenes, nine men in one thirteen-foot dinghy, and the Stewarts, farther down, said later that when we passed it sounded like a sleigh-drive, and that one of them had a providential escape from being hit by a flask. This was doubtless a flask that Mr. Simpson found in a pocket and a minute afterward threw away.

All together we climbed out on the Glenfairley Bridge, where the crew of the dinghy produced the thermostatic bottles and invited the strangers to breakfast. The time was 1:10 A. M. This meal was taken standing, and we were in the midst of it, and of certain reminiscences that would have drowned a thunder-storm, when a vehicle with a loose king-pin, being driven rapidly, broke out of the woods on the west side of the river and bore down on the bridge. It carried a large and lighted lantern on the dash. The natives turned, and at the end of three seconds of time the darkness had received them into its bosom.

"No," said the pianist, sternly, "you stand your ground. I am operating this kaleidoscope." The Burnett family slunk back, Mr. Tyss thoughtfully dropping his net over the coping into the dinghy.

"Wardens don't carry lanterns, anyway," he said hopefully.

"Don't know about that," said Mr. Anderson; "but I do know that king-pin." The vehicle came to a spectacular stop, with our party blinking in the full light of the lantern, and Mr. Corbin descended. The pianist frugally laid a chicken leg on the bridge-rail and fanned himself with his sou'wester so that his face might be the better seen. The Head Warden looked at the face in amazement, then mechanically at the boots, which were visibly overlaid with fish-scales, as were all the others in sight. Then he recovered himself and smiled bitterly.

"Out borin' for coal?" he inquired, with elaborate sarcasm.

"No," said Mr. Kimborough, cheerfully; "netting salmon."

"Did you get any?" Mr. Corbin continued, partly stunned by this frankness.

"Lots. The boat's full of 'em—nets an' everything. Like to see them?" The Burnetts and their guests were dancing in the background.

"See 'em! I'd like to take 'em, an' damn quick, too. Don't ye know ye can't net salmon?"

"Don't you believe it," broke in Mr. Simpson. "You ought to see us!"

"Are you a warden?" inquired the pianist with pained surprise.

"I am," replied Mr. Corbin, bristling.

"Oh," said Mr. Simpson, "we had two wardens call up at the Mill Set, but we couldn't get 'em to stay. Is your pants wet?"

"Hell!" said Mr. Corbin.

"Look!" said the pianist. He had been fumbling with something, and now held a jack-knife out beyond the edge of the coping. On the black water below there bloomed out a globule of purple-pink fire, which ran about with great enthusiasm, and after it vanished there came a crackle out of nowhere. For a couple of purple-pink seconds Mr. Corbin was silent, probable drawing breath as a singer. Then—and his face was accurately purple-pink by the lantern light—he broke into the long, full, rhythmical lilt of the expert who has gathered the language of unrighteousness through a lifetime of tribulation and misunderstanding. He never paused for one little word: everything was finished and smooth and lovely in its appropriateness. None of the notable words will bear reporting at all. The thoughts could only have arisen from the suspicion that for a long time he had been mocked by the whole bad Black River.

His theme was us. He began with the assumption that we were of unsound mind and that our home was in an asylum. Then he found all accepted theological divisions of gods and goddesses too limited for working purposes, and stepped aside to subdivide them anew under our naked and wondering eyes before he proceeded. He said that our parents exhibited grave defects of a minutely qualified and extensively particularized sort. (Some of you may be able to translate a little. I am helpless.) He assured us that our education had been perverted, that our outlook was diseased, and that our horizon was limited to lust. He indicated that our physical functions were deranged, and made it evident before high heaven that in personal appearance we were repulsive and that our eyes showed the effects of alcoholic liquors. Up to this point everything had been consummated within the bounds of one marvelous sentence, and we stood locked in a knot, and were dumb. After the next indraft he turned his burning attention to our separate personal defects, and all the while he danced. This blistering passage I hate to remember. The things that he called the pianist—I know no method of reducing their pressure sufficiently to give any idea of them in the restrained English of convention. He searched the outer nebulæ and the casual language of obstetrics—but they will have to stand as classics, untranslated and untranslatable. Toward the trembling end he showed why our presence on earth was repugnant to him and all other right-thinking men, and before he had finished, he climbed into the wagon, jerked the reins from his paralyzed assistant, lashed the slumbering steed with their free ends, and went away with that animal running while the bridge heaved under our feet.

"Walk y'r horse an' save the fine!"

roared Mr. Simpson, quoting from the signboard on each end. "Hi! Come back! Y' forgot y'r salmon an' the nets." The pianist paced the planks as the stage at Covent Garden.

"Come back, come back, beloved,
Come back and claim your own,"

he sang; but the Head Warden had gone.

Everybody looked at everybody, and Mr. Kimborough resumed his chicken leg. We were not sure that Mr. Corbin had not evened up for the night's entertainment.

"Hope y'r nervous system is restin' easier now," Mr. Simpson ventured. "That should have flattened it out some." The pianist said it was.

"And," he added, "that man was wonderful. Don't know about the rest of you, but I was stunned—couldn't move hand or foot. Besides, I felt ashamed of myself: he was so much in earnest that he made me believe I was some of those awful things he said. But this is true: I'll be stronger and can keep my temper better all the rest of my life for knowing those words and how to use 'em—if I can only remember. It's like a country with a big navy: feel very powerful inside; panic very slow and difficult. Henry, did you know before that you were a — — — — cross-eyed, pock-marked gorilla?"

"Why didn't we kill him?" asked Mr. Simpson. "Don't know," said the pianist.

"Why didn't he take the nets and the salmon?" inquired Mr. Kidderson.

"Don't know, either: probably because he forgot."

"Well, he'll remember, won't he?" Mr. Kidderson insisted.

"Never," said the pianist; "never in this life." As he spoke, I felt the first of the cool breeze come in from the northwest.

This is really the end of this story.

When the bed of the Black River at this place was strewn with the bones of chickens, and when each of us in his turn had scalded his esophagus with tea,—because the little metal cups were too hot to be held long in the naked hand,—and the thermostatic bottles were empty, then Mr. Burnett and his natives loaded themselves with wet fish and a bag, and said good-night, and took their departure in this wise: they moved toward the other end of the bridge, and when their feet went off the planking there was silence. They may have stepped on dead grass or into the night air. I do not profess to know; but I know they were no more seen or heard by us. Two minutes later the Glenfairley Bridge stood deserted under the stars, for there were stars then, and we were rowing into the face of a cold and rising northwest breeze. How that breeze grew to a two-hours' squall, through which the *Porpoise* and Mr. Anderson found their way home; how the dinghy broke adrift, and had to be rescued in a spectacular manner on a lee shore full of perils; and how we watched the gray dawn dim the electric light while we were eating illegal salmon steaks in the *Rorqual's* galley and listening to the whoop of the wind and the slat of the halyards overhead, are all minor incidents.

The pianist and I went home in full daylight under a cold and clear sky, with the wind-blown leaves swirling about our feet; and in a little, from the bath-room, I heard sounds of merriment and repressed cheers where he was living the night over again. He appeared at eight o'clock breakfast as usual, unslept and happy, and at half-past ten, leaving all doors and windows open to the naked sunlight outside, played the A-flat Major Polonaise once. A distant carpet-sweeper stopped, and I heard tentative footsteps approaching, together with other footsteps from other directions, muffled by carpets. The gravel of the drive, that had been crunching under the boots of two men carrying spruce to cover the rose-beds, became suddenly quiet with the swish of the spruce being thrown down. The rattling cart that brought the spruce ceased to rattle, and through a window I could barely see the wondering eyes of its driver. Beyond him two little girls, carrying a jug of buttermilk, stood still; and by the door of the music-room were five of us together. The one who was most thoroughly musical got pinker and pinker, and her breath came quicker and quicker, till toward the finish she was hardly less than sobbing; and the one who was least musical shifted from foot to foot with his feelings, and, as the triumphant end came at last, said, "By God, eh!" whatever that may have meant.

A short time ago Mr. Simpson showed me a newspaper . . . a newspaper in which it was stated that the pressure of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin's other business was so very great that he felt called upon to resign his position as chief oversee, and that in his stead there had been appointed one Thomas Leslie Speers, whom we have not met.

The Two Cartridges

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White

THIS happened at the time Billy Knapp drove stage between Pierre and Deadwood. I think you can still see the stage in Buffalo Bill's show. Lest confusion arise and the reader be inclined to credit Billy with more years than are his due, it might be well also to mention that the period was some time after the summer he and Alfred and Jim Buckley had made their famous march with the only wagon-train that dared set out, and some time before Billy took to mining. Jim had already moved to Montana.

The journey from Pierre to Deadwood amounted to something. All day long the trail led up and down long grassy slopes, and across sweeping, intervening flats. While climbing the slopes, you could never get your experience to convince you that you were not, on topping the hill, about to overlook the entire country for miles around. This never happened; you saw no farther than the next roll of the prairie. While hurtling down the slopes, you saw the intervening flat as interminably broad and hot and breathless, or interminably broad and icy and full of Arctic winds, according to the season of the year. Once in a dog's age you came to a straggling fringe of cottonwood-trees, indicating a creek bottom. The latter was either quite dry or in raging flood. Close under the hill huddled two buildings, half logs, half mud. There the horses were changed by strange men with steel glints in their eyes, like those you see under the brows of a north-country tug-boat captain. Passengers could there eat flap-jacks architecturally warranted to hold together against the most vigorous attack of the gastric juices, and drink green tea that tasted of tannin and really demanded for its proper accommodation porcelain-lined insides. It was not an inspiring trip.

Of course, Billy did not accompany the stage all of the way; only the last hundred miles; but the passengers did, and by the time they reached Billy they were usually heartily sick of their undertaking. Once a tenderfoot came through in the fall of the year, simply for the love of adventure. He got it.

"Driver," said he to Billy, as the brakes set for another plunge, "were you ever held up?"

Billy had been deluged with questions like this for the last two hours. Usually he looked straight in front of him, spat accurately between the tail of the wheel-horse and the whiffle-tree, and answered in monosyllables. The tenderfoot did not know that asking questions was not the way to induce Billy to talk.

"Held up?" replied Billy, with scorn. "Young feller, I is held up thirty-seven times in th' last year."

"Thunderation!" exclaimed the tenderfoot. "What do you do? Do you have much trouble getting away? Have you had much fighting?"

"Fight, nothin'. I ain't hired to fight. I'm hired to drive stage."

"And you just let them go through you?" cried the tenderfoot.

Billy was stung by the contempt in the stranger's tone.

"Go through nothin'," he explained. "They isn't touchin' *me* none whatever. Put her down fer argument that I'm damn fool enough to sprinkle lead 'round some, and that I gets away. What happens? Nex' time I drives stage some of these yere agents massacrees me from behind a bush. Whar do I come in? Nary bit!"

The tenderfoot, struck by the logic of this reasoning, fell silent. After an interval the sun set in a film of yellow light; then the afterglow followed; and finally the stars pricked out the true immensity of the prairies.

"*He's* the feller hired to fight," observed the shadowy Billy, jerking his thumb backward.

The tenderfoot now understood the silent, grim man who, unapproachable and solitary, had alone occupied the seat on top of the stage. Looking with more curiosity, the tenderfoot observed a shot-gun with abnormally short barrels, slung in two brass clips along the back of the seat in front of the messenger. The usual revolvers, too, were secured, instead of by the regulation holsters, in brass clips riveted to the belt, so that in case of necessity they could be snatched free with one forward sweep of the arm. The man met his gaze keenly.

"Them Hills ain't fur now," vouchsafed Billy, as a cold breeze from the west lifted the limp brim of his hat, and a film of cloud drew with uncanny and silent rapidity across the stars.

The tenderfoot had turned again to look at the messenger, who interested him exceedingly, when the stage came to a stop so violent as almost to throw him from his seat. He recovered his balance with difficulty. Billy, his foot braced against the brake, was engaged in leisurely winding the reins around it.

"*Hands up, I say!*" cried a sharp voice from the darkness ahead.

"Meanin' you," observed Billy to the tenderfoot, at the same time thrusting his own over his head and settling down comfortably on the small of his back. "Time!" he called, facetiously, to the darkness.

As though at the signal the night split with the roar of buckshot, and splintered with the answering crackle of a six-shooter three times repeated. The screech of the brake had deceived the messenger as to the whereabouts of the voice. He had jumped to the ground on the wrong side of the stage, thus finding himself without protection against his opponent, who, firing at the flash of the shot-gun, had brought him to the ground.

The road-agent stepped confidently forward. "Billy," said he, pleasantly, "jest pitch me that box."

Billy climbed over the seat and dropped a heavy, iron-bound case to the ground. "Danged if I thinks anybody *kin* git 'Buck, thar," he remarked, in thoughtful reference to the messenger.

"Now, drive on," commanded the road-agent.

Three hours later Billy and the sobered tenderfoot pulled into Deadwood. Ten minutes taught the camp what had occurred.

Now, it must be premised that Deadwood had recently chosen a sheriff. He did not look much like a sheriff, for he was small and weak and bald, and most childlike as to expression of countenance. But when I tell you that his name was Alfred, you will know that it was all right. To him the community looked for initiative. It expected him to organize a posse, which would, of course, consist of every man in the place not otherwise urgently employed, and to enter upon instant pursuit. He did not.

"How many is they?" he asked of Billy.

"One lonesome one," replied the stage-driver.

"I plays her a lone hand," announced Alfred.

You see, Alfred knew well enough his own defects. He never could make plans when anybody else was near, but always instinctively took the second place. Then, when the other's scheme had fallen into ruins, he would construct a most excellent expedient from the wreck of it. In the case under consideration he preferred to arrange his own campaign, and therefore to work alone.

By that time men knew Alfred. They made no objection.

"Snowin'," observed one of the chronic visitors of the saloon door. There are always two or three of such in every Western gathering.

"One of you boys saddle my bronc," suddenly requested Alfred, and began to examine his firearms by the light of the saloon lamp.

"Yo' ain't aimin' to set out to-night?" they asked, incredulously.

"I am. Th' snow will make a good trail, but she'll be covered come mornin'."

So Alfred set out alone, at night, in a snowstorm, without the guidance of a solitary star, to find a single point in the vastness of the prairie.

He made the three hours of Billy and the tenderfoot in a little over an hour, because it was mostly down-hill. So the agent had apparently four hours the start of him, which discrepancy was cut down, however, by the time consumed in breaking open the strong-box after Billy and the stage had surely departed beyond gunshot. The exact spot was easily marked by the body of Buck, the express messenger. Alfred convinced himself that the man was dead, but did not waste further time on him: the boys would take care of the remains next day. He remounted and struck out sharp for the east, though, according to Billy's statement, the agent had turned north.

"He is alone," said Alfred to himself, "so he ain't in that Black Hank outfit. Ain't nothin' to take him north, an' if he goes south he has to hit way down through the South Fork trail, which same takes him two weeks. Th' greenbacks in that plunder is numbered, and old Wells-Fargo has th' numbers. He sure has to pike in an' change them bills afore he is spotted. So he goes to Pierre."

Alfred staked his all on this reasoning and rode blindly eastward. Fortunately the roll of the country was sufficiently definite to enable him to keep his general direction well enough until about three o'clock, when the snow ceased and the stars came out, together with the waning moon. Twenty minutes later he came to the bed of a stream.

"Up or down?" queried Alfred, thoughtfully. The state of the weather decided him. It had been blowing all night strongly from the northwest. Left without guidance a pony tends to edge more or less away from the wind, in order to turn tail to the weather. Alfred had diligently counteracted this tendency all night, but he doubted whether, in the hurry of flight, the fugitive had thought of it. Instead of keeping directly east toward Pierre, he had probably fallen away more or less toward the south. "Down," Alfred decided.

He dismounted from his horse and began to lead the animal parallel to the stream, but about two hundred yards from it, first taking care to ascertain that a little water flowed in the channel. On discovering that there did, he nodded his head in a satisfied manner.

"He doesn't leave no trail till she begins to snow," he argued, "an' he nat'rally doesn't expect no mud-turkles like me a followin' of him eastward. *Consequently* he feeds when he strikes water. This yere is water."

All of which seemed satisfactory to Alfred. He walked on foot in order to discover the trail in the snow. He withdrew two hundred yards from the bank of the stream that his pony might not scent the other man's horse, and so give notice of approach by whinnying. After a time he came across the trail. So he left the pony and followed it to the creek-bottom on foot. At the top of the bluff he peered over cautiously.

"Well, you got nerve!" he remarked to himself. "If I was runnin' this yere game, I'd sure scout with my blinders off."

The fugitive evidently believed himself safe from pursuit, for he had made camp. His two ponies cropped browse and pawed for grass in the bottom land. He himself had prepared a warm niche and was sleeping in it with only one blanket over him, though by now the thermometer was well down toward zero. The affair had been simple. He had built a long, hot fire in the L of an upright ledge and the ground. When ready to sleep he had raked the fire three feet out from the angle, and had lain down on the heated ground between the fire and the ledge. His rifle and revolver lay where he could seize them at a moment's notice.

Alfred could stalk a deer, but he knew better than to attempt to stalk a man trained in the West. Instead, he worked himself into a protected position and carefully planted a Winchester bullet some six inches from the man's ear. The man woke up suddenly and made an instinctive grab toward his weapons.

"Drop it!" yelled Alfred.

So he dropped it, and lay like a rabbit in its form.

"Jest select that thar six-shooter by the end of the bar'l and hurl her from you some," advised the sheriff. "Now the Win*chest*er. Now stand up an' let's look at you." The man obeyed. "Yo' don't really need that other gun, under th' circumstances," pursued the little man. "No, don't fetch her loose from the holster none; jest unbuckle th' whole outfit, belt and all. Good! Now, you freeze, and stay froze right whar you are."

So Alfred arose and scrambled down to the bottom.

"Good-mornin'," he observed, pleasantly.

He cast about him and discovered the man's lariat, which he picked up and overran with one hand until he had loosened the noose.

"You-all are some sizable," he remarked, in conversational tones, "an' like enough you eats me up, if I gets clost enough to tie you. Hands up!"

With a deft twist and flip he tossed the open noose over his prisoner's upheld wrists and jerked it tight.

"Thar you be," he observed, laying aside his rifle.

He loosened one of his revolvers suggestively and approached to tie the knot.

"Swing her down," he commanded. He contemplated the result. "Don't like that nohow—tied in front. Step through your hands a whole lot." The man hesitated. "Step, I say!" said Alfred, sharply, at the same time pricking the prisoner with his long knife.

The other contorted and twisted awkwardly, but finally managed to thrust first one foot, then the other, between his shackled wrists. Alfred bound together his elbows at the back.

"You'll do," he approved, cheerfully. "Now, we sees about grub."

Two flat stones placed a few inches apart improvised a stove when fire thrust its tongue from the crevice, and a frying-pan and tin cup laid across the opening cooked the outlaw's provisions. Alfred hospitably ladled some bacon and coffee into their former owner.

"Not that I needs to," he observed, "but I'm jest that tender-hearted."

At the close of the meal, Alfred instituted a short and successful search for the plunder, which he found in the stranger's saddle-bag, open and unashamed.

"Yo're sure a tenderfoot at this game, stranger," commented the sheriff. "Thar is plenty abundance of spots to cache such plunder—like the linin' of yore saddle, or a holler horn. Has you any choice of cayuses for ridin'?" indicating the grazing ponies.

The man shook his head. He had maintained a lowering silence throughout all these cheerful proceedings.

Alfred and his prisoner finally mounted and rode northwest. As soon as they had scrambled up the precipitous side of the gully, the affair became a procession, with the stranger in front, and the stranger's second pony bringing up an obedient rear. Thus the robber was first to see a band of Sioux that topped a distant rise for a single instant. Of course, the Sioux saw him, too. He communicated this discovery to Alfred.

"Well," said Alfred, "they ain't hostile."

"These yere savages is plenty hostile," contradicted the stranger, "and don't you make no mistake thar. I jest nat'rally lifts that pinto offen them yisterday," and he jerked this thumb toward the black-and-white pony in the rear.

"And you camps!" cried Alfred, in pure astonishment. "You must be plumb locoed!"

"I ain't had no sleep in three nights," explained the other, in apology.

Alfred's opinion of the man rose at once.

"Yo' has plumb nerve to tackle a hold-up under them circumstances," he observed.

"I sets out to git that thar stage; and I gits her," replied the agent, doggedly.

The savages appeared on the next rise, barely a half-mile away, and headed straight for the two men.

"I reckon yere's where you takes a hand," remarked Alfred simply, and, riding alongside, he released the other's arms by a single slash of his knife. The man slipped from his horse and stretched his arms wide apart and up over his head in order to loosen his muscles. Alfred likewise dismounted. The two, without further parley, tied their horses' noses close to their front fetlocks, and sat down back to back on the surface of the prairie. Each was armed with one of the new 44-40 Winchesters, just out, and with a brace of Colt's revolvers, chambering the same-sized cartridge as the rifle.

"How you heeled?" inquired Alfred.

The stranger took stock.

"Fifty-two," he replied.

"Seventy for me," vouchsafed Alfred. "I goes plenty organized."

Each man spread a little semicircle of shells in front of him. At the command of the two, without reloading, were forty-eight shots.

When the Indians had approached to within about four hundred yards of the white men, they paused. Alfred rose and held his hand toward them, palm outward, in the peace sign. His response was a shot and a chorus of yells.

"I tells you," commented the hold-up.

Alfred came back and sat down. The savages, one by one, broke away from the group and began to circle rapidly to the left in a constantly contracting spiral. They did a great deal of yelling. Occasionally they would shoot. To the latter feature the plainsmen lent an attentive ear, for to their trained senses each class of arm spoke with a different voice—the old muzzle-loader, the Remington, the long, heavy Sharp's 50, each proclaimed itself plainly. The mere bullets did not interest them in the least. Two men seated on the ground presented but a small mark to the Indians shooting uncleaned weapons from running horses at three or four hundred yards' range.

"That outfit is rank outsiders," concluded Alfred. "They ain't over a dozen britch-loaders in the layout."

"Betcher anything you say I drops one," offered the stranger, taking a knee-rest.

"Don't be so plumb fancy," advised Alfred, "but turn in and help."

He was satisfied with the present state of affairs, and was hacking at the frozen ground with his knife. The light snow on the ridge-tops had been almost entirely drifted away. The stranger obeyed.

On seeing the men thus employed, the Indians turned their horses directly toward the group and charged in. At the range of perhaps two hundred yards the Winchesters began to speak. Alfred fired twice and the stranger three times. Then the circle broke and divided and passed by, leaving an oval of untrodden ground.

"How many did you get?" inquired Alfred, with professional interest.

"Two," replied the man.

"Two here," supplemented Alfred.

A commotion, a squeal, a thrashing-about near at hand caused both to turn suddenly. The pinto pony was down and kicking. Alfred walked over and stuck him in the throat to save a cartridge.

"Move up, pardner," said he.

The other moved up. Thus the men became possessed of protection from one side. The Indians had vented a yell of rage when the pony had dropped. Now as each warrior approached a certain point in the circle, he threw his horse back on its haunches, so that in a short time the entire band was once more gathered in a group. Alfred and the outlaw knew that this maneuver portended a more serious charge than the impromptu affair they had broken with such comparative ease. An Indian is extremely gregarious when it comes to open fighting. He gets a lot of encouragement out of yells, the patter of many ponies' hoofs, and the flutter of an abundance of feathers. Running in from the circumference of a circle is a bit too individual to suit his taste.

Also, the savages had by now taken the measure of their white opponents. They knew they had to deal with experience. Suspicion of this must have been aroused by the practised manner in which the men had hobbled their horses and had assumed the easiest posture of defense. The idea would have gained strength from their superior marksmanship; but it would have become absolute certainty from the small detail that, in all this hurl and rush of excitement, they had fired but five shots, and those at close range. It is difficult to refrain from banging away for general results when so many marks so loudly present themselves. It is equally fatal to do so. A few misses are a great encouragement to a savage, and seem to breed their like in subsequent shooting. They destroy your own coolness and confidence, and they excite the enemy an inch nearer to that dead-line of the lust of fighting, beyond which prudence gives place to the fury of killing. An Indian is the most cautious and wily of fighters before he goes mad: and the most terribly reckless after. In a few moments four of their number had passed to the happy hunting-grounds, and they were left, no nearer their prey, to contemplate the fact.

The tornado moved. It swept at the top jumping of ponies used to the chase of the buffalo, as sudden and terrible and imminent as the loom of a black cloud on the wings of storm, and, like it, seeming to gather speed and awfulness as it rushed nearer. Each rider bent low over his pony's neck and shot—a hail of bullets, which, while most passed too high, nevertheless shrieked and spun through the volume of coarser sound. The ponies stretched their necks and opened their red mouths and made their little feet go with a rapidity that twinkled as bewilderingly as a picket-fence passing a train. And the light snow swirled and eddied behind them.

The two men behind the dead horse were not deceived by this excitement into rising to their knees. They realized that this was the critical point in the fight, and they shot hard and fast, concentrating all the energy of their souls into the steady glare of their eyes over the sights of the smoking rifles. In a moment the foremost warrior was trying to leap his pony at the barrier before him, but the little animal refused the strange jump and shied to the left, cannoning and plunging into the stream of braves rushing in on that side. Into the confusion Alfred emptied the last two shots of his Winchester, and was fortunate enough merely to cripple a pony with one of them. The kicking, screaming, little beast interposed a momentary but effective barrier between the sheriff and his foes. A rattling fire from one of his six-shooters into the brown of the hesitating charge broke it. The self-induced excitement ebbed, and the Indians swerved and swept on by.

On the other side, the outlaw had also managed to kill a pony within a few feet of the impromptu breastwork, and, direct riding-down being thus prevented in front, he was lying stretched on his side, coolly letting off first one revolver then the other in the face of imminent ruin. Alfred's attentions, however, and the defection of the right wing, drove these savages, too, into flight. Miraculously, neither man was more than scratched, though their clothes and the ground about them showed the marks of bullets. Strangely enough, too, the outlaw's other pony stood unhurt at a little distance whither the rush of the charge had carried him. Alfred arose and drove him back. Then both men made a triangular breastwork of the two dead horses and their saddles.

"Cyan't do that more'n once," observed the outlaw, taking a long breath.

"They don't want her more'n once," replied Alfred, sagely.

The men tried to take score. This was not easy. Out of the hundred and twelve cartridges with which they had started the fight, there remained sixty-eight. That meant they had expended thirty-nine in the last charge alone. As near as they could make out, they had accounted for eight of the enemy, four in the mêlée just finished. Besides, there were a number of ponies down. At first glance this might seem like poor shooting. It was not. A rapidly moving figure is a difficult riflemark with the best of conditions. In this case the conditions would have rendered an Easterner incapable of hitting a feather pillow at three yards.

And now began the most terrible part of this terrible day. A dozen of the warriors dismounted, made a short circle to the left, and disappeared in a thin growth of dried grasses, old mulliens, and stunted, scattered brush barely six inches high. There seemed hardly cover enough to hide a man, and yet the dozen were as completely swallowed up as though they had plunged beneath the waters of the sea. Only occasionally the top of a grass tuft or a greasewood shivered. It became the duty of Alfred and his companion to shoot suddenly and accurately at these motions. This was necessary in order to discourage the steady concealed advance of the dozen, who, when they had approached to within as few yards as their god of war would permit, purposed to rush in and finish their opponents out of hand. And that rush could never be stopped. The white men knew it perfectly well, so they set conscientiously to work with their handful of cartridges to convince the reds that it is not healthy to crawl along ridge-tops on an autumn day. Sundry outlying Indians, with ammunition to waste, took belly and knee rests and strengthened the thesis to the contrary.

The brisk fighting had warmed the contestants' blood. Now a cold wind penetrated through their woolens to the goose-flesh. It was impossible to judge of the effect of the shots, but both knew that the accuracy of their shooting was falling off. Clench his teeth as he would, hold his breath as steadfastly as he might, Alfred could not accomplish that steady, purposeful, unblinking pressure on the trigger so necessary to accuracy. In spite of himself, the rifle jerked ever so little to the right during the fall of the hammer. Soon he adopted the expedient of pulling it suddenly, which is brilliant but uncertain. The ground was very cold. Before long both men would have felt inclined to risk everything for the sake of a little blood-stimulating tramp back and forth. The danger did not deter them. Only the plainsman's ingrained horror of throwing away a chance held them, shivering pitiably, to their places.

Still they managed to keep the dozen at a wary distance, and even, they suspected, to hit some. This was the Indians' game—to watch; to wait; to lie with infinite patience; to hitch nearer a yard, a foot, an inch even; and then to seize with the swiftness of the eagle's swoop an opportunity which the smallest imprudence, fruit of weariness, might offer. One by one the precious cartridges spit, and fell from the breech-blocks empty and useless. And still the tufts of grass wavered a little nearer.

"I wish t' hell, stranger, you-all hadn't edged off south," chattered Alfred. "We'd be nearer th' Pierre trail."

"I'm puttin' in my spare wishin' on them Injins," shivered the other; "I sure hopes they aims to make a break pretty quick; I'm near froze."

About two o'clock the sun came out and the wind died. Though its rays were feeble at that time of year, their contrast with the bleakness that had prevailed during the morning threw a perceptible warmth into the crouching men. Alfred succeeded, too, in wriggling a morsel of raw bacon from the pack, which the two men shared. But the cartridges were running very low.

"We establishes a dead-line," suggested Alfred. "S' long as they slinks beyond yonder greasewood, they lurks in safety. Plug 'em this side of her."

"C'rrect," agreed the stranger.

This brought them a season of comparative quiet. They even made out to smoke, and so were happy. Over near the hill the body of Indians had gone into camp and were taking it easy. The job of wiping out these troublesome whites had been sublet, and they wasted no further anxiety over the affair. This indifference irritated the outlaw exceedingly.

"Damn siwashes!" he grumbled.

"Look out!" warned Alfred.

The dead-line was overpassed. Swaying tufts of vegetation marked the rapid passage of eel-like bodies. The Indians had decided on an advance, being encouraged probably by the latter inaccuracy of the plainsmen's fire. Besides, the day was waning. It was no cat-and-mouse game now; but a rush, like the other except that all but the last twenty or thirty yards would be made under cover. The besieged turned their attention to it. Over on the hill the bucks had arisen from their little fires of buffalo chips, and were watching. On the summit of the farther ridge rode silhouetted sentinels.

Alfred selected a tuft and fired just ahead of it. A *crack* at his side indicated that the stranger, too, had gone to work. It was a discouraging and nervous business. The shooter could never tell whether or not he had hit. The only thing he was sure of was that the line was wriggling nearer and nearer. He felt something as though he were shooting at a man with blank cartridges. This test of nerve was probably the most severe of the fight.

But it was successfully withstood. Alfred felt a degree of steadiness return to him with the excitement and the change of weather. The Winchester spat as carefully as before. Suddenly it could no longer be doubted that the line was beginning to hesitate. The outlaw saw it, too.

"Give it to 'em good!" he cried.

Both men shot, and then again.

The line wavered.

"Two more shots will stop 'em!" cried the road-agent, and pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked against an empty chamber.

"I'm done!" he cried, hopelessly. His cartridges were gone.

Alfred laid his own Winchester on the ground, turned over on his back, and puffed a cloud of smoke straight up toward the sky.

"Me, too," said he.

The cessation of the shooting had put an end to the Indians' uncertainty. Another moment would bring them knowledge of the state of affairs.

"Don't get much outen my scalp, anyway," said Alfred, uncovering his bald head.

The sentinel on the distant ridge was riding his pony in short-looped circles and waving a blanket in a peculiar way above his head. From the grass nine Indians arose, stooped, and scuttled off like a covey of running quail. Over by the fires warriors were leaping on their ponies, and some were leading other ponies in the direction of the nine. An air of furtive but urgent haste characterized all these movements. Alfred lent an attentive ear.

"Seems a whole lot like a rescue," he remarked, quietly. "I reckon th' boys been followin' of my trail."

The stranger paused in the act of unhobbling the one remaining pony. In the distance, faintly, could be heard cheers and shots intended as encouragement.

"They's comin' on th' jump," said Alfred.

By this time the stranger had unfastened the horse.

"I reckon we quits," said he, mounting; "I jest nat'rally takes this bronc, because I needs him more'n you do. So long. I may 's well confide that I'm feelin' some glad jest now that them Injins comes along."

And then his pony fell in a heap, and began to kick up dirt and to snort blood.

"I got another, so you just subside a lot," commanded Alfred, recocking his six-shooter.

The stranger lay staring at him in astonishment.

"Thought you was busted on cartridges!" he cried.

"You-all may as well know," snapped Alfred, "that's long as I'm an officer of this yere district, I'm a sheriff first and an Injin-fighter afterward."

"What the hell!" wondered the road-agent, still in a daze.

"Them's th' two cartridges that would have stopped 'em," said Alfred.

* * *

If you hasten,
Time, like a golden butterfly, will flee
Before you.

If you tarry,
Time, slowly, like a gentle ox,
Will follow you.

Juan Ramón Jimenez.
(Translated by Eloise Roach.)

So They Say

Marie Dressler: *upon leaving the stage, after some decades of success, to become a Florida realtor*	"In Florida the real-estate business is creative. It's art, too."
The Protestant Episcopal Bishops: *in convention*	"Thousands of young people in the United States, knowing that the law permits a consecutive polygamy, enter the marriage state with the deliberate purpose of breaking it off should the first attempt be unsatisfactory."
Mrs. Macdonald: *Instructor in the first Course in Matrimony, at Boston University*	"The common-sense marriage is the thing. Do not let a mist of emotions cloud your mind. Get down to facts. Begin with financial arrangements."
Mme. Hennebery: *Head of the London branch of "Worth's," summing up the essentials of feminine fashions*	"Show the knee but hide the neck."
Rt. Rev. H. Hensley Henson: *Bishop of Durham*	"American society is at least ninety years behind society in this country in all that makes for religious thought and knowledge."
Austen Chamberlain: *British Foreign Minister and perhaps the chief figure in the new security compact*	"The Locarno treaties threaten no one, are directed against no nation, secure the safety of many, and are welcomed by all."
Grant Robertson: *Principal of Birmingham University*	"Have we yet begun to realize that there are slums of the mind?"
Cardinal Du Bois: *Archbishop of Paris*	"Virtue in woman never depended on the length of her hair."
Hugo Altonberger: *Defendant in a breach of promise suit*	"I kissed her—but nobody thinks of marrying every girl he kisses."
Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes: *Just divorced by her husband*	"Love is always justified, even when short-lived, even when mistaken, because during its existence it enlarges and ennobles."
Dr. Henry Coward: *Addressing the Leeds Rotary Club*	"A man's business is more likely to 'go West' if he shuts music out of his life."
Rudolph Valentino: *after two months of "marital vacation" from his recent wife*	'Once a gentleman, always a gentleman, even though a husband."
Rt. Rev. Wm. Montgomery Brown: *Former P. E. Bishop of Arkansas, deposed by the Church for heresy*	"Nothing has happened to me. What has happened has happened to the Protestant Episcopal Church."
Hugh Fullerton: *in "Liberty"*	"One of my old professors said something I never forgot. He said, 'Efficiency in any line, when carried to the *nth* power, is a crime.'"
State Senator James J. Barbour: *pleading for his client, ex-Warden Westbrook*	"A cement head prevents the former warden from making correct and sane judgments."

Mateo Falcone

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

P. Mérimée

Translated by Emily Mary Waller and Mary Helena Dey

COMING out of Porto-Vecchio, and turning northwest toward the center of the island, the ground is seen to rise very rapidly, and, after three hours' walk by tortuous paths, blocked by large boulders of rocks, and sometimes cut by ravines, the traveler finds himself on the edge of a very broad *mâquis*, or open plateau. These plateaus are the home of the Corsican shepherds, and the resort of those who have come in conflict with the law. The Corsican peasant sets fire to a certain stretch of forest to spare himself the trouble of manuring his lands: so much the worse if the flames spread further than is needed. Whatever happens, he is sure to have a good harvest by sowing upon this ground, fertilized by the ashes of the trees which grew on it. When the corn is gathered, they leave the straw because it is too much trouble to gather. The roots, which remain in the earth without being consumed, sprout, in the following spring, into very thick shoots, which, in a few years, reach to a height of seven or eight feet. It is this kind of underwood which is called *mâquis*. It is composed of different kinds of trees and shrubs mixed up and entangled as in a wild state of nature. It is only with hatchet in hand that man can open a way through, and there are *mâquis* so dense and so thick that not even the wild sheep can penetrate them.

If you have killed a man, go into the *mâquis* of Porto-Vecchio, with a good gun and powder and shot, and you will live there in safety. Do not forget to take a brown cloak, furnished with a hood, which will serve as a coverlet and mattress. The shepherds will give you milk, cheese, chestnuts, and you will have nothing to fear from the hand of the law, nor from the relatives of the dead, except when you go down into the town to renew your stock of ammunition.

When I was in Corsica in 18— Mateo Falcone's house was half a league from this *mâquis*. He was a comparatively rich man for that country, living handsomely, that is to say, without doing anything, from the produce of his herds, which the shepherds, a sort of nomadic people, led to pasture here and there over the mountains. When I saw him, two years after the event that I am about to tell, he seemed about fifty years of age at the most. Imagine a small, but robust man, with jet-black, curly hair, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large and piercing eyes, and a deeply tanned complexion. His skill in shooting passed for extraordinary, even in his country, where there are so many crack shots. For example, Mateo would never fire on a sheep with swanshot, but, at one hundred and twenty paces, he would strike it with a bullet in its head or shoulders as he chose. He could use his gun at night as easily as by day, and I was told the following example of his adroitness, which will seem almost incredible to those who have not traveled in Corsica. A lighted candle was placed behind a transparent piece of paper, as large as a plate, at eighty paces off. He put himself into position, then the candle was extinguished, and in a minute's time, in complete darkness, he shot and pierced the paper three times out of four.

With this conspicuous talent Mateo Falcone had earned a great reputation. He was said to be a loyal friend, but a dangerous enemy; in other respects he was obliging and gave alms, and he lived at peace with everybody in the district of Porto-Vecchio. But it is told of him that when at Corte, where he had found his wife, he had very quickly freed himself of a rival reputed to be equally formidable in love as in war; at any rate, people attributed to Mateo a certain gunshot which surprised his rival while in the act of shaving before a small mirror hung in his window. After the affair had been hushed up, Mateo married. His wife Giuseppa at first presented him with three daughters, which enraged him, but finally a son came whom he named Fortunato; he was the hope of the family, the inheritor of its name. The girls were well married; their father could reckon in case of need upon the poniards and rifles of his sons-in-law. The son was only ten years old, but he had already shown signs of a promising disposition.

One autumn day Mateo and his wife set out early to visit one of their flocks in a clearing of the *mâquis*. Little Fortunato wanted to go with them, but the clearing was too far off; besides, it was necessary that some one should stay and mind the house; so his father refused. We shall soon see that he had occasion to repent of this.

He had been gone several hours and little Fortunato was quietly lying out in the sunshine, looking at the blue mountains, and thinking that on the following Sunday he would be going to town to have dinner at his uncle's, the corporal, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the firing of a gun. He got up and turned toward that side of the plain from which the sound had proceeded. Other shots followed, fired at irregular intervals, and each time they came nearer and nearer until he saw a man on the path which led from the plain to Mateo's house. He wore a pointed cap like a mountaineer, he was bearded, and clothed in rags, and he dragged himself along with difficulty, leaning on his gun. He had just received a gunshot in the thigh.

This man was a *bandit* (Corsican for one who is proscribed) who, having set out at night to get some powder from the town, had fallen on the way into an ambush of Corsican soldiers. After a vigourous defense he had succeeded in escaping, but they gave chase hotly, firing at him from rock to rock. He was only a little in advance of the soldiers, and his wound made it out of the question for him to reach the *mâquis* before being overtaken.

He came up to Fortunato and said——

"Are you the son of Mateo Falcone?"

"Yes."

"I am Gianetto Sanpiero. I am pursued by the yellow-collars. Hide me, for I cannot go any further."

"But what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?"

"He will say that you did right."

"How do you know?"

"Hide me quickly; they are coming."

"Wait till my father returns."

"Good Lord! how can I wait? They will be here in five minutes. Come, hide me, or I will kill you."

Fortunato replied with the utmost coolness——

"Your gun is unloaded, and there are no more cartridges in your *carchera.*"

"I have my stiletto."

"But could you run as fast as I can?"

With a bound he put himself out of reach.

"You are no son of Mateo Falcone! Will you let me be taken in front of his house?"

The child seemed moved.

"What will you give me if I hide you?" he said, drawing nearer.

The bandit felt in the leather pocket that hung from his side and took out a five-franc piece, which he had put aside, no doubt, for powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the piece of silver, and, seizing hold of it, he said to Gianetto——

"Don't be afraid."

He quickly made a large hole in a haystack which stood close by the house. Gianetto crouched down in it, and the child covered him up so as to leave a little breathing space, and yet in such a way as to make it impossible for any one to suspect that the hay concealed a man. He acted, further, with the ingenious cunning of the savage. He fetched a cat and her kittens and put them on the top of the haystack to make believe that it had not been touched for a long time. Then he carefully covered over with dust the blood-stains which he had noticed on the path near the house, and, this done, he lay down again in the sun with the utmost sang-froid.

Some minutes later six men with brown uniforms with yellow collars, commanded by an adjutant, stood before Mateo's door. This adjutant was a distant relative of the Falcones. (It is said that further degrees of relationship are recognized in Corsica than anywhere else.) His name was Tiodoro Gamba; he was an energetic man, greatly feared by the banditti, and had already hunted out many of them.

"Good day, youngster," he said, coming up to Fortunato. "How you have grown. Did you see a man pass just now?"

"Oh, I am not yet so tall as you, cousin," the child replied, with a foolish look.

"You soon will be. But, tell me, have you not seen a man pass by?"

"Have I seen a man pass by?"

"Yes, a man with a pointed black velvet cap and a waistcoat embroidered in red and yellow."

"A man with a pointed cap and a waistcoat embroidered in scarlet and yellow?"

"Yes; answer sharply and don't repeat my questions."

"The priest passed our door this morning on his horse Piero. He asked me how papa was, and I replied——"

"You are making game of me, you rascal. Tell me at once which way Gianetto went, for it is he we are after; I am certain he took this path."

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know that? I know you have seen him."

"How can one see passers-by when one is asleep?"

"You were not asleep, you little demon: the gunshots would wake you."

"You think then, cousin, that your guns make noise enough? My father's rifle makes much more noise."

"May the devil take you, you young scamp. I am absolutely certain you have seen Gianetto. Perhaps you have even hidden him. Here, you fellows, go into the house, and see if our man is not there. He could only walk on one foot, and he has too much common sense, the villain, to have tried to reach the *mâquis* limping. Besides, the traces of blood stop here."

"Whatever will papa say?" Fortunato asked, with a chuckle. "What will he say when he finds out that his house has been searched during his absence?"

"Do you know that I can make you change your tune, you scamp?" cried the adjutant Gamba, seizing him by the ear. "Perhaps you will speak when you have had a thrashing with the flat of a sword."

Fortunato kept on laughing derisively.

"My father is Mateo Falcone," he said significantly.

"Do you know, you young scamp, that I can take you away to Corte or to Bastia? I shall put you in a dungeon, on a bed of straw, with your feet in irons, and I shall guillotine you if you do not tell me where Gianetto Sanpiero is."

The child burst out laughing at this ridiculous menace.

"My father is Mateo Falcone," he repeated.

"Adjutant, do not let us embroil ourselves with Mateo," one of the soldiers whispered.

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He talked in a low voice with his soldiers, who had already been all over the house. It was not a lengthy operation, for a Corsican hut only consists of a single square room. The furniture comprises a table, benches, boxes and utensils for cooking and hunting. All this time little Fortunato caressed his cat, and seemed, maliciously, to enjoy the confusion of his cousin and the soldiers.

One soldier came up to the haycock. He looked at the cat and carelessly stirred the hay with his bayonet, shrugging his shoulders as though he thought the precaution ridiculous. Nothing moved, and the face of the child did not betray the least agitation.

The adjutant and his band were in despair; they looked solemnly out over the plain, half inclined to return the way they had come; but their chief, convinced that threats would produce no effect upon the son of Falcone, thought he would make one last effort by trying the effect of favours and presents.

"My boy," he said, "you are a wide-awake young dog, I can see. You will get on. But you play a dangerous game with me; and, if I did not want to give pain to my cousin Mateo, devil take it! I would carry you off with me."

"Bah!"

"But, when my cousin returns I shall tell him all about it, and he will give you the whip till he draws blood for having told me lies."

"How do you know that?"

"You will see. But, look here, be a good lad and I will give you something."

"You had better go and look for Gianetto in the *mâquis*, cousin, for if you stay any longer it will take a cleverer fellow than you to catch him."

The adjutant drew a watch out of his pocket, a silver watch worth quite ten crowns. He watched how little Fortunato's eyes sparkled as he looked at it, and he held out the watch at the end of its steel chain.

"You rogue," he said, "you would like to have such a watch as this hung around your neck, and to go and walk up and down the streets of Porto-Vecchio as proud as a peacock; people would ask you the time, and you would reply, 'Look at my watch!'"

"When I am grown up, my uncle the corporal will give me a watch."

"Yes; but your uncle's son has one already—not such a fine one as this, however—for he is younger than you."

The boy sighed.

"Well, would you like this watch, boy?"

Fortunato ogled the watch out of the corner of his eyes, just as a cat does when a whole chicken is given to it. It dares not pounce upon the prey, because it is afraid a joke is being played on it, but it turns its eyes away now and then, to avoid succumbing to the temptation, licking its lips all the time as though to say to its master, "What a cruel joke you are playing on me!"

The adjutant Gamba, however, seemed really willing to give the watch. Fortunato did not hold out his hand; but he said to him with a bitter smile——

"Why do you make fun of me?"

"I swear I am not joking. Only tell me where Gianetto is, and this watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, and fixed his black eyes on those of the adjutant. He tried to find in them the faith he would fain have in his words.

"May I lose my epaulettes," cried the adjutant, "if I do not give you the watch upon that condition! I call my men to witness, and then I cannot retract."

As he spoke, he held the watch nearer and nearer until it almost touched the child's pale cheeks. His face plainly expressed the conflict going on in his mind between covetousness and the claims of hospitality. His bare breast heaved violently almost to suffocation. All the time the watch dangled and twisted and even hit the tip of his nose. By degrees he raised his right hand toward the watch, his finger ends touched it; and its whole weight rested on his palm although the adjutant still held the end of the chain loosely. . . . The watch face was blue. . . . The case was newly polished. . . . It seemed blazing in the sun like fire. . . . The temptation was too strong.

Fortunato raised his left hand at the same time, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the haycock against which he was leaning. The adjutant understood him immediately, and let go the end of the chain. Fortunato felt himself sole possessor of the watch. He jumped up with the agility of a deer, and stood ten paces distant from the haycock, which the soldiers at once began to upset.

It was not long before they saw the hay move, and a bleeding man came out, poniard in hand; when, however, he tried to rise to his feet his stiffening wound prevented him from standing. He fell down. The adjutant threw himself upon him and snatched away his dagger. He was speedily and strongly bound, in spite of his resistance.

Gianetto was bound and laid on the ground like a bundle of fagots. He turned his head toward Fortunato, who had come up to him.

"Son of—," he said to him more in contempt than in anger.

The boy threw to him the silver piece that he had received from him, feeling conscious that he no longer deserved it; but the outlaw took no notice of the action. He merely said in a cool voice to the adjutant——

"My dear Gamba, I cannot walk; you will be obliged to carry me to the town."

"You could run as fast as a kid just now," his captor retorted brutally. "But don't be anxious, I am glad enough to have caught you: I would carry you for a league on my own back and not feel tired. All the same, my friend, we will make a litter for you out of the branches and your cloak. The farm at Crespoli will provide us with horses."

"All right," said the prisoner; "I hope you will put a little straw on your litter to make it easier for me."

While the soldiers were busy, some making a rough stretcher out of chestnut boughs and others dressing Gianetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared in a turning of the path from the *mâquis*. The wife came in bending laboriously under the weight of a huge sack of chestnuts, while her husband jaunted up carrying his gun in one hand, and a second gun slung in his shoulder-belt. It is considered undignified for a man to carry any other burden but his weapons.

When he saw the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they had come to arrest him. But he had no ground for this fear, he had never quarrelled with the law. On the contrary he bore a good reputation. He was, as the saying is, particularly well thought of. But he was a Corsican, and mountain bred, and there are but few Corsican mountaineers who, if they search their memories sufficiently, cannot recall some little peccadillo, some gunshot, or dagger thrust, or such-like bagatelle. Mateo's conscience was clearer than most, for it was fully ten years since he had pointed his gun at any man; yet at the same time he was cautious, and he prepared to make a brave defense if needs be.

"Wife, put down your sack," he said, "and keep yourself in readiness."

She obeyed immediately. He gave her the gun which was slung over his shoulder, as it was likely to be the one that would inconvenience him the most. He held the other gun in readiness and proceeded leisurely toward the house by the side of the trees which bordered the path, ready to throw himself behind the largest trunk for cover, and to fire at the least sign of hostility. His wife walked close behind him holding her reloaded gun and her cartridges. It was the duty of a good housewife, in case of a conflict, to reload her husband's arms.

On his side, the adjutant was very uneasy at the sight of Mateo advancing thus upon them with measured steps, his gun pointed and finger on trigger.

"If it happens that Gianetto is related to Mateo," thought he, "or he is his friend, and he means to protect him, two of his bullets will be put into two of us as sure as a letter goes to the post, and he will aim at me in spite of our kinship! . ."

In this perplexity, he put on a bold face and went forward alone toward Mateo to tell him what had happened, greeting him like an old acquaintance. But the brief interval which separated him from Mateo seemed to him of terribly long duration.

"Hullo! Ah! my old comrade," he called out. "How are you, old fellow? I am your cousin Gamba."

Mateo did not say a word but stood still; and while the other was speaking, he softly raised the muzzle of his rifle in such a manner that by the time the adjutant came up to him it was pointing skyward.

"Good day, brother," said the adjutant, holding out his hand. "It is a very long time since I saw you."

"Good day, brother."

"I just called in when passing to say 'good day' to you and cousin Pepa. We have done a long tramp to-day; but we must not complain of fatigue, for we have taken a fine catch. We have got hold of Gianetto Sanpiero."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Giuseppa. "He stole one of our milch goats last week."

Gamba rejoiced at these words.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo, "he was hungry."

"The fellow fought like a lion," continued the adjutant, slightly nettled. "He killed one of the men, and, not content to stop there, he broke Corporal Chardon's arm; but that is not of much consequence, for he is only a Frenchman. . . . Then he hid himself so cleverly that the devil could not have found him. If it had not been for my little cousin Fortunato, I should never have discovered him."

"Fortunato?" cried Mateo.

"Fortunato?" repeated Giuseppa.

"Yes; Gianetto was concealed in your haycock there, but my little cousin showed me his trick. I will speak of him to his uncle the corporal, who will send him a nice present as a reward. And both his name and yours will be in the report which I shall send to the superintendent."

"Curse you!" cried Mateo under his breath.

By this time they had rejoined the company. Gianetto was already laid on his litter, and they were ready to set out. When he saw Mateo in Gamba's company he smiled a strange smile; then, turning toward the door of the house, he spat on the threshold.

"It is the house of a traitor!" he exclaimed.

No man but one willing to die would have dared to utter the word "traitor" in connection with Falcone. A quick stroke from a dagger, without need for a second, would have immediately wiped out the insult. But Mateo made no other movement beyond putting his hand to his head like a dazed man.

Fortunato went into the house when he saw his father come up. He reappeared shortly carrying a jug of milk, which he offered with downcast eyes to Gianetto.

"Keep off me!" roared the outlaw.

Then, turning to one of the soldiers, he said——

"Comrade, give me a drink of water."

The soldier placed the flask in his hands, and the bandit drank the water given him by a man with whom he had but now exchanged gunshots. He then asked that his hands might be tied crossed over his breast instead of behind his back.

"I prefer," he said, "to lie down comfortably."

They granted him his request. Then, at a sign from the adjutant, they set out, first bidding adieu to Mateo, who answered never a word, and descended at a quick pace toward the plain.

Well-nigh ten minutes elapsed before Mateo opened his mouth. The child looked uneasily first at his mother, then at his father, who leant on his gun, looking at him with an expression of concentrated anger.

"Well, you have made a pretty beginning," said Mateo at last in a voice calm, but terrifying, to those who knew the man.

"Father," the boy cried out, with tears in his eyes, just ready to fall at his knees.

"Out of my sight!" shouted Mateo.

The child stopped motionless a few steps off his father, and began to sob.

Giuseppa came near him. She had just seen the end of the watch-chain hanging from out his shirt.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked severely.

"My cousin the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, and threw it against a stone with such force that it broke into a thousand pieces.

"Woman," he said, "is this my child?"

Giuseppa's brown cheeks flamed brick-red.

"What are you saying, Mateo? Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, very well. This child is the first traitor of his race."

Fortunato's sobs and hiccoughs redoubled, and Falcone kept his lynx eyes steadily fixed on him. At length he struck the ground with the butt end of his gun; then he flung it across his shoulder, retook the way to the *mâquis*, and ordered Fortunato to follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo, and seized him by the arm.

"He is your son," she said in a trembling voice, fixing her black eyes on those of her husband, as though to read all that was passing in his mind.

"Let go," replied Mateo; "I am his father."

Giuseppa kissed her son, and went back crying into the hut. She threw herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin, and prayed fervently. When Falcone had walked about two hundred yards along the path he stopped at a little ravine and went down into it. He sounded the ground with the butt end of his gun, and found it soft and easy to dig. The spot seemed suitable to his purpose.

"Fortunato, go near to that large rock."

The boy did as he was told, then knelt down.

"Father, father, do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers!" repeated Mateo in a terrible voice.

The child repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, stammering and sobbing. The father said "Amen!" in a firm voice at the close of each prayer.

"Are those all the prayers you know?"

"I know also the Ave Maria and Litany, that my aunt taught me, father."

"It is long, but never mind."

The child finished the Litany in a faint voice.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh, father, forgive me! forgive me! I will never do it again. I will beg my cousin the corporal with all my might to pardon Gianetto!"

He went on imploring. Mateo loaded his rifle and took aim.

"May God forgive you!" he said.

The boy made a frantic effort to get up and clasp his father's knees, but he had no time. Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell stone dead.

Without throwing a single glance at the body, Mateo went back to his house to fetch a spade with which to bury his son. He had only returned a little way along the path when he met Giuseppa, who had run out alarmed by the sound of firing.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine; I am going to bury him. He died a Christian. I shall have a mass sung for him. Let some one tell my son-in-law Tiodoro Bianchi to come and live with us."

The Droms

(*The Roads*)

By DONFARRON

THE brown roads will taunt you
  And beat against your brain,
But you will plant a garden-patch
  And listen for the rain;
For if you watch the growing things
  Break the ground apart—
The brown roads may haunt you
  And never touch your heart . . .

But do not tempt the white roads
  That run across the moor,
And see you do not listen
  To the singer of Anoor;
For nothing of your planting
  Can ever make you stay—
If you trust your heart to white roads
  On a foolish summer day . . . !

Something

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Translated by H. W. Dulcken

"I WANT to be something!" said the eldest of five brothers. "I want to do something in the world, I don't care how humble my position may be in society, if I only effect some good, for that will really be something. I'll make bricks, for they are quite indispensable things, and then I shall truly have done something."

"But that something will not be enough!" quoth the second brother. "What you intend doing is just as much as nothing at all. It is journeyman's work, and can be done by a machine. No. I would rather be a bricklayer at once, for that is something real; and that's what I will be. That brings rank: as a bricklayer one belongs to a guild, and is a citizen, and has one's own flag and one's own house of call. Yes, and if all goes well, I will keep journeymen. I shall become a master bricklayer, and my wife will be a master's wife—that is what I call something."

"That's nothing at all!" said the third. "That is beyond the pale of the guild, and there are many of those in a town that stand far above the mere master artisan. You may be an honest man; but as a 'master' you will after all only belong to those who are ranked among common men. I know something better than that. I will be an architect, and will thus enter into the territory of art and speculation. I shall be reckoned among those who stand high in point of intellect. I shall certainly have to serve up from the pickaxe, so to speak; so I must begin as a carpenter's apprentice, and must go about as an assistant, in a cap, though I am accustomed to wear a silk hat. I shall have to fetch beer and spirits for the common journeymen, and they will call me 'thou,' and that is insulting! But I shall imagine to myself that the whole thing is only acting, and a kind of masquerade. To-morrow—that is to say, when I have served my time—I shall go my own way, and the others will be nothing to me. I shall go to the academy, and get instructions in drawing, and shall be called an architect. That's something! I may get to be called 'sir,' and even 'worshipful sir' or even get a handle at the front or at the back of my name, and shall go on building and building, just as those before me have built. That will always be a thing to remember, and that's what I call something!"

"But I don't care at all for that something," said the fourth. "I won't sail in the wake of others, and be a copyist. I will be a genius, and will stand up greater than all the rest of you together. I shall be the creator of a new style, and will give the plan of a building suitable to the climate and the material of the country, for the nationality of the people, for the development of the age—and an additional story for my own genius."

"But supposing the climate and the material are bad," said the fifth, "that would be a disastrous circumstance, for these two exert a great influence! Nationality, moreover, may expand itself until it becomes affectation, and the development of the century may run wild with your work, as youth often runs wild. I quite realize the fact that none of you will be anything real, however much you may believe in yourselves. But, do what you like, I will not resemble you: I shall keep on the outside of things, and criticize whatever you produce. To every work there is attached something that is not right—something that has gone wrong; and I will ferret that out and find fault with it; and that will be doing something!"

And he kept his word: and everybody said concerning this fifth brother, "There is certainly something in him; he has a good head, but he does nothing." And by that very means they thought something of him!

Now, you see, this is only a little story; but will never end so long as the world lasts.

But what became of the five brothers? Why, this is nothing, and not something.

Listen, it is a capital story.

The eldest brother, who manufactured bricks, soon became aware of the fact that every brick, however small it might be, produced for him a little coin, though this coin was only copper; and many copper pennies laid one upon the other can be changed into a shining dollar; and wherever one knocks with such a dollar in one's hand, whether at the baker's, or the butcher's, or the tailor's—wherever it may be, the door flies open, and the visitor is welcomed, and gets what he wants. You see, that is what comes of bricks. Some of those belonging to the eldest brother certainly crumbled away, or broke in two, but there was a use even for these.

On the high rampart, the wall that kept out the sea, Margaret, the poor woman, wished to build herself a little house. All the faulty bricks were given to her, and a few perfect ones into the bargain, for the eldest brother was a good-natured man, though he certainly did not achieve anything beyond the manufacture of bricks. The poor woman put together the house for herself. It was little and narrow and the single window was quite crooked. The door was too low, and the thatched roof might have shown better workmanship. But after all it was a shelter; and from the little house you could look far across the sea, whose waves broke vainly against the protecting rampart on which it was built. The salt billows spurted their spray over the whole house, which was still standing when he who had given the bricks for its erection had long been dead and buried.

The second brother knew better how to build a wall, for he had served an apprenticeship to it. When he had served his time and passed his examination, he packed his knapsack and sang the journeyman's song:

"While I am young I'll wander, from place to place I'll roam,
And everywhere build houses, until I come back home;
And youth will give me courage, and my true love won't forget:
Hurrah, then, for a workman's life! I'll be a master yet!"

And he carried his idea into effect. When he had come home and become a master, he built one house after another in the town. He built a whole street; and when the street was finished and became an ornament to the place, the houses built a house for him in return, that was to be his own. But how can houses build a house? If you ask them they will not answer you, but people will understand what is meant by the expression, and say, "Certainly, it was the street that built his house for him." It was little, and the floor was covered with clay; but when he danced with his bride upon this clay floor, it seemed to become polished oak; and from every stone in the wall sprang forth a flower, and the room was gay, as if with the costliest paper-hanger's work. It was a pretty house, and in it lived a happy pair. The flag of the guild fluttered before the house, and the journeymen and apprentices shouted hurrah! Yes, he certainly was something! And at last he died; and that was something too.

Now came the architect, the third brother, who had been at first a carpenter's apprentice, had worn a cap, and served as an errand boy, but had afterwards gone to the academy, and risen to become an architect, and to be called "honoured sir." Yes, if the houses of the street had built a house for the brother who had become a bricklayer, the street now received its name from the architect, and the handsomest house in it became his property. *That* was something, and *he* was something; and he had a long title before and after his name. His children were called genteel children, and when he died his widow was "a widow of rank," and that is something! —and his name always remained at the corner of the street, and lived on in the mouth of every one as the street's name—and that was something!

Now came the genius of the family, the fourth brother, who wanted to invent something new and original, and an additional story on the top of it for himself. But the top story tumbled down, and he came tumbling down with it, and broke his neck. Nevertheless he had a splendid funeral, with guild flags and music, poems in the papers, and flowers strewn on the paving-stones in the street and three funeral orations were held over him, each one longer than the last, which would have rejoiced him greatly, for he always liked it when people talked about him; a monument also was erected over his grave. It was only one story high, but still it was something.

Now he was dead, like the three other brothers; but the last one who was a critic, outlived them all: and that was quite right, for by this means he got the last word, and it was of great importance to him to have the last word. The people always said he had a good head of his own. At last his hour came, and he died, and came to the gates of Paradise. There souls always enter two and two, and he came up with another soul that wanted to get into Paradise too; and who should this be but old Dame Margaret from the house upon the sea wall.

"I suppose this is done for the sake of contrast, that I and this wretched soul should arrive here at exactly the same time," said the critic. "Pray, who are you, my good woman?" he asked. "Do you want to get in here too?"

And the old woman curtsied as well as she could: she thought it must be St. Peter himself talking to her.

"I'm a poor old woman of a very humble family," she replied. "I'm old Margaret that lived in the house on the sea wall."

"Well, and what have you done? What have you accomplished down there?"

"I have really accomplished nothing at all in the world: nothing that I can plead to have the doors here opened to me. It would be a real mercy to allow me to slip in through the gate."

"In what manner did you leave the world?" asked he, just for the sake of saying something; for it was wearisome work standing there and saying nothing.

"Why, I really don't know how I left it. I was sick and miserable during my last years, and could not well bear creeping out of bed, and going out suddenly into the frost and cold. It was a hard winter, but I have got out of it all now. For a few days the weather was quite calm, but very cold, as your honour must very well know. The sea was covered with ice as far as one could look. All the people from the town walked out upon the ice, and I think they said there was a dance there, and skating. There was beautiful music and a great feast there too; the sound came into my poor little room, where I lay ill. And it was towards the evening; the moon had risen beautifully, but was not yet in its full splendour; I looked from my bed out over the wide sea, and far off, just where the sea and sky join, a strange white cloud came up. I lay looking at the cloud, and I saw a little black spot in the middle of it, that grew larger and larger; and now I knew what it meant, for I am old and experienced, though this token is not often seen. I knew it, and a shuddering came upon me. Twice in my life I have seen the same thing; and I knew there would be an awful tempest and a spring flood, which would overwhelm the poor people who were now drinking and dancing and rejoicing—young and old, the whole city had issued forth: who was to warn them, if no one saw what was coming yonder, or knew, as I did, what it meant? I was dreadfully alarmed and felt more lively than I had done for a long time. I crept out of bed, and got to the window, but could not crawl farther, I was so exhausted. But I managed to open the window. I saw the people outside running and jumping about on the ice; I could see the beautiful flags that waved in the wind. I heard the boys shouting 'hurrah!' and the servant men and maids singing. There were all kinds of merriment going on. But the white cloud with the black spot! I was too far from the people. Soon the storm would burst, and the ice would break, and all who were upon it would be lost without remedy. They could not hear me, and I could not come out to them. Oh, if I could only bring them ashore! Then kind Heaven inspired me with the thought of setting fire to my bed, and rather to let the house burn down, than that all those people should perish so miserably. I succeeded in lighting up a beacon for them. The red flame blazed up on high, and I escaped out of the door, but fell down exhausted on the threshold, and could get no farther. The flames rushed on towards me, flickered through the window, and rose high above the roof. All the people on the ice yonder beheld it, and ran as fast as they could, to give aid to the poor old woman who, they thought, was being burned to death. Not one remained behind. I heard them coming; but I also became aware of a rushing sound in the air; I heard a rumbling like the sound of heavy artillery; the spring flood was lifting the covering of ice, which presently cracked and burst into a thousand fragments. But the people succeeded in reaching the sea wall—I saved them all! But I fancy I could not bear the cold and the fright, and so I came up here to the gates of Paradise. I am told they are opened to poor creatures like me—and now I have no house left down upon the rampart: not that I think this will give me admission here."

Then the gates of heaven were opened, and the angel led the old woman in. She left a straw behind her, a straw that had been in her bed when she set it on fire to save the lives of many; and this straw had been changed into the purest gold—into gold that grew and grew, and spread out into beauteous leaves and flowers.

"Look, this is what the poor woman brought," said the angel to the critic. "What dost thou bring? I know that thou hast accomplished nothing—thou hast not made so much as a single brick. Ah, if thou couldst only return and effect at least as much as that! Probably the brick, when thou hadst made it, would not be worth much; but if it were made with a good will, it would at least be something. But thou canst not go back, and I can do nothing for thee!"

Then the poor soul, the old dame who had lived on the dyke, put in a petition for him. She said,

"His brother gave me the bricks and the pieces out of which I built up my house, and that was a great deal for a poor woman like me. Could not all those bricks and pieces be counted as a single brick in his favor? It was an act of mercy. He wants it now; and is not this the very fountain of mercy?"

Then the angel said,

"Thy brother, him whom thou hast regarded as the least among you all, he whose honest industry seemed to thee as the most humble, hath given thee this heavenly gift. Thou shalt not be turned away. It shall be vouchsafed to thee to stand here without the gate, and to reflect, and repent of thy life down yonder; but thou shalt not be admitted until thou hast in earnest accomplished something."

"I could have said that in better words!" thought the critic, but he did not find fault aloud; and for him, after all, that was "SOMETHING!"

The Philosophers

By PO CHÜ-I

Translated by Arthur Waley

Lao-Tzŭ

"THOSE who speak know nothing;
Those who know are silent."
These words, as I am told,
Were spoken by Lao-Tzŭ.
If we are to believe that Lao-Tzŭ
Was himself *one who knew*,
How comes it that he wrote a book
Of five thousand words?

Chuang-Tzŭ, the Monist

Chuang-Tzŭ levels all things
And reduces them to the same Monad.
But *I* say that even in their sameness
Differences may be found
Although in following the promptings of their nature
They display the same tendency,
Yet it seems to me that in some ways
A phoenix is superior to a reptile!

The Noble Family of Beaupertuys

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Sincerely yours.
Stephen F Whitman

MY FRIEND Beaupertuys of Paris had a gentle but persistent mania for medieval things. His little, handsome house on the Avenue d'Iéna, before which intelligent passers-by were in the habit of stopping to admire the foliation of its Florid Gothic architecture, was filled with curiosities of faded and eccentric beauty. His favourite room was, above all, marvelously tinctured with the quaint aroma of dusty centuries—a dim, rich place of exquisitely artistic discomfortableness, in which we, with modern clothes, committed undoubtedly a profanation. But yet, as I thought of this while sitting with him there one evening, I noticed that, after all, any emphatically jarring note must come from me alone. For he, now that I thought to examine him in this antique setting, seemed curiously little out of place. His constant, yet hitherto vague, oddity had here become something definite. Truly, as though for a long time he had been furtively cultivating such a thing, there was almost a dry, medieval smack about him. And when I pleasantly assured him of this, and saw him immediately blush from satisfaction, then I appreciated the astonishing extent of his queer predilection. That he was flattered to have me find in him this pervading medieval flavor argued for some quite emphatic predisposing impulse. Hinting at this, I drew from him a little enigmatic smile of real artistic quality, so admirably suggestive was it of something obsolete. And finally, with the glance of one who has decided to reward rare appreciation, he began to tell me, by way of answering my hint with indirection, the story of the noble family of Beaupertuys.

One afternoon, not quite five hundred years ago, a pretty milliner went out to take a walk in Paris, with no more serious thought than of creating a little flattering commotion.

I wish that I could show her to you as she must have been: with towering, snowy head-gear decked with floating veils; with tight and trailing gown, powdered with curious devices; with tiny, tantalizing, pointed, curled-up shoes; with a brave bogus jewel strung across her forehead—with all the countless little odd touches, such as those that would have made up, for you, her charming strangeness. I am sure she herself looked wonderfully neat and sweet and amiable; that she went ever so discreetly, but all the more dangerously on that account; that she distracted notice from any small shabbiness of her appurtenances just with an air, an indefinable effective air—an inimitable, thoroughly Parisian air. I am convinced that as she trod the narrow cobbly street, behind their leaded window-panes shopkeepers' wives turned up their noses; apprentices leaned perilously from rickety casements, scuffling for a vantage-point; roguish tradesmen came sneaking to dingy door-ways—wreathed in experimental smirks; pedestrian priests pulled up agape, jolted violently from their proper meditations; even the gutter dogs paused in their rubbish-scratching and gently and discreetly wagged their tails. I am persuaded that she was capable of inciting all this agitation; for if she were not, then I should have no more to say.

Not quite five hundred years ago a pretty milliner walked out in Paris! A trivial performance? On the contrary, almost anything might have resulted from it. Anything! The noble family of Beaupertuys was founded on it!

Well, this pretty, agitating milliner tipped through the streets, up and down at random, glancing, staring, shrugging, smiling to herself, having no more than a woman's pleasant, harmless time. She looked intently at other women's fashions and secretly made little faces over them; she pretended not to look at inlaid steel on horseback, but nevertheless saw it all very well. She hovered before shops, priced some gay pastry and a pair of pinchbeck earrings, fingered a length of damask with the dissatisfaction of a duchess, smiled into three mirrors and a breastplate, stared at the *Epistolœ Familiares* of Messire Petrarca, upside down, and snubbed the bookseller's daughter. She tiptoed—good girl—into a church, dim, cool, and fragrant, bowed low toward the golden murk of the lighted chancel, crossed herself a score of times, and accepted a drop of holy water from a tall, shadowy worshipper, who tried to squeeze her hand. She came out tossing her head, threw a penny upon the steps for the cripples to fight for, gazed and sighed at a gold necklace on a stout neck, left the shops behind, started to cut through an alley to get to more, and in the alley came face to face with a jolly-cheeked, green-legged student. The student stopped, stared, whistled, looked all around, looked frightened, looked resolute, advanced with a rush, and kissed her. She slapped his face.

A stranger, who had been following with suspicious stealth at a distance—was it the shadowy hand-squeezer from the church?—came galloping down the alley, clatter-clatter, inflamed with virtuous or jealous indignation. Unable to stop in time, he careened into the student, who clutched him desperately; consequently they sprawled together on the ground. Then suddenly, all sense jolted from them and mutual terror arousing frenzied desperation, their comedy turned tragic. Out flashed the student's tuck and the stranger's dagger together; hands snatched at wrists; the dagger got loose; the student squealed, gave a great flop, and lay flat, with as little to say for himself as a king at his funeral. The pretty milliner, clapping her hands to her cheeks with a shuddering scream, turned and ran all the way home.

But instantly, in the alley, as though from the chinks between the cobbles, sprang up a tangle of loose-jawed amateurs. They ringed the body round, jostling and grunting, grappling and wheezing; stale trimmings were torn; dogs yelped underfoot; urchins wriggled and bored about among scuffling legs. All mouths went to work: together they made a fine chorus. "Ha! Ha! Hey! Heu! Hi! Ho! Fetch a priest! Fetch water! Fetch a sheet! Fetch a feather! Who is he? Aha, these students! Aie, my skirt, villain! My eye, madame, my eye! I saw it from a window! I was standing just yonder! It was this way! No, it was this way! No! Yes! Ah, poor young man! Ah, poor, pretty chick! What did she do then? Her husband, was it, the wretch? Alas! Alas! Pick him up! Let him be! Pah! Pui! Puh! Air! Air! Air! Thieves! Thieves! My purse is gone!" And so on.

At length, from sheer exhaustion, they were reduced to a resemblance of order. The noisiest yelled themselves into command; they ripped a shutter from a window and stretched the student on it. Seized with a contagion of officious sentiment, they set out, a clacking torrent, floating the shutter shoulder-high, to hale the victim home—wherever that might be.

In the exciting novelty of their performance they were inclined to slight their object; emotion superseded reason; they made a pageant of the business. They marched from street to street, crossed bridges, paraded through church porches, gaining and welcoming recruits, arousing everywhere unbounded admiration. Orators among them declaimed the story of the tragedy, which grew on glib tongues till it had become an amazing epic on a martyrdom for love—the student himself would have been dazzled by it. The shutter-carriers were frequently relieved by newcomers, eager for the honour. The tired ex-bearers lagged, and drifted for refreshment into wine-shops on the line of march. The complexion of the accompanying crowd began to change: some became footsore or satiated with excitement, and ambled back; others remembered errands and posted off about them; more began to doubt the wisdom of being too closely identified with crime and fled from it. Finally, in a diminutive, dirty square, embellished with a greasy gallows, the depleted escort, lacking directions, set down their burden. And there, all at once, they discovered that whoever had set out with it, they at least were all disinterested strangers to the body.

While they were standing around it, looking at it with sheepish disfavour, as though it had the joke on them, a newcomer appeared. He came rigged out with a neat little hat, like a sugar-loaf, with puffed, patched sleeves, with one leg violet and one cerulean, and wine-spots down his vest. He stopped short, cocked a keen eye, sank into contemplation, winked rapidly, as one who considers: "Here is a lucky throw! What should there be in it for me?" Finding the answer somewhere, he became spry, bustling, direct, competent — Messire Deus ex Machina himself. "Pick him up," said he, like a man who knows his mind—which awed the bewildered mourners. "Up, up! With a devil, up! Forward! To the College of Prelles!"

They arrived finally before the College of Prelles—a shabby and mousy old rattletrap, infested, as every one used to know, by a species of student than which there was none more improvident, cheerful, convivial, naughty, knowing, quick-witted, quick-tempered, devilish, and dangerous in all the High Quarter of Paris. When the cortége came limping along, these hopeful youths were inside in large numbers, sitting on bunches of straw and listening with one ear to their masters, who were telling them how to get on in the world by deciphering constellations and retaining in mind the rigmaroles of Aristotle. But, holy Rocamadour! When they looked through the windows and saw their truant mate—for such, indeed, he was—stretched on a shutter, all dabbled and still, they gushed out into the street with so ferocious a mien that the mourners let go their burden in mid-air, took to their heels, and fled all ways, screaming denials of complicity. One alone stayed—he of the vivid legs—and received the charge in a well-chosen pose.

This capable person, about whom the students swarmed with half-drawn tucks as though they would carve and eat him up for a penny, calmed all with a look of vast intelligence, assumed a confidential and important air, lifted his eyebrows, tapped his nose, and said:

"A goldsmith's clerk, Odet Gossouyn by name, has done this deed." Saying which, while every one was telling every one else and trying to peek at the body, he disappeared, without any one seeing him do so.

As for the students, they paid very little attention to that, but began running about, in doors and out, scurrying, clustering, separating, scrambling together in wriggling masses, like a principality of ants stirred up with a stick. They dismissed their masters, shut up their college, got clubs, flails, cart poles, and table legs, and set out for the University Church of the Matelins, bearing their stark companion ahead on his shutter. "Haro! Haro!" they bawled, and flourished their weapons about in a way to give chills to a Charlemagne. They came into the church, set down the shutter in the nave, and stuck it full of lighted candles. This done, they scuffled out into the street, found themselves two hundred strong, chose their captains, and formed their van, battle, and rear. Then, licking their lips, they marched off for the Goldsmith's Quarter.

There, appearing without the shortest warning, they rolled across the Little Bridge with a sudden thunder of feet and voices, and came raging into the narrow gully of goldsmiths' shops. In less time than it takes a dog to snap up a fly, that place was racked with a hideous clamour: of crashing and splintering, screaming and howling—a battalion of mothy, mangy Visigoths let loose could not have done more. "Vindicta! Vindicta!" bellowed the students of Prelles, hitting heads right and left, tearing clothes, smashing windows and doors, and throwing the bedding and furniture into the street. Through a fog of feathers they chased the pale artisans around and about and up to their roofs, and every one was a possible Odet Gossouyn. A sacked town would have looked more tidy and tranquil.

Meanwhile some one had carried the news to the sergeants of the police. These doughty watchdogs put down their quart pots and cards in disgust, braced on their steel sallads and pectorals, and came clanking out, a brave and shining sight, with the Ship of the City emblazoned across their chests to reassure all honest men. "The police!" yelled students in windows, at the first blink of the helmets, and all left off wrecking to welcome them.

Then, from casements, roof-gutters, and alley-mouths came whistling bricks and crocks to crash on headpieces and shoulder-plates. The police huddled, lost their heads and rushed in for blood; steel bills flicked into doorways and some came out red. At that a student, wheezing with rage, got away and off at top speed for the University Quarter.

Gasping, he came among the polyglot colleges with a scant mouthful of Latin: "Prelles is beset in the goldsmiths' street! Two are dead at the hands of the sergeants! Out! Out! Spread the word! Gather in Maubert Square!"

The University, knowing its ancient rights, woke up like a tiger whose tail has been tied in a knot. Some ran to the farthest colleges on the Heights, sticking their heads into wine-shops and stews as they went, beating up stragglers from wisdom. Some roused the Picardy Nation and some the German; others the Normandy Nation, and more the Italians and Spaniards. The shabby College of Montagut came to the rendezvous first, in frenzied state, with their grimy banner in front, which promised a bad time for some one. The College of Bons Enfants had raided a butcher's stall on the way, and they marched to the stirring music of cleavers and marrow-bones. Came tramping the colleges of Mignon, of Maistre Gervais, of Cambray, of Dennemarche, of Laon, of Ave Maria, and two or three dozen more. They all packed themselves into Maubert Square, till they strained and cracked its surrounding houses and cloisters; the hot air quivered above like the breath of a furnace, and the shouts blew the weathercocks every which way. At last they set out by five streets for the battle. And presently the Poor Capettes of Montagut came on the fleeing and battered students of Prelles, hard pressed by the police. "Ah-h-h!" cried the Montaguts, at this villainous, illegitimate sight, and charged, bending their banner and shouting commands in the language of Julius Cæsar. To be brief, in half an hour all the police in Paris were out, the fighting rolled along both sides of the river, countless thieves were loose and doing good business everywhere, and some one chancing to think of the Jews, the Ghetto was safely sacked with great profit.

While all this was going on, there was in the city, as it happened, a good part of the best nobility of France, not to mention Bourgoigne, drawn there by some contortions of politics in Savoy, Lorrayne, and such extraneous places, and waiting for his Majesty the King, who was coming presently from Plessis-les-Tours to tickle every one's ear with a whisper. Among these high gentlemen was the old Duke of Bourbon, who chanced just then to be sitting in his hotel, making wet rings on a table and listening disconsolately to a traveler from marvelous parts who discoursed of the Gay Knowledge obtaining among the enchanted ladies of inaccessible Alamonde. While so, word was brought to the Duke that all the rabble of Paris were, as it seemed, belabouring one another. At that he pricked up his ears like an old destrier, was pleased, called for a palfrey, and rode out with his friends to enjoy the spectacle.

Riding through that water-rimmed quarter called the Isle of the City—where, as you know, were the noble hotels, the palaces, and the richest churches—the Duke of Bourbon came to the fringe of the mob, which had been pushed backward, across the bridges, into these streets of the aristocracy. The road was blocked by the curious and disabled—tattered, sweaty, bloody, and soiled; and over the heads came drifting the din of distant conflict. Into this press squeezed the Duke of Bourbon, his grooms crying "Way! Way!" and beating valiantly with their reins people who could not move. But, as luck would have it, just when they were all finely wedged fast, and able to go neither forward nor back, a young man overhead in a window of the Hôtel Bourgoigne saw some usurer or other in the midst of the crowd, and—thinking to clear up his debts in a minute—aimed a water-jug at him. The jug missed the usurer by a mile or less, broke on the head of the Duke of Bourbon, and knocked him upside down under his horse. "Treason!" yelled all the Bourbons, looking up at the Hôtel Bourgoigne in terror. They scooped up their Duke, clawed a way out, and presently brought him home at a gallop—he lolling and wobbling all over his horse, and not knowing whether he was in a saddle or under a table. Immediately all his hotel knew that the Duke of Bourgoigne had tried to murder their Duke of Bourbon.

Consequently, without so much as stopping to part their hair, all the Duke of Bourbon's young men put on steel shirts under their clothes, and prowled out, in twos and threes, to stalk Bourguignons. Whenever they found one, gaping about with no more thought of danger than a homely old lady in church, they fell upon him, with a howl of "Treason!" and trimmed and minced him famously. The Duke of Bourgoigne, coming grandly home from viewing the riot, was informed that his people were being cut up right and left by the Duke of Bourbon.

You may believe that this stout, black, blazing old town-burner was not long in saying something. "Ha! Body and Blood! Trumpets! Arms! Horses! Bring me my German harness! Death! Death!" Little pink pages came bounding, like misemployed cupids, and clapped on his panoply; padding and gouchets, steel skirts and body-plates, pauldrons and brassards, and gantlets and helmet—in which they locked up his glaring old face like a piece of red beef in a meat-safe. Down in the courtyard they hoisted him into an ivory saddle, and after him all his men, whose lances stuck up like a forest. Out they poured into the street, shouting: "Hau! Hau! Havoc on Bourbon!" and made for the enemy's hôtel.

But the Duke of Bourbon, up and about again, with a towel around his head, got wind of all this. Firmly believing the whole affair to be of the other's contriving, he stirred his old stumps, called out his soldiers and gentlemen, and borrowed handfuls of men-at-arms right and left. Midway in Glaitigny Street—whose windows were choked with those screaming young ladies for whom Glaitigny street used to be famous—the two parties met in a terrible splinter of lances.

Pretty deeds were done there without elbow-room: a young demoiseau of Navarre, shouting "Bigorre!" got three ruffians at once on one spear, which astonished them beyond measure; the Duke of Bourgoigne, cavorting about with an axe, popped somebody's head into a third-story window. But as for the Duke of Bourgoigne, all of his foes flew at him for choice: his axe-haft was chopped through; he was pounded all over until he rang like an anvil. Then he found out that he had come to the party with only a quarter as many guests as the Bourbons. Little wonder for that, for by this time every one of importance upon the Isle of the City who had ever so paltry a grudge against him was thereabouts, in a fidget to worm into the mellay and have at him.

So, observing this and that, while he was dodging blows, he saw that if he was to get out in one piece it was time to be at it. "Bourgoigne! Follow me!" he cried, and with a clever plunge, broke through his enemies and got off. But they, being warmed up and unwilling to cool off too quickly, followed him hard, raining blows on his horse's rump. He was swept past his own hotel, up one street, down another, across the Nostre Dame Bridge, through a zigzag of frowsy alleys, and out of the Sainct-Germain Gate, which they slammed shut after him. In fact, by keeping his legs from under him, they rushed the old rascal clean out of Paris.

When they saw with amazement how much they had done, the Bourbons and all their allies were sure they had saved the kingdom of France from some exquisite peril. They became stately, and took on the weighty manners of the custodians of a country; they sent off to close all the gates, and manned the walls. Their hirelings grinned down, touched their noses, and twiddled their fingers at the Duke of Bourgoigne, who was sitting his foundered charger outside, half-way in and half-way out of an apoplexy.

But if they thought he was the one to remain where they put him, they were poorly acquainted with him. "What! Villainous, mawkish traitors! Shall they shut the door on me and make faces at a Duke of Bourgoigne, of Braibant, of Limbourg, of Luxembourg—at a Count of Flandre, of Artoiz, of Hainaut, of Hollande, of Zeellande, of Namur—at a Marquis of the Holy Empire and What-not? Ha! By the cowardly bowels of their patron, Messire Judas Iscariot, not they!"

What then? He pounded off to the next gate, and got to it before they could close it. There he spoiled the wall of four cannon, with enough powder and shot to blow up a palace, and dragged them out into the lanes of the faubourg, where he planted them. He routed out all the poor, pinched, cringing people who lived under the walls, and set them to throwing up redoubts, scarps, and bastions, under pain of getting what they were always being threatened with by some one. The city's parapets were by this time black with spectators, many of whom, seeing in these sinister preparations a good reason why it would be healthier outside the city than in it, began slipping down the face of the wall like water over a dam. About five thousand wan persons came out of Paris and stood over behind the Duke of Bourgoigne's artillery in meek attitudes. His camp, to tell the truth, began to look from a distance like the populous purlieu of a beleaguered city. At any rate, the Bourbons and their friends stopped grinning.

But the Duke of Bourgoigne had scarcely begun as yet. "I know what rusty old fox has put them up to this," says he, chewing his fingers. "But I am not so easily gobbled down as a strawberry tart.

Hennequin! Salomon! Auffroi! Ride for Bourgoigne; rouse all my castles; fetch me my army! Estienne! Godefroi! Guilhem! Off for England, sail or swim; show this ring to Eduart; look wise, wink and beckon. Are you gone? Good! Now, then, let us have a proper salvo!"

The Bourguignons, among whom was a ghostly, sheet-wound Arabian, skilled in artillery practice, got to work with the cannon and fired all four at the walls, bursting no more than one. The first shot went nowhere—that is, it was never heard from. The second ploughed up the lane and splashed into the fosse, disturbing the ducks. The third took off the weather-vane on the steeple of Nostre Dame. The fourth went through a stained-glass window and smashed five pretty pillars in the church of Sainct-Pierre-au-Beufs, just as those inside were sweetly singing:

"Mater, ora Filium
Ut post hoc exitium
Nobis donet gadium
Beatorum omnium!"

Every one inside rushed out on the porch, expecting to find Gabriel there. When the Bishop of Paris, who was at home, learned what the matter was, he broke his desk in two, frightened the cat up the chimney, ordered all the churches closed, declared an interdict, and sent off to the Pope for the excommunication of the Duke of Bourgoigne. As for that great man, he was stalking magnificently among his cannon, when a garlicky, bowlegged stranger, all in fluted steel, pock-marked, broken-nosed, and lacking an eye, appeared at his elbow.

"Honoured sir," said this one, "behold an accomplished condottiere, late of the kingdom of Naples, who has in Paris a hundred lanciotti, in good armour, free from all prejudice. You need them. I offer them. What am I bid?"

"Fifty crowns a day," said the Duke—a famous business man in such trafficking.

"O Dio! Then I must go to Bourbon!"

"Fifty crowns."

"Oh!"

"Fifty."

"Oh—well, well. What shall we begin with?"

"First, as you are inside, to the Hôtel Bourbon. Pull it down."

"Corpo di sangue e sanguinaccio! Noble patron, consider it pulled down."

In an hour this is what was the matter with Paris: The Duke of Bourgoigne, having sent home for one army and to England for another, was throwing stone cannon-balls into the city. The Duke of Bourbon was on the walls, throwing cannon-balls out into the faubourg. The Italian condottieri, faithfully striving to earn their pay, were pulling down a hôtel, but, unfortunately, it was the wrong hôtel—it was a neat little hotel which belonged to the King. The University and the police, in a drizzle of dust and plaster from wrecked houses, were reeling and gasping out the end of their riot. So there was lurid, raucous war afoot inside and out, between city and schools, dukes and foreign nations; an interdict was in being and an excommunication toward. . . . As for the green-legged student stretched out on his shutter, all his candles had guttered out, and the nave where he lay was dark and lonely and cold for some strange old woman who knelt near by and wept because he was young. And as for the pretty milliner, she was in bed, with a wet handkerchief and a red nose, bemoaning her fatal beauty.

It was just at this point that the King arrived in Paris, and it was high time.

He came in an old drab cloak, on a gentle, lop-eared mule, with his barber, his provost, his Moorish astrologer, a bishop or two, and a paltry string of Scotch archers. He slipped in modestly through a quiet gate, got into his palace, seated himself in a big carved chair with the air of a meek old merchant arrived at his shop, and began to chirp quietly: "Go here. Go there. Run yonder. Call So-and-so. Fetch me Such-and-such." All his servants, spies, and agents ran unostentatiously in and out and all over the city, prying, probing, judging, noting. And before an active girl could have told three persons, all Paris knew that the King had come.

Then, just as a congregation of mice, who have been frisking and bickering and spoiling everything, stop, frozen all in their tracks, when they see the cat in the doorway, so all Paris stopped stockstill between two blows, suddenly stricken, through fear, with common sense. The Bourbons and the Bourguignons concluded their din forthwith, with anxious faces; the colleges went hurriedly back, with what legs they still had, to their quarter; the police staggered off to their towers and chastelets in a serious frame of mind. As to the condottieri—all at once long, glittering rivers of franc-archers began to flow into Paris and trickle everywhere; they came upon the Italians—who had half the roof off the hotel by then—engulfed them, trussed them up, and filled a jail with them.

Then, all being ready, the King called or had brought to the palace the Dukes of Bourgoigne and Bourbon, with all their dependents, the condottiere captain, the Bishop of Paris, the heads of the colleges, the captains of the police and the chief of the goldsmiths' guild. There had not been so many sheepish faces herded together in one flock for many a day.

The King sat curled up in his chair, in a hall hung with old banners, with all his somber court behind him, and all around a wall of hequebutters, whose lighted matches smelled villainously in guilty noses. In the body of the palace stood, still steaming from their various nefarious employments, all the mice, at whom the King smiled ever so catlike.

When all were there, "Now," said he, in a small, dry voice, "we shall hear first the grievances of our cousins of Bourgoigne and Bourbon, and then all the rest, in the order of their quality."

So, one after the other, all had their say, and each aired his grievance—the worst in the world. When they were all done sawing the air and crying their wrongs, said the King, "Now I shall tell you, one and all, the truth of the whole matter."

With which—so sprackly and knowingly had his people been at work—he proceeds to trace the whole business back from end to beginning: from the Italians back to the Duke of Bourgoigne, from Bourgoigne back to Bourbon, from Bourbon back to the young man in the window during the riot, from the riot at the eruption of the University back to the killing of two students by the police in the Goldsmiths' Quarter, from that back to the rising of the College of Prelles, and from that back to the knifing of a green-legged student in an alley by one Odet Gossouyn, so called, a goldsmith's clerk.

"So, my children," said the King, "this teaches us to maintain a mental equilibrium, or, as Messire Q. Publius Fracassus, of Rome, has it somewhere in his erudite cackle: '*Sic stabilitas mentis in diversis sentis.*'" Every one looked as chopfallen as though he had walked to the palace asleep and waked up there in his nightshirt.

"But," barks the King, suddenly sitting up and putting on such a face that every one jumps about a foot high, "however that may be, I see my city of Paris, through your insanity, knocked about, broken in, assaulted, ravished, and spoiled—a prey to sobbing, frenzied madmen. She cries, Haro! She holds up piteously her broken belt. Shall she lie so? Par la Pâque-Dieu! I will show you, from first to least, what the price is for the violation of my good town!"

Every one sucked in his breath, and in the silence it was easy enough to hear the carpenters out in the street nimbly knocking together some gallows. Then the King, pointing at the Duke of Bourgoigne a long, quivering fingernail, resumed:

"As for you, I know all your tricks; get you to the devil out of my country with all your people—except your mustard-faced Arabian marksman, your bloody captain of horse, and that young green ape who threw the jug from your window. Are those three here? Good. Take them outside, provost, and let them dance the high brangle. Ha! Cousin of Bourbon, with your senile bogglings at mischief! Off with you to the tail of my kingdom, and there count the hairs on your head until I forget this business. But as for your young, ambushing, treason-bellowing cut-throats— Provost! Provost! Are you there? Hang them, and good riddance. Where is the Bishop of Paris? What! An interdict? What! You will shame my city at Rome? Horrible extravagance of passion! You shall repair this day's damage to all the churches in Paris out of your privy pocket. Is that the Italian yonder? Ah, mutilated, mutilating, palace-wrecking Hun! Hang him. Are his copartners in felony all fast? Hang them. Where are the heads of the University? Silence! Silence! No windy rhetoric here! Fifty ringleaders of your colleges are taken. Fifty furious ringleaders in devastation! Provost! Hang them. Where are the captains of the police? Hey, you have killed students against the law. Bad servants, bungling servants! I must get others. Hang them. Wait—the Jewry is in this, too. Ah, furtive greedy, curly wretches! Hang twenty representative Jews. Now we are drawing to the end of the tangle. Where is Odet Gossouyn, the goldsmith's clerk? Is he seized? Is he here? Thrust him forward."

Odet Gossouyn, the goldsmith's clerk, was dragged forward on his knee-caps. Far from being, as might have been expected, tall and shadowy, or of that impetuous and jealous complexion appropriate in hand-squeezers and brawlers, he was astonishingly short and stout, and no farmer's market-ass could have looked more docile or bewildered. No matter.

"So," said the King, "here we are, eh,

at the beginning? Secret, deceptive-looking villain! Hang him." Odet Gossouyn was whirled outside and draped on a gallows before he had time to say as much as thank you.

The King sank back in his chair, mopping his brow, and rested royally. But some one whispered in his ear, "Sire, there is still one more."

"Who?" cried the King, bouncing up again in his seat.

"The milliner, on whose account the student was stabbed, the College of Prelles aroused, the Goldsmiths' Quarter sacked, the police called out, the University stirred up, the Duke of Bourbon injured——"

"Enough, enough!" snapped the King. "Why, all the hideous blame piles up on her! Drag the hussy here. I will make this a lesson to all the eye-rolling, skirt-switching trollops in Paris! Come, come!"

"Sire," said the miraculously gifted provost, "this instant. I have her at the door."

Then, like a sunbeam, through the gloomy press of dismal hequebutters, peaked courtiers, and exhausted hangmen, came floating timidly the pretty milliner and knelt before the King.

Ah, if you could have seen her as she was—with her face, beneath its snowy linen crown and drifting veils, blanched by fear and fine flour to the radiance of a lovely, silvery moon; with her young breast in tumult under her tight, soft-colored gown; with her smooth, long fingers clasped in a little pink knot under her satin chin! Adorable creature! Intoxicating pose! The King glared down at her.

"Ha-rumph!" said he, loudly, and then, fascinated by her eyelashes—which swept her cheeks—said, not so loudly: "You are the——"

"Alas! Sire," quoth she, and a tear, a pearl of grief, exquisitely ran down beside her little nose.

"Ha-rumph!" repeated the King, for lack of other words, being occupied with his eyes. In that big, crowded room you could have heard a fly washing his face.

And then, little by little, the King's sour countenance of state broke up unwillingly into a thousand small humps and wrinkles. And in the midst of these hovered uncertainly a little, evanescent, gaillard smile.

"Oy," began he, rustily, in that tenderer language of the South, getting his vocal machinery of gallantry in order. "Oy, Donna." . . .

Well, she became Madame Nicole de Beaupertuys, if you care to remember who that was.

When he had told me everything, my friend Beaupertuys of Paris softly arose and went to a little shrinelike piece of furniture against the wall, carved, painted, and gilded in antique fashion, its decorations all tarnished and faded out by age. Before it he stood reverently for a moment, and then, with a gusty sigh, as though of adoration, opened its chiselled door. Inside them was a marvelously clever portrait, very, very old—so old and clever that as though from another century the face looked out through a fine film of time and seemed alive. My friend Beaupertuys, with an expression of vast self-satisfaction, turned and faced me, in a certain pose, beside that other face. The latter had, to place it indisputably in the past, the glimmering collar of the Golden Fleece, the rusty, historic, peaked cap drawn down in front, and was surrounded by dim Lilies of France. But in the nose or eyes or mouth, whether from strange coincidence or mimicry, there was a certain indescribable resemblance. . . . When I said good-night I felt my hand-shake to be much less familiar, my bow more ceremonious, my whole farewell more profound. I went away gingerly, on tiptoe, as it were—as one who, enjoying royalty's tremendous condescensions with humble gratitude for them, steals smugly from the Presence.

Couplets by Robert Herrick

Money makes the mirth

When all Birds els do of their musick faile,
Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale.*

Teares

Teares most prevaile; with teares thou too mayst move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

Truth and Errour

Twixt Truth and Errour, there's this difference known,
Errour is fruitful. Truth is onely one.

The Lamplighter

A Farce in One Act

By CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr. Stargazer.
Master Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead Stargazer (*his son*).
Tom Grig (*the Lamplighter*).
Mr. Mooney (*an Astrologer*).
Servant.
Betsy Martin.
Emma Stargazer.
Fanny Brown.

Scene I.—*The Street, outside of* Mr. Stargazer's *house. Two street Lamp-posts in front.*

Tom Grig (*with ladder and lantern, singing as he enters*)—

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's proud
  bil-ler;
Evening has sigh'd, alas! to the lone wil-ler;
Night hurries on, night hurries on, earth and
  ocean to kiv-ver;
Rise, gentle moon, rise, gentle moon, and
  guide me to my—

That ain't a rhyme, that ain't—kiv-ver and lover! I ain't much of a poet; but if I couldn't make better verse than that, I'd undertake to be set fire to, and put up, instead of the lamp, before Alderman Waithman's obstacle in Fleet Street. Biller, wil-ler, kiv-ver — shiver, obviously. That's what *I* call poetry. [*Sings.*]

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's proud
bil-ler—

[*During the previous speech he has been occupied in lighting one of the lamps. As he is about to light the other,* Mr. Stargazer *appears at window, with a telescope.*]

Mr. Stargazer (*after spying most intently at the clouds*)—Halloa!

Tom (*on ladder*)—Sir, to you! And holloa again, if you come to that.

Mr. Stargazer—Have you seen the comet?

Tom—What Comet—The Exeter Comet?

Mr. Stargazer — What comet? *The* comet—Halley's comet!

Tom—Nelson's, you mean. I saw it coming out of the yard, not five minutes ago.

Mr. Stargazer—Could you distinguish anything of a tail?

Tom—Distinguish a tail? I believe you—four tails!

Mr. Stargazer—A comet with four tails; and all visible to the naked eye! Nonsense, it couldn't be.

Tom—You wouldn't say that again if you was down here, old Bantam. (*Clock strikes five.*) You'll tell me next, I suppose, that that isn't five o'clock striking, eh?

Mr. Stargazer — Five o'clock — five o'clock! Five o'clock P. M. on the thirtieth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight! Stop till I come down—stop! Don't go away on any account—not a foot, not a step. [*Closes window.*]

Tom (*descending, and shouldering his ladder*)—Stop! stop, to a lamplighter, with three hundred and seventy shops and a hundred and twenty private houses waiting to be set a light to! Stop, to a lamplighter! [*As he is running off, enter* Mr. Stargazer *from his house, hastily.*]

Mr. Stargazer (*detaining him*)—Not for

your life!—not for your life! The thirtieth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight! Miraculous circumstance! extraordinary fulfilment of a prediction of the planets!

Tom—What are you talking about?

Mr. Stargazer (*looking about*)—Is there nobody else in sight, up the street or down? No, not a soul! This, then, is the man whose coming was revealed to me by the stars, six months ago!

Tom—What do you mean?

Mr. Stargazer—Young man, that I have consulted the Book of Fate with rare and wonderful success—that coming events have cast their shadows before.

Tom—Don't talk nonsense to me—I ain't an event; I'm a lamplighter!

Mr. Stargazer (*aside*)—True! Strange destiny that one, announced by the planets as of noble birth, should be devoted to so humble an occupation. (*Aloud.*) But you were not *always* a lamplighter?

Tom—Why, no. I wasn't born with a ladder on my left shoulder, and light in my other hand. But I took to it very early, though—I had it from my uncle.

Mr. Stargazer (*aside*)—He had it from his uncle! How plain, and yet how forcible, is his language! He speaks of lamplighting, as though it were the whooping-cough or measles! (*To him.*) Ay!

Tom—Yes, he was the original. You should have known him!—'cod! he was a genius, if ever there was one. Gas was the death of him! When gas lamps was first talked of, my uncle draws himself up, and says, 'I'll not believe it, there's no sich a thing,' he says. 'You might as well talk of laying on an everlasting succession of glow-worms!' But when they made the experiment of lighting a piece of Pall Mall—

Mr. Stargazer—That was when it first came up?

Tom—No, no, that was when it was first laid down. Don't mind me; I can't help a joke, now and then. My uncle was sometimes took that way. When the experiment was made of lighting a piece of Pall Mall, and he had actually witnessed it, with his own eyes, you should have seen my uncle then!

Mr. Stargazer—So much overcome?

Tom—Overcome, sir! He fell off his ladder, from weakness, fourteen times that very night; and his last fall was into a wheelbarrow that was going his way, and humanely took him home. 'I foresee in this,' he says, 'the breaking up of our profession; no more polishing of the tin reflectors,' he says; 'no more fancy-work, in the way of clipping the cottons at two o'clock in the morning; no more going the rounds to trim by daylight, and dribbling down of the *ile* on the hats and bonnets of the ladies and gentlemen, when one feels in good spirits. Any low fellow can light a gas-lamp, and it's all up!' So he petitioned the Government for—what do you call that that they give to people when it's found out that they've never been of any use, and have been paid too much for doing nothin'?

Mr. Stargazer—Compensation?

Tom—Yes, that's the thing—compensation. They didn't give him any, though! And then he got very fond of his country all at once, and went about, saying how that the bringing in of gas was a death-blow to his native land, and how that its *ile* and cotton trade was gone forever, and the whales would go and kill themselves, privately, in spite and vexation at not being caught! After this, he was right-down cracked, and called his 'bacco pipe a gas-pipe, and thought his tears was lamp *ile*, and all manner of nonsense. At last, he went and hung himself on a lamp iron, in St. Martin's Lane, that he'd always been very fond of; and as he was a remarkably good husband, and had never had any secrets from his wife, he put a note in the two-penny post, as he went along, to tell the widder where the body was.

Mr. Stargazer (*laying his hand upon his arm, and speaking mysteriously*)—Do you remember your parents?

Tom—My mother I do, very well!

Mr. Stargazer—Was she of noble birth?

Tom—Pretty well. She was in the mangling line. Her mother came of a highly respectable family—such a business, in the sweetstuff and hardbake way!

Mr. Stargazer—Perhaps your father was——

Tom—Why, I hardly know about him. The fact is, there was some little doubt, at the time, who *was* my father. Two or three young gentlemen were paid the pleasing compliment; but their incomes being limited, they were compelled delicately to decline it.

Mr. Stargazer—Then the prediction is not fulfilled merely in part, but entirely and completely. Listen, young man—I am acquainted with all the celestial bodies——

Tom—Are you, though? I hope they are quite well—everybody.

Mr. Stargazer—Don't interrupt me. I am versed in the great sciences of astronomy and astrology; in my house there I have every description of apparatus for observing the course and motion of the planets. I'm writing a work about them, which will consist of eighty-four volumes, imperial quarto; and an appendix, nearly twice as long. I read what's going to happen in the stars.

TOM—Read what's going to happen in the stars! Will anything particular happen in the stars in the course of next week, now?

MR. STARGAZER—You don't understand me. I read in the stars what's going to happen here. Six months ago I derived from this source the knowledge that, precisely as the clock struck five, on the afternoon of this very day, a stranger would present himself before my enraptured sight—that stranger would be a man of illustrious and high descent—that stranger would be the destined husband of my young and lovely niece, who is now beneath that roof (*points to his house*)—that stranger is yourself: I receive you with open arms!

TOM—Me! I, the man of illustrious and high—I, the husband of a young and lovely—Oh! it can't be, you know! the stars have made a mistake—the comet has put 'em out!

MR. STARGAZER—Impossible! The characters were as plain as pike-staves. The clock struck five; you were here; there was not a soul in sight; a mystery envelops your birth; you are a man of noble aspect. Does not everything combine to prove the accuracy of my observations?

TOM—Upon my word, it looks like it! And now I come to think of it, I have very often felt as if I wasn't the small beer I was taken for. And yet I don't know—you're quite sure about the noble aspect?

MR. STARGAZER—Positively certain.

TOM—Give me your hand.

MR. STARGAZER—And my heart, too! [*They shake hands heartily.*]

TOM—The young lady is tolerably good-looking, is she?

MR. STARGAZER—Beautiful! A graceful carriage, an exquisite shape, a sweet voice; a countenance beaming with animation and expression; the eye of a startled fawn.

TOM—I see; a sort of game eye. Does she happen to have any of the—this is quite between you and me, you know—and I only ask from curiosity—not because I care about it—any of the ready?

MR. STARGAZER—Five thousand pounds! But what of that? what of that? A word in your ear. I'm in search of the philosopher's stone! I have very nearly found it—not quite. It turns everything to gold; that's its property.

TOM—What a lot of property it must have!

MR. STARGAZER—When I get it, we'll keep it in the family. Not a word to anyone! What will money be to us? We shall never be able to spend it fast enough.

TOM—Well, you know, we can but try—I'll do my best endeavours.

MR. STARGAZER—Thank you—thank you! But I'll introduce you to your future bride at once:—this way, this way!

TOM—What, without going my rounds first?

MR. STARGAZER—Certainly. A man in whom the planets take especial interest, and who is about to have a share in the philosopher's stone, descend to lamplighting!

TOM—Perish the base idea! not by no means! I'll take in my tools, though, to prevent any kind inquiries after me, at your door. (*As he shoulders the ladder the sound of violent rain is heard.*) Holloa!

MR. STARGAZER (*putting his hand on his head in amazement*)—What's that?

TOM—It's coming down, rather.

MR. STARGAZER—Rain!

TOM—Ah! and a soaker, too!

MR. STARGAZER—It can't be!—it's impossible!—(*Taking a book from his pocket, and turning over the pages hurriedly.*) Look here—here it is—here's the weather almanack—"Set fair"—I knew it couldn't be! [*with great triumph*].

TOM (*turning up his collar as the rain increases*)—Don't you think there's a dampness in the atmosphere?

MR. STARGAZER (*looking up*)—It's singular—it's *like* rain!

TOM—Uncommonly like.

MR. STARGAZER—It's a mistake in the elements, somehow. Here it is, "set fair"—and set fair it ought to be. "Light clouds floating about." Ah! you see, there are no light clouds;—the weather's all wrong.

TOM—Don't you think we had better get under cover?

MR. STARGAZER (*slowly retreating toward the house*)—I don't acknowledge that it has any right to rain, mind! I protest against this. If Nature goes on in this way, I shall lose all respect for her—it won't do, you know; it ought to have been two degrees colder, yesterday; and instead of that, it was warmer. This is not the way to treat scientific men. I protest against it! [*Exeunt into house, both talking,* TOM *pushing* STARGAZER *on, and the latter continually turning back, to declaim against the weather.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in* STARGAZER'S *house.* BETSY MARTIN, EMMA STARGAZER, FANNY BROWN, *and* GALILEO, *all murmuring together as they enter.*

BETSY—I say, again, young ladies, that it's shameful! unbearable!

ALL—Oh! shameful! shameful!

BETSY—Marry Miss Emma to a great, old, ugly, doting, dreaming As-tron-o-Magician, like Mr. Mooney, who's always winking and blinking through telescopes and that, and can't see a pretty face when it's under his very nose!

GALILEO (*with a melancholy air*)—There never was a pretty face under *his* nose, Betsy, leastways, since I've known him. He's very plain.

BETSY—Ah! there's poor young master, too; he hasn't even spirits enough to laugh at his own jokes. I'm sure I pity him, from the very bottom of my heart.

FANNY *and* EMMA—Poor fellow!

GALILEO—Ain't I a legitimate subject for pity? Ain't it a dreadful thing that I, that am twenty-one come next Lady-day, should be treated like a little boy?—and all because my father is so busy with the moon's age that he don't care about mine; and so much occupied in making observations on the sun round which the earth revolves, that he takes no notice of the son that revolves round him! I wasn't taken out of nankeen frocks and trousers till I became quite unpleasant in 'em.

ALL—What a shame!

GALILEO—I wasn't, indeed. And look at me now! Here's a state of things. Is this a suit of clothes for a major—at least, for a gentleman who is a minor now, but will be a major on the very next Lady-day that comes? Is this a fit——

ALL (*interrupting him*)—Certainly not!

GALILEO (*vehemently*)—I won't stand it—I won't submit to it any longer. I *will* be married.

ALL—No, no, no! don't be rash.

GALILEO—I will, I tell you. I'll marry my cousin Fanny. Give me a kiss, Fanny; and Emma and Betsy will look the other way the while. (*Kisses her.*) There!

BETSY—Sir—sir! here's your father coming!

GALILEO—Well, then, I'll have another, as an antidote to my father. One more; Fanny. [*Kisses her.*]

MR. STARGAZER (*without*)—This way! this way! You shall behold her immediately. [*Enter* MR. STARGAZER, TOM *following bashfully.*]

MR. STARGAZER—Where is my—? Oh, here she is! Fanny, my dear, come here. Do you see that gentleman? [*Aside.*]

FANNY—What gentleman, uncle? Do you mean that elastic person yonder who is bowing with so much perseverance?

MR. STARGAZER—Hush! yes; that's the interesting stranger.

FANNY—Why, he is kissing his hand, uncle. What does the creature mean?

MR. STARGAZER—Ah, the rogue! Just like me, before I married your poor aunt—all fire and impatience. He means love, my darling, love. I've such a delightful surprise for you. I didn't tell you before, for fear there should be any mistake; but it's all right, it's all right. The stars have settled it all among 'em. He's to be your husband!

FANNY—My husband, uncle? Goodness gracious, Emma! [*Converses apart with her.*]

MR. STARGAZER (*aside*)—He has made a sensation already. His noble aspect and distinguished air have produced an instantaneous impression. Mr. Grig, will you permit me? (TOM *advances awkwardly.*)—This is my niece, Mr. Grig,—my niece, Miss Fanny Brown; my daughter, Emma—Mr. Thomas Grig, the favourite of the planets.

TOM—I hope I see Miss Memmer in a conwivial state. (*Aside to* MR. STARGAZER.) I say, I don't know which is which.

MR. STARGAZER (*aside*)—The young lady nearest here is your affianced bride. Say something appropriate.

TOM—Certainly; yes, of course. Let me see. Miss (*crosses to her*)—I—thank 'ee! [*Kisses her, behind his hat. She screams.*]

GALILEO (*bursting from* BETSY, *who has been retaining him*)—Outrageous insolence! [BETSY *runs off.*]

MR. STARGAZER—Halloa, sir, halloa!

TOM—Who is this juvenile salamander, sir?

MR. STARGAZER—My little boy—only my little boy; don't mind him. Shake hands with the gentleman, sir, instantly [*to* GALILEO].

TOM—A very find boy, indeed! and he does you great credit, sir. How d' ye do, my little man? (*They shake hands,* GALILEO *looking very wrathful, as* TOM *pats him on the head.*) There, that's very right and proper. ''Tis dogs delight to bark and bite'; not young gentlemen, you know. There, there!

MR. STARGAZER—Now let me introduce you to that *sanctum sanctorum*—that hallowed ground—that philosophical retreat—where I, the *genius loci*——

TOM—Eh?

MR. STARGAZER—The *genius loci*——

TOM (*aside*)—Something to drink, perhaps. Oh, ah! yes, yes!

Mr. Stargazer—Have made all my greatest and most profound discoveries! where the telescope has almost grown to my eye with constant application; and the glass retort has been shivered to pieces from the ardour with which my experiments have been pursued. There the illustrious Mooney is, even now, pursuing those researches which will enrich us with precious metal, and make us masters of the world. Come, Mr. Grig.

Tom—By all means, sir; and luck to the illustrious Mooney, say I—not so much on Mooney's account as for our noble selves.

Mr. Stargazer—Emma!

Emma—Yes, papa.

Mr. Stargazer—The same day that makes your cousin Mrs. Grig, will make you and that immortal man, of whom we have just now spoken, one.

Emma—Oh! consider, dear papa——

Mr. Stargazer—You are unworthy of him, I know; but he—kind, generous creature—consents to overlook your defects, and to take you, for my sake,—devoted man!—Come, Mr. Grig!—Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead!

Galileo—Well? [*Advancing sulkily.*]

Mr. Stargazer—In name, alas! but not in nature; knowing, even by sight, no other planets than the sun and moon—here is your weekly pocket-money—sixpence! Take it all!

Tom—And don't spend it all at once, my man! Now, sir!

Mr. Stargazer—Now, Mr. Grig—go first, sir, I beg! [*Exeunt* Tom *and* Mr. Stargazer.]

Galileo—"Come, Mr. Grig!"—"Go first Mr. Grig!"—"Day that makes your cousin Mrs. Grig!"—I'll secretly stick a penknife into Mr. Grig, if I live to be three hours older!

Fanny (*on one side of him*)—Oh! don't talk in that desperate way—there's a dear, dear creature!

Emma (*on the other side*)—No! pray do not;—it makes my blood run cold to hear you.

Galileo—Oh! if I was of age!—if I was only of age!—or we could go to Gretna Green, at threepence a head, including refreshments and all incidental expenses. But that could never be! Oh! if I was only of age!

Fanny—But what if you were? What could you do, then?

Galileo—Marry you, cousin Fanny; I could marry you then lawfully, and without anybody's consent.

Fanny—You forget that, situated as we are, we could not be married, even if you *were* one-and-twenty;—we have no money!

Emma—Not even enough for the fees!

Galileo—Oh! I am sure every Christian clergyman, under such afflicting circumstances, would marry us on credit. The wedding fees might stand over till the first christening, and then we could settle the little bill altogether. Oh! why ain't I of age!—why ain't I of age? [*Enter* Betsy, *in haste.*]

Betsy—Well! I never could have believed it! There, Miss! I wouldn't have believed it, if I had dreamt it, even with a bit of bride-cake under my pillow! To dare to go and think of marrying a young lady, with five thousand pounds, to a common lamplighter!

All—A lamplighter?

Betsy—Yes, he's Tom Grig the lamplighter, and nothing more nor less, and old Mr. Stargazer goes and picks him out of the open street, and brings him in for Miss Fanny's husband, because he pretends to have read something about it in the stars. Stuff and nonsense! I don't believe he knows his letters in the stars, and that's the truth; or if he's got as far as words in one syllable, it's quite as much as he has.

Fanny—Was such an atrocity ever heard of? I, left with no power to marry without his consent, and he almost possessing the power to force my inclinations.

Emma—It's actually worse than my being sacrificed to that odious and detestable Mr. Mooney.

Betsy—Come, Miss, it's not quite so bad as that neither; for Thomas Grig is a young man, and a proper young man enough too, but as to Mr. Mooney—oh, dear! no husband is bad enough in my opinion, Miss; but he is worse than nothing—a great deal worse.

Fanny—You seem to speak feelingly about this same Mr. Grig.

Betsy—Oh, dear no, Miss, not I. I don't mean to say but what Mr. Grig may be very well in his way, Miss; but Mr. Grig and I have never held any communication together, not even so much as how-d'ye-do. Oh, no indeed, I have been very careful, Miss, as I always am with strangers. I was acquainted with the last lamplighter, Miss, but he's going to be married, and has given up the calling, for the young woman's parents being very respectable, wished her to marry a literary man, and so he has set up as a bill-sticker. Mr. Grig only came upon this beat at five to-night, Miss.

FANNY—Which is a very sufficient reason why you don't know more of him.

BETSY—Well, Miss, perhaps it is; and I hope there's no crime in making friends in this world, if we can, Miss.

FANNY—Certainly not. So far from it, that I most heartily wish you could make something more than a friend of this Mr. Grig, and so lead him to falsify this prediction.

GALILEO—Oh! don't you think you could, Betsy?

EMMA—You could not manage at the same time to get any young friend of yours to make something more than a friend of Mr. Mooney, could you, Betsy?

GALILEO—But, seriously, don't you think you could manage to give us all a helping hand together, in some way, eh, Betsy?

FANNY—Yes, yes, that would be so delightful. I should be grateful to her for ever Shouldn't you?

EMMA—Oh, to the very end of my life!

GALILEO—And so should I, you know, and lor'! we should make her so rich, when—when we got rich ourselves—shouldn't we?

BOTH—Oh, that we should, of course.

BETSY—Let me see. I don't wish to have Mr. Grig to myself, you know. I don't want to be married.

ALL—No! no! no! Of course she don't.

BETSY—I haven't the least idea to put Mr. Grig off this match, you know, for anybody's sake but you young people's. I am going quite *contrairy* to my own feelings, you know.

ALL—Oh, yes, yes! How kind she is!

BETSY—Well, I'll go over the matter with the young ladies in Miss Emma's room, and if we can think of anything that seems likely to help us, so much the better; and if we can't, we're none the worst. But Master Galileo mustn't come, for he is so horrid jealous of Miss Fanny that I dursn't hardly say anything before him. Why, I declare (*looking off*), there is my gentleman looking about him as if he had lost Mr. Stargazer, and now he turns this way. There—get out of sight. Make haste!

GALILEO—I may see 'em as far as the bottom stair, mayn't I, Betsy?

BETSY—Yes, but not a step farther on any consideration. There, get away softly, so that if he passes here, he may find me alone. [*They creep gently out,* GALILEO *returns and peeps in.*]

GALILEO—Hist, Betsy!

BETSY—Go away, sir. What have you come back for?

GALILEO (*holding out a large pin*)—I wish you'd take an opportunity of sticking this a little way into him for patting me on the head just now.

BETSY—Nonsense, you can't afford to indulge in such expensive amusements as retaliation yet awhile. You must wait till you come into your property, sir. There. Get you gone! [*Exit* GALILEO. *Enter* TOM GRIG.]

TOM (*aside*)—I never saw such a scientific file in my days. The enterprising gentleman that drowned himself to *see how it felt*, is nothing to him. There he is, just gone down to the bottom of a dry well in an uncommonly small bucket, to take an extra squint at the stars, they being seen best, I suppose, through the medium of a cold in the head. Halloa! Here is a young female of attractive proportions. I wonder now whether a man of noble aspect would be justified in tickling her. [*He advances stealthily and tickles her under the arm.*]

BETSY (*starting*)—Eh! What! Lor', sir!

TOM—Don't be alarmed. My intentions are strictly honourable. In other words, I have no intentions whatever.

BETSY—Then you ought to be more careful, Mr. Grig. That was a liberty, sir.

TOM—I know it was. The cause of liberty, all over the world—that's my sentiment! What is your name?

BETSY (*curtseying*)—Betsy Martin, sir.

TOM—A name famous both in song and story. Would you have the goodness, Miss Martin, to direct me to that particular apartment wherein the illustrious Mooney is now pursuing his researches?

BETSY (*aside*)—A little wholesome fear may not be amiss. (*To him, in assumed agitation.*) You are not going into *that* room, Mr. Grig?

TOM—Indeed, I am, and I ought to be there now, having promised to join that light of science, your master (a short six, by the bye!), outside the door.

BETSY—That dreadful and mysterious chamber! Another victim!

TOM—Victim, Miss Martin!

BETSY—Oh! the awful oath of secrecy which binds me not to disclose the perils of that gloomy, hideous room.

TOM (*astonished*)—Miss Martin!

BETSY—Such a fine young man—so rosy and fresh-coloured, that he should fall into the clutches of that cruel and insatiable monster! I cannot continue to witness such frightful scenes; I must give warning.

TOM—If you have anything to unfold,

young woman, have the goodness to give *me* warning at once.

Betsy (*affecting to recover herself*)—No, no, Mr. Grig, it's nothing—it's ha! ha! ha!—don't mind me, don't mind me, but it certainly is very shocking—no—no—I don't mean that. I mean funny—yes. Ha! ha! ha!

Tom (*aside, regarding her attentively*)—I suspect a trick here—some other lover in the case who wants to come over the stars;—but it won't do. I'll tell you what, young woman (*to her*), if this is a cloak, you had better try it on elsewhere—in plain English, if you have any object to gain and think to gain it by frightening *me*, it's all my eye and, and—yourself, Miss Martin.

Betsy—Well, then, if you will rush upon your fate—there (*pointing off*)—that's the door at the end of that long passage and across the gravelled yard. The room is built away from the house on purpose.

Tom—I'll make for it at once, and the first object I inspect through that same telescope, which now and then grows to your master's eye, shall be the moon—the moon, which is the emblem of your inconstant and deceitful sex, Miss Martin.

Duet.

Air—"*The Young May-moon.*"

Tom. There comes a new moon twelve times a year.
Betsy. And when there is none, all is dark and drear.
Tom. In which I espy—
Betsy. And so, too, do I—
Both. A resemblance to womankind very clear.
Both. There comes a new moon twelve times in a year;
And when there is none, all is dark and drear.
Tom. In which I espy—
Betsy. And so do I—
Both. A resemblance to womankind very clear.

Second Verse.

Tom. She changes, she's fickle, she drives men mad.
Betsy. She comes to bring light, and leaves them sad.
Tom. So restless wild—
Betsy. But so sweetly wild—
Both. That no better companion could be had.
Both. There comes a new moon twelve times a year;
And when there is none, all is dark and drear.
Tom. In which I espy—
Betsy. And so do I—
Both. A resemblance to womankind very clear. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*A large gloomy room; a window with a telescope directed toward the sky without; a table covered with books, instruments and apparatus, which are also scattered about in other parts of the chamber; a dim lamp, a pair of globes, etc.; a skeleton in a case, and various uncouth objects displayed against the walls. Two doors in flat.* Mr. Mooney *discovered, with a very dirty face, busily engaged in blowing a fire, upon which is a crucible.*

[*Enter* Mr. Stargazer, *with a lamp, beckoning to* Tom Grig, *who enters with some unwillingness.*]

Mr. Stargazer—This, Mr. Grig, is the *sanctum sanctorum* of which I have already spoken; this is at once the laboratory and observatory.

Tom—It's not an over-lively place, is it?

Mr. Stargazer—It has an air of solemnity which well accords with the great and mysterious pursuits that are here in constant prosecution, Mr. Grig.

Tom—Ah! I should think it would suit an undertaker to the life; or perhaps I should rather say to the death. What may that cheerful object be now? [*Pointing to a large phial.*]

Mr. Stargazer—That contains a male infant with three heads—we use it in astrology—it is supposed to be a *charm.*

Tom—I shouldn't have supposed it myself, from his appearance. The young gentleman isn't alive, is he?

Mr. Stargazer—No, he is preserved in spirits. [Mr. Mooney *sneezes.*]

Tom (*retreating into a corner*)—Halloa! What the—(Mr. Mooney *looks vacantly around.*) That gentleman, I suppose, is out of spirits?

Mr. Stargazer (*laying his hand upon* Tom's *arm and looking toward the philosopher*)—Hush! that is the gifted Mooney. Mark well his noble countenance—intense thought beams from every lineament. That is the great astrologer.

Tom—He looks as if he had been having a touch at the black art. I say, why don't he say something?

Mr. Stargazer—He is in a state of abstraction; see he directs his bellows this way, and blows upon the empty air.

Tom—Perhaps he sees a strange spark in

this direction and wonders how he came here. I wish he'd blow me out. (*Aside.*) I don't half like this.

MR. STARGAZER—You shall see me rouse him.

TOM—Don't put yourself out of the way on my account; I can make his acquaintance at any other time.

MR. STARGAZER—No time like the time present. Nothing awakens him from these fits of meditation but an electric shock. We always have a strongly charged battery on purpose. I'll give him a shock directly. [MR. STARGAZER *goes up and cautiously places the end of a wire in* MR. MOONEY'S *hand. He then stoops down beside the table as though bringing it in contact with the battery.* MR. MOONEY *immediately jumps up with a loud cry and throws away the bellows.*]

TOM (*squaring at the philosopher*)—It wasn't me, you know, none of your nonsense.

MR. STARGAZER (*comes hastily forward*)—Mr. Grig—Mr. Grig—not that disrespectful attitude to one of the greatest men that ever lived. This, my dear friend (*to* MOONEY)—is the noble stranger.

MR. MOONEY—A-ha!

MR. STARGAZER—Who arrived, punctual to his time, this afternoon.

MR. MOONEY—O-ho!

MR. STARGAZER—Welcome him, my friend—give him your hand. (MR. MOONEY *appears confused and raises his leg.*) No—no, that's your foot. So absent, Mr. Grig, in his gigantic meditations that very often he doesn't know one from the other. Yes, that's your hand, very good, my dear friend, very good [*Pats* MOONEY *on the back as he and* TOM *shake hands, the latter at arm's length*].

MR. STARGAZER—Have you made any more discoveries during my absence?

MR. MOONEY—Nothing particular.

MR. STARGAZER—Do you think—do you think, my dear friend, that we shall arrive at any great stage in our labours, anything at all approaching to their final consummation in the course of the night?

MR. MOONEY—I cannot take upon myself to say.

MR. STARGAZER—What are your opinions upon the subject?

MR. MOONEY—I haven't any opinions upon any subject whatsoever.

MR. STARGAZER—Wonderful man! Here's a mind, Mr. Grig.

TOM—Yes, his conversation's very improving indeed. But what's he staring so hard at me for?

MR. STARGAZER—Something occurs to him. Don't speak—don't disturb the current of his reflections upon any account. [MR. MOONEY *walks solemnly up to* TOM, *who retreats before him; taking off his hat, turns it over and over with a thoughtful countenance and finally puts it upon his own head.*]

MR. STARGAZER—Eccentric man!

TOM—I say, I hope he don't mean to keep that, because if he does, his eccentricity is unpleasant. Give him another shock and knock it off, will you?

MR. STARGAZER—Hush! hush! not a word. [MR. MOONEY *keeping his eyes fixed on* TOM, *slowly returns to* MR. STARGAZER *and whispers in his ear.*]

MR. STARGAZER—Surely; by all means. I took the date of his birth, and all other information necessary for the purpose just now. (*To* TOM.) Mr. Mooney suggests that we should cast your nativity without delay, in order that we may communicate to you your future destiny.

MR. MOONEY—Let us retire for that purpose.

MR. STARGAZER—Certainly, wait here for a few moments, Mr. Grig: we are only going into the little laboratory and will return immediately. Now, my illustrious friend. [*He takes up a lamp and leads the way to one of the doors. As* MR. MOONEY *follows,* TOM *steals behind him and regains his hat.* MR. MOONEY *turns round, stares, and exit through door.*]

TOM—Well, that's the queerest genius I ever came across—rather a singular person for a little smoking party. (*Looks into the crucible.*) This is the saucepan, I suppose, where they're boiling the philosopher's stone down to the proper consistency. I hope it's nearly done; when it's quite ready, I'll send out for sixpenn'orth of sprats, and turn 'em into gold fish for a first experiment. 'Cod! it'll be a comfortable thing though to have no end to one's riches. I'll have a country house and a park, and I'll plant a bit of it with a double row of gas-lamps a mile long, and go out with a French polished mahogany ladder, and two servants in livery behind me, to light 'em with my own hands every night. What's to be seen here? (*Looks through telescope.*) Nothing particular, the stopper being on at the other end. The little boy with three heads (*looking toward the case*). What a comfort he must have been to his parents—Halloa! (*taking up a large knife*) this is a disagreeable looking instrument—something too large for bread and cheese, or oysters, and not of a bad shape for sticking live persons in the ribs. A very dismal place this—I wish they'd come back. Ah—(*coming upon the skeleton*) here's a ghastly object—what does the writing say? —(*reads a label upon the case*) "Skeleton of a gentleman prepared by Mr. Mooney." I hope Mr. Mooney may not be in the habit of inviting gentlemen here, and making 'em into such preparations without their own consent. Here's a book, now. What's all this about, I wonder? The letters look as if a steam-engine had printed 'em by accident. [*Turns over the leaves, spelling to himself.* GALILEO *enters softly unseen by* TOM, *who has his back toward him.*]

GALILEO (*aside*)—Oh, you're there, are you? If I could but suffocate him, not for life, but only till I am one-and-twenty, and then revive him, what a comfort and convenience it would be! I overheard my cousin Fanny talking to Betsy about coming here. What can she want here? If she can be false—false to *me*—it seems impossible, but if she is—well, well, we shall see. If I can reach that lumber-room unseen, Fanny Brown—beware. [*He steals toward the door on the left—opens it, and exits cautiously into the room. As he does so,* TOM *turns the other way.*]

TOM (*closing the book*)—It's very pretty Greek, I think. What a time they are! [MR. STARGAZER *and* MOONEY *enter from room.*]

MOONEY—Tell the noble gentleman of his irrevocable destiny.

MR. STARGAZER (*with emotion*)—No—no, prepare him first.

TOM (*aside*)—Prepare him! "prepared by Mr. Mooney"—This is a case of kidnapping and slaughter. (*To them*)—Let him attempt to prepare me at his peril!

MR. STARGAZER—Mr. Grig, why this demonstration?

TOM—Oh, don't talk to me of demonstrations—you ain't going to demonstrate me, and so I tell you.

MR. STARGAZER—Alas! (*Crossing to him.*) The truth we have to communicate requires but little demonstration from our feeble lips. We have calculated upon your nativity.

MOONEY—Yes, we have, we have.

MR. STARGAZER—Tender-hearted man! (MOONEY *weeps.*) See there, Mr. Grig, isn't that affecting?

TOM—What is he piping his boiled gooseberry eye for, sir? How should I know whether it's affecting or not?

MR. STARGAZER. For you, for you. We find that you will expire to-morrow two months, at thirty minutes—wasn't it thirty minutes, my friend?

MOONEY—Thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds and five-sixths of a second. Oh! [*Groans.*]

MR. STARGAZER —Thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds, and five-sixths of a second past nine o'clock.

MOONEY—A. M. [*They both wipe their eyes.*]

TOM (*alarmed*)—Don't tell me, you've made a mistake somewhere—I won't believe it.

MOONEY—No, it is all correct, we worked it all in the most satisfactory manner—Oh! [*Groans again.*]

TOM—Satisfactory, sir! Your notions of the satisfactory are of an extraordinary nature.

MR. STARGAZER (*producing a pamphlet*)—It is confirmed by the prophetic almanack. Here is the prediction for to-morrow two months—"The decease of a great person may be looked for about this time."

TOM (*dropping into his chair*)—That's me! It's all up! inter me decently, my friends.

MR. STARGAZER (*shaking his hand*)—Your wishes shall be attended to. We must have the marriage with my niece at once, in order that your distinguished race may be transmitted to posterity. Condole with him, my Mooney, while I compose my feelings, and settle the preliminaries of the marriage in solitude. [*Takes up lamp and exit into room right.* MOONEY *draws up a chair in a line with* TOM, *a long way off. They both sigh heavily.* GALILEO *opens the lumber-room door. As he does so the room door opens and* BETSY *steals softly in, beckoning to* EMMA, *and* FANNY *who follow. He retires again abruptly.*]

BETSY (*aside*)—Now, young ladies, if you take heart only for one minute you may frighten Mr. Mooney out of being married at once.

EMMA—But if he has serious thoughts?

BETSY—Nonsense, Miss, he hasn't any thoughts. Your papa says to him, "Will you marry my daughter?" and he says, "Yes, I will"; and he would and will if you ain't bold, but bless you, he never turned it over in his mind for a minute. If you, Miss (*to* EMMA), pretend to hate him and love a rival, and you, Miss (*to* FANNY), to love him to distraction, you'll frighten him so betwixt you that he'll declare off directly, I warrant. The love will frighten him quite as much as the hate. He never saw a woman in a passion, and as to one in love, I don't believe that anybody but his mother ever kissed that grumpy old face of his in all his born days. Now, do try him, ladies. Come, we're losing time. [*She conceals herself behind the skeleton case.* EMMA *rushes up to* TOM GRIG *and embraces him, while* FANNY *clasps* MOONEY *round the neck.* GALILEO *appears at his door in an attitude of amazement, and* MR. STARGAZER *at his, after running in again with the lamp, which, before he sees what is going forward, he had in his hand.* TOM *and* MOONEY *in great astonishment.*]

FANNY (*to* MOONEY)—Hush! hush!

EMMA (to GRIG)—Hush! Hush! [TOM GRIG *and* MOONEY *get their heads sufficiently out of embrace to exchange a look of wonder.*]

EMMA—Dear Mr. Grig, I know you must consider this strange, extraordinary, unaccountable conduct.

TOM—Why, ma'am, without explanation, it does appear singular.

EMMA—Yes, yes, I know it does, I know it will, but the urgency of the case must plead my excuse. Too fascinating? Mr. Grig, I have seen you once and only once, but the impression of that maddening interview can never be effaced. I love you to distraction. [*Falls upon his shoulder.*]

TOM—You're extremely obliging, ma'am, it's a flattering sort of thing—or it would be (*aside*) if I was going to live a little longer—but you're not the one, ma'am—it's the other lady that the stars have——

FANNY (*to* MOONEY)—Nay, wonderful being, hear me—this is not a time for false conventional delicacy. Wrapt in your sublime visions, you have not perceived the silent tokens of a woman's first and all-absorbing attachment, which have been, I fear, but too perceptible in the eyes of others; but now I must speak out. I hate this odious man. You are my first and only love. Oh! speak to me.

MOONEY—I haven't anything appropriate to say, young woman. I think I had better go. [*Attempting to get away.*]

FANNY—Oh! no, no, no (*detaining him*). Give me some encouragement. Not one kind word? not one look of love?

MOONEY—I don't know how to look a look of love—I'm, I'm frightened.

TOM—So am I—I don't understand this. I tell you, Miss, that the other lady is my destined wife. Upon my word you mustn't hug me, you'll make her jealous.

FANNY—Jealous! of you! Hear me (*to* MOONEY). I renounce all claim or title to the hand of that or any other man and vow to be eternally and wholly yours.

MOONEY—No, don't, you can't be mine—nobody can be mine—I don't want anybody—I—I—

EMMA—If you will not hear her—hear *me*, detested monster—Hear me declare that sooner than be your bride, with this deep passion for another rooted in my heart—I—

MOONEY—You need not make any declaration on the subject, young woman.

MR. STARGAZER (*coming forward*)—She shan't—she shan't. That's right, don't hear her. She shall marry you whether she likes it or not—she shall marry you to-morrow morning—and you, Miss (*to* FANNY), shall marry Mr. Grig if I trundle you to church in a wheelbarrow.

GALILEO (*coming forward*)—So she shall! so she may! Let her! let her! I give her leave.

MR. STARGAZER—You give her leave, you young dog! Who the devil cares whether *you* give her leave or not? and what are you spinning about in that way for?

GALILEO—I'm fierce, I'm furious—don't talk to me—I shall do somebody a mischief—I'll never marry anybody after this, never, never, it isn't safe. I'll live and die a bachelor!—there—a bachelor! a bachelor! [*He goes up and encounters* BETSY. *She talks to him apart, and his wrath seems gradually to subside.*]

MOONEY—The little boy, albeit of tender years, has spoken wisdom. I have been led to the contemplation of womankind. I find their love is too violent for my staid habits. I would rather not venture upon the troubled waters of matrimony.

MR. STARGAZER—You don't mean to marry my daughter? Not if I say she *shall* have you? (MOONEY *shakes his head solemnly.*) Mr. Grig, you have not changed your mind because of a little girlish folly?

TOM—To-morrow two months! I may as well get through as much gold as I can in the meantime. Why, sir, if the pot nearly boils (*pointing to the crucible*)—if you're pretty near the philosopher's stone—

MR. STARGAZER—Pretty near! We're sure of it—certain; it's as good as money in the Bank. [GALILEO *and* BETSY, *who have been listening attentively, bustle about, fanning the fire, and throwing in sundry powders from the bottles on the table, then cautiously retire to a distance.*]

TOM—If that's the case, sir, I am ready to keep faith with the planets. I'll take her, sir, I'll take her.

MR. STARGAZER—Then here's her hand, Mr. Grig—no resistance, Miss (*drawing

Fanny *forward*). It's of no use, so you may as well do it with a good grace. Take her hand, Mr. Grig. [*The crucible blows up with a loud crash; they all start.*]

Mr. Stargazer—What—the labour of fifteen years destroyed in an instant!

Mooney (*stooping over the fragments*)—That's the only disappointment I have experienced in this process since I was first engaged in it when I was a boy. It always blows up when it's on the point of succeeding.

Tom—Is the philosopher's stone gone?

Mooney—No.

Tom—Not gone, sir?

Mooney—No—it never came!

Mr. Stargazer—But we'll get it, Mr. Grig. Don't be cast down, we shall discover it in less than fifteen years this time, I dare say.

Tom (*relinquishing* Fanny's *hand*)—Ah! Were the stars very positive about this union?

Mr. Stargazer—They had not a doubt about it. They say it *was* to be, and it must be. They were peremptory.

Tom—I am sorry for that, because they have been very civil to me in the way of showing a light now and then, and I really regret disappointing 'em. But under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it can't be.

Mr. Stargazer—Can't be, Mr. Grig! What can't be?

Tom—The marriage, sir. I forbid the banns. (*Retires and sits down.*)

Mr. Stargazer—Impossible! such a prediction unfulfilled! Why, the consequences would be as fatal as those of a concussion between the comet and this globe. Can't be! it must be, shall be.

Betsy (*coming forward, followed by* Galileo)—If you please, sir, may I say a word?

Mr. Stargazer—What have you got to say—speak, woman!

Betsy—Why, sir, I don't think Mr.Grig is the right man.

Mr. Stargazer—What!

Betsy—Don't you recollect, sir, that just as the house-clock struck the first stroke of five, you gave Mr. Galileo a thump on the head with the butt end of your telescope, and told him to get out of the way?

Mr. Stargazer—Well, if I did, what of that?

Betsy—Why, then, sir, I say, and I would say it if I was to be killed for it, that he's the young gentleman that ought to marry Miss Fanny, and that the stars never meant anything else.

Mr. Stargazer—He! Why, he's a little boy.

Galileo—I ain't. I'm one-and-twenty next Lady-day.

Mr. Stargazer—Eh! Eighteen hundred and—why, so he is, I declare. He's quite a stranger to me, certainly. I never thought about his age since he was fourteen, and I remember that birthday, because he'd a new suit of clothes then. But the noble family—

Betsy—Lor', sir! ain't it being of a noble family to be the son of such a clever man as you?

Mr. Stargazer—That's true. And my mother's father would have been Lord Mayor, only he died of turtle the year before.

Betsy—Oh, it's quite clear.

Mr. Stargazer—The only question is about the time, because the church clock, struck afterward. But I should think the stars, taking so much interest in my house, would most likely go by the house-clock—eh! Mooney?

Mooney—Decidedly—yes.

Mr. Stargazer—Then you may have her, my son. Her father was a great astronomer; so I hope that, though you *are* a blockhead, your children may be scientific. There! [*Joins their hands.*]

Emma—Am I free to marry who I like, papa?

Mr. Stargazer—Won't you, Mooney? Won't you?

Mooney—If anybody asks me to again I'll run away, and never come back any more.

Mr. Stargazer—Then we must drop the subject. Yes, your choice is now unfettered.

Emma—Thank you, dear papa. Then I'll look about for somebody who will suit me without the delay of an instant longer than is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Stargazer—How very dutiful!

Fanny—And, as my being here just now with Emma was a little trick of Betsy's, I hope you'll forgive her, uncle.

Emma
Galileo Oh, yes do.

Fanny—And even reward her, uncle, for being instrumental in fulfilling the prediction.

Emma
Galileo } Oh, yes; do reward her—do.

Fanny—Perhaps you could find a husband for her, uncle, you know. Don't you understand?

Betsy—Pray don't mention it, Miss. I told you at first, Miss, that I had not the least wish or inclination to have Mr. Grig to myself. I couldn't abear that Mr. Grig should think I wanted him to marry me; oh no, Miss, not on any account.

Mr. Stargazer—Oh, that's pretty intelligible. Here, Mr. Grig. (*They fall back from his chair.*) Have you any objection to take this young woman for better, for worse?

Betsy—Lor', sir! how ondelicate!

Mr. Stargazer—I'll add a portion of ten pounds for your loss of time here to-night. What do you say, Mr. Grig?

Tom—It don't much matter. I ain't long for this world. Eight weeks of marriage might reconcile me to my fate. I should go off, I think, more resigned and peaceful. Yes, I'll take her, as a reparation. Come to my arms! [*He embraces her with a dismal face.*]

Mr. Stargazer (*taking a paper from his pocket*)—Egad! that reminds me of what I came back to say, which all this bustle drove out of my head. There's a figure wrong in the nativity (*handing the paper to* Mooney). He'll live to a green old age.

Tom (*looking up*)—Eh! What?

Mooney—So he will. Eighty-two years and twelve days will be the lowest.

Tom (*disengaging himself*)—Eh! here! (*calling off*). Hallo, you, sir! bring in that ladder and lantern. [*A Servant enters in great haste, and hands them to* Tom.]

Servant—There's such a row in the street—none of the gas-lamps lit, and all the people calling for the lamplighter. *Such* a row! [*Rubbing his hands with great glee.*]

Tom—Is there, my fine fellow? Then I'll go and light 'em. And as, under existing circumstances, and with the prospect of a green old age before me, I'd rather *not* be married, Miss Martin, I beg to assure the ratepayers present that in future I shall pay the strictest attention to my professional duties, and do my best for the contractor; and that I shall be found upon my beat as long as they condescend to patronize the Lamplighter. [*Runs off.* Miss Martin *faints in the arms of* Mooney.]

CURTAIN

Two Songs by Robert Burns

A Red, Red Rose

Tune: "*Wishaw's favourite*"

O MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

As fair thou art, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

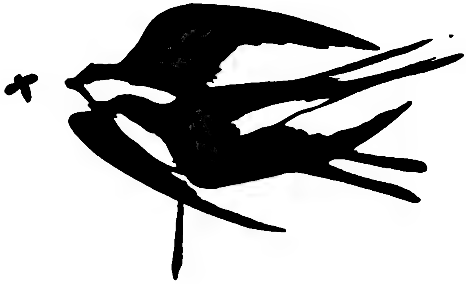
And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

Tune: "*The Lass of Livingstone*"

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Of earth and air, of earth and air,
The desart were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The only jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.



The Open Road

Part II

THE HOME MEMORY OF A WELSH ADVENTURER

In walking up this mountain village I saw no one, and heard no sound but the echo of my steps amongst the houses. As I returned, however, I saw a man standing at a door—he was a short figure, about fifty. He had an old hat on his head—a stick in his hand and was dressed in a duffel green coat.

"Good day, friend," said I; "what may be the name of this place?"

"Pont Madog, sir, is its name, for want of a better."

"That's a fine name," said I; "it signifies in English the bridge of Madoc."

"Just so, sir; I see you know Welsh. . . "

"And why was the bridge called the bridge of Madoc?" said I.

"Because one Madoc built it, sir."

"Was he the son of Owain Gwynedd?" said I.

"Ah, I see you know all about Wales, sir. Yes, sir; he built it, or I daresay he built it, Madawg ap Owain Gwynedd. I have read much about him—he was a great sailor, sir, and was the first to discover Tir y Gorllewin or America. Not many years ago his tomb was discovered there with an inscription in old Welsh—saying who he was, and how he loved the sea. I have seen the lines which were found on the tomb."

"So have I," said I: "or at least those which were said to be found on a tomb: they run thus in English:

"Here after sailing far I Madoc lie,
Of Owain Gwynedd lawful progeny:
The verdant land had little charms for me;
From earliest youth I loved the dark-blue sea."

"Ah, sir," said the man, "I see you know all about the son of Owain Gwynedd. Well, sir, those lines, or something like them, were found upon the tomb of Madoc in America."

"That I doubt," said I.

"Do you doubt, sir, that Madoc discovered America?"

"Not in the least," said I; "but I doubt very much that his tomb was ever discovered with the inscription which you allude to upon it."

"But it was, sir, I do assure you, and the descendants of Madoc and his people are still to be found in a part of America speaking the pure iaith Cymraeg, better Welsh than we of Wales do." GEORGE BORROW.

THE KING WHOSE HEART THIRSTED TO LOOK INTO MARVELS

Harald's son GORM won no mean place of honour among the ancient generals of the **Danes by his record of doughty deeds.** For he ventured into fresh fields, preferring to practise his inherited valour, not in war, but in searching the secrets of nature; and, just as other kings are stirred by warlike ardour, so his heart thirsted to look into marvels; either what he could experience himself, or what were merely matters of report. And being desirous to go and see all things foreign and extraordinary, he thought that he must, above all, test a report which he had heard from the men of Thule concerned in the abode of a certain Geirrod (Geruthus). For they boasted past belief of the mighty piles of treasure in that country, but said that it was beset with peril, and hardly passable by mortal man. For those who had tried it declared that it was needful to sail over the Ocean that goes round the lands, to leave the sun and stars behind, to journey down into chaos, and at last to pass into a land where no light was and where darkness reigned eternally.

But the warrior trampled down in his soul all fear of the dangers that beset him. Not that he desired booty, but glory; for he hoped for a greater increase of renown if he ventured on a wholly unattempted quest. Three hundred men announced that they had the same desire as the king; and he resolved that Thorkill, who had brought the news, should be chosen to guide them on the journey, as he knew the ground and was versed in the approaches to that country. Thorkill did not refuse the task, and advised that, to meet the extraordinary fury of the sea they had to cross, strongly-made vessels should be built, fitted with many knotted cords and close-set nails, filled with great store of provision, and covered above with ox-hides to protect the inner spaces of the ships from the spray of the waves breaking in. Then they sailed off in only three galleys, each containing a hundred chosen men. SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

ON THE ARTIST'S ROAD

. . . His face grew bitterly scornful.

"What poor minds women have got! Love. It's always love. They think a man leaves only because he wants others. Do you think I should be such a fool to do what I've done for a woman?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't leave your wife for another woman?"

"Of course not. . ."

"Then, what in God's name have you left her for?"

"I want to paint."

I looked at him for quite a long time. I did not understand. I thought he was mad. . . .

"But you're forty."

"That's what made me think it was high time to begin. . . ."

"Can you paint?"

"Not yet. But I shall. That's why I've come over here. I couldn't get what I wanted in London. Perhaps I can here. . . ."

"What makes you think you have any talent?"

He did not answer for a minute. His gaze rested on the passing throng, but I do not think he saw it. His answer was no answer.

"I've got to paint."

"Aren't you taking an awful chance?"

"I've got to paint," he repeated.

"Supposing you're never anything more than third-rate, do you think it will have been worth while to give up everything?

"I tell you I've got to paint. I can't help myself. When a man falls into the water it doesn't matter how he swims, well or badly: he's got to get out or else he'll drown."

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

JOURNEY

Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side
All through the dragging day—sharp underfoot,
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—
But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road
A gateless garden, and an open path:
My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

"LE DIABLE EST MORT"

At peep of day Gerard rose, flung the feather bed upon his snoring companion, and went in search of milk and air.

A cheerful voice hailed him in French: "What ho! you are up with the sun, comrade?"

"He rises betimes that lies in a dog's lair," answered Gerard, crossly.

"Courage, *l'ami! le diable est mort,*" was the instant reply. The soldier then told him his name was Denys, and he was passing from Flushing in Zealand to the duke's French dominions, a change the more agreeable to him as he should revisit his native place and a host of pretty girls who had wept at his departure, and should hear French spoken again. "And who are you and whither bound?"

"My name is Gerard, and I am going to Rome," said the more reserved Hollander, and in a way that invited no further confidences.

"All the better; we will go together as far as Burgundy."

"That is not my road."

"All roads take to Rome."

"Ay, but the shortest road thither is my way."

"Well, then, it is I who must go out of my way a step for the sake of good company, for thy face likes me, and thou speakest French, or nearly."

"There go two words to that bargain," said Gerard, coldly. "I steer by proverbs, too. They do put old heads on young men's shoulders. '*Bon loup, mauvais compagnon, dit le brebis*'; and a soldier, they say, is near akin to a wolf."

"They lie," said Denys; "besides, if he is, '*les loups ne se mangent pas entre eux*'!"

"Soldier, you would find me a dull companion, for my heart is very heavy," said Gerard, yielding.

"I'll cheer you, *mon gars.*"

"I think you would," said Gerard, sweetly; "and sore need have I of a kindly voice in mine ear this day."

"O, no soul is sad alongside me. I lift up their poor little hearts with my consigne: '*Courage, tout le monde, le diable est mort,*' Ha, ha!"

"So be it, then," said Gerard. . . . "We will go together as far as the Rhine, and God go with us both!"

"Amen!" said Denys, and lifted his cap. "*En avant!*" CHARLES READE.

"WALKING STEWART"

This extraordinary person had been an employee of the East India Company [he became interpreter and chief minister to Hyder Ali]; but, feeling a mission above the "making out of invoices for a company of grocers," he threw up his employment, and commenced a journey on foot from Calcutta through Central Asia and Syria till he reached Marseilles. He next traversed Spain, Germany and the United States of America. It does not appear that Stewart had any special purpose in these incessant peregrinations, further than to gratify the love of seeing all parts of the habitable globe. He made no notes of his tours, left no reflections; the only conclusion of a general import which he seems to have arrived at was that the time would come when *ladies* would cease to bear children, leaving travail entirely to poor people. There was, subsequently to Stewart, a Captain Cochrane, not less eminent in pedestrian feats—never tired, never hungry, and impregnable to all skyey influences. The captain expired in harness, in an effort to traverse Siberia and reach Kamtschatka on foot across the Uralian mountains. WALSH.

A most interesting man, whom personally I knew; eloquent in conversation; contemplative, if *that* is possible, in excess; crazy beyond all reach of hellebore (three Anticyrae would not have cured him), yet sublime and divinely benignant in his visionariness; the man who, as a pedestrian traveler, had seen more of the earth's surface, and communicated more extensively with the children of the earth, than any man before or since; the writer, also, who published more books (all intelligible by fits and starts) than any Englishman except, perhaps, Richard Baxter, who is said to have published three hundred and sixty-five *plus* one, the extra one being probably meant for leap year. DE QUINCEY.

CALL OF THE WILD

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention through and through;
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their teaching—
But can't you hear the Wild?—it's calling you.
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us;
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star gleam to a-guide us,
And the Wild is calling, calling . . . let us go. ROBERT W. SERVICE

SOME ROAD IS ALWAYS OPEN

For the professional hobo New Hampshire is a most inhospitable region. For the hiker it is a paradise. . . . People are now able to discriminate between tramps and trampers, until farmers and hotel men alike as readily open their doors to-day to the latter, as they vigourously slam them against the former.

The advent of the automobile drove the bicycle off the roads, but to the gentle art of tramping it is destined to be a stimulation. No car can ever encroach upon the mountain trails, which will always remain sacred to the hiker, while out on the open road, the auto is his friend, helping him cover monotonous stretches of hot highway, and providing, through the increasing patronage of its devotees, new moderate-priced hotels that cater to the transient. ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

VIEWS AFOOT

I have felt an elevation of mind and spirit, a perfect rapture from morning till night, since we left Vienna. It is the brightest and balmiest June weather; and an ever fresh breeze sings through the trees and waves the ripening grain on the verdant meadows and hill-slopes. The air is filled with bird-music. The larks sing above us out of sight, the bullfinch wakes his notes in the grove, and at even the nightingale pours forth her thrilling strain. The meadows are literally covered with flowers—beautiful purple salvias, pinks such as we have at home in our gardens, and glowing buttercups colour the banks of every stream. I never saw richer or more luxuriant foliage. Magnificent forests clothe the hills, and the villages are imbedded in fruit-trees, shrubbery and flowers. Sometimes we go for miles through some enchanting valley, lying like a paradise between the mountains, while the distant, white Alps look on it from afar; sometimes over swelling ranges of hills, where we can see to the right the valley of the Danube, threaded by his silver current and dotted with white cottages and glittering spires, and farther beyond, the blue mountains of the Bohemian Forest. To the left the range of the Styrian Alps stretches along the sky, summit above summit, the farther ones robed in perpetual snow. I could never tire gazing on those glorious hills. They fill the soul with a conception of sublimity, such as one feels when listening to triumphant music. They seem like the marble domes of a mighty range of temples, where earth worships her Maker with an organ-anthem of storms!

There is a *luxury* in traveling here. We walk all day through such scenes, resting often in the shade of the fruit-trees which line the road, or on a mossy bank by the side of some cool forest. Sometimes for enjoyment as well as variety, we make our dining-place by a clear spring instead of within a smoky tavern; and our simple meals have a relish an epicure could never attain. Away with your railroads and steamboats and mail-coaches, or keep them for those who have no eye but for the sordid interest of life! With my knapsack and pilgrim-staff, I ask not their aid. If a mind and soul full of rapture with beauty, a frame in glowing and vigorous health, and slumbers unbroken even by dreams, are blessings any one would attain, let him pedestrianize it through Lower Austria!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AN OPEN MIND IS THE FIRST REQUISITE

For, mark you, the essence of a country walk is that you shall have no object or aim whatsoever. The frame of mind in which one ought to set out upon a rural peregrination should be one of absolute mental vacuity. Almost one ought to rid oneself, if so be that were possible, even of the categories of time and place: for to start with a determination to cover a certain distance within a specified time is to take, not a walk, but a "constitutional," and of all abortions or monstrosities of country walks, commend me to the constitutional.

The proper frame of mind is that of absolute and secure passivity; an openness to impressions; a giving-up of ourselves to the great and guiding influences of benignant Nature; a humble receptivity of soul; a wondering and childlike eagerness—not a restless and too inquisitive eagerness—to learn all that great Nature may like to teach, and to learn it in the way that great Nature would have us learn. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

WHAT JEAN JACQUES GOT OUT OF IT

What I regret most in the details of my life which I have forgotten is that I did not keep a diary of my travels. Never have I thought so much, never have I realized my own existence so much, been so much alive, been so much myself, if I may say so, as in those journeys which I have made alone and afoot. Walking has something in it which animates and heightens my ideas: I can scarcely think when I stay in one place; my body must be set a-going if my mind is to work. The sight of the country, the succession of beautiful scenes, the great breeze, the good appetite, the health which I gain by walking, the getting away from inns, the escape from everything which reminds me of my unlucky fate—all this releases my soul, gives me greater courage of thought, throws me as it were into the midst of the immensity of the objects of Nature, which I may combine, from which I may choose at will, which I may make my own carelessly and without fear. I make use of all Nature as her master; my heart, surveying one object after another, unites itself, identifies itself with those in sympathy with it, surrounds itself with delightful images, intoxicates itself with emotions the most exquisite. If, in order to seize these, I amuse myself by describing them to myself, what a vigourous pencil, what bright colours, what energy of expression they need! Some have, so they say, discerned something of these influences in my writings, though composed in my declining years. Ah! if only those of my early youth had been seen! those which I have composed but never written down! ROUSSEAU.

OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

As I was hiking past the woods, the cool and sleepy summer woods,
I saw a guy a-talking to the sunshine in the air;
Thinks I, he's going to have a fit—I'll stick around and watch a bit;
But he paid no attention, hardly knowing I was there.

He must have been a college guy, for he was talking big and high—
The trees were standing all around as silent as a church—
A little closer I saw he was manufacturing poetry
Just like a Mocker sitting on a pussy-willow perch.

I squatted down and rolled a smoke and listened to each word he spoke;
He never stumbled, reared or broke; he never missed a word,
And though he was a Bo like me, he'd been a gent once, I could see;
I ain't much strong on poetry, but this is what I heard:

"We'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy Samarcand.
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying South,
And you, my sweet Penelope, out there somewhere you wait for me,
With buds of roses in your hair and kisses on your mouth.

"The mountains are all hid in mist; the valley is like amethyst;
The poplar leaves they turn and twist; oh, silver, silver green!
Out there somewhere along the sea a ship is waiting patiently,
While up the beach the bubbles slip with white afloat between.

"The tide-hounds race far up the shore—the hunt is on! The breakers roar,
(Her spars are tipped with gold and o'er her deck the spray is flung);
The buoys that rollick in the bay, they nod the way, they nod the way!
The hunt is up! I am the prey! The hunter's bow is strung!"

"Out there somewhere,"—says I to me, "By Gosh! I guess that's poetry!
Out there somewhere—Penelope—with kisses on her mouth!"
And then, thinks I, "O college guy, your talk it gets me in the eye,
The North *is* creeping in the air; the birds *are* flying South."

And yet, the sun was shining down, a-blazing on the little town,
A mile or so 'way down the track a-dancing in the sun.
But somehow, as I waited there, there came a shiver in the air;
"The birds are flying South," he said. "The winter has begun."

Says I, "Then let's be on the float; you certainly have got my goat;
You make me hungry in my throat for seeing things that's new.
Out there somewhere we'll ride the range a-looking for the new and strange;
My feet are tired and need a change. Come on! It's up to you!

"There ain't no sweet Penelope somewhere that's longing much for me,
But I can smell the blundering sea and hear the rigging hum;
And I can hear the whispering lips that fly before the outbound ships,
And I can hear the breakers on the sand a-booming 'Come!'"

And then that slim, poetic guy, he turned and looked me in the eye:
". . . It's overland and overland and overseas to—where?"
"Most anywhere that isn't here," I says. His face went kind of queer:
"The place we're in is always *here*. The other place is *there*."

He smiled, though, as my eye caught his. "Then what a lot of *there* there is
To go and see and go and see and go and see some more."
He did a fancy step or two. Says he, "I think I'll go with you"—
. . . Two moons, and we are baking in the straits at Singapore.

Around the world and back again; we saw it all. The mist and rain
In England and the dry old plain from Needles to Berdoo.
We kept a-rambling all the time. I rustled grub, he rustled rhyme—
Blind-baggage, hoof it, ride or climb—we always put it through.

Just for a con I'd like to know (yes, he crossed over long ago;
And he was *right*, believe me, Bo!) if somewhere in the South,
Down where the clouds lie on the sea, he found his sweet Penelope,
With buds of roses in her hair and kisses on her mouth.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS.

TRAMPING WITH A POET

VACHEL LINDSAY:

Going tramping again,
Going to the mountains,
To recapture the stars,
To meet again the nymphs
of the fountains.
To visit the bear,
To salute the eagles,
To be kissed all night by
wild-flowers in the grass!

STEPHEN GRAHAM:

To sleep under the stars, to live with the river that sings as it flows, to sit by the embers of morning or evening fire and just dream away time and earnestness, to gather sticks to keep the old pot a-boiling, to laze into the company of strangers and slip out of their company in time, to make friends with bird and beast, and watch insects and grubs—to relax and to be; that's my idea of tramping. The blessed nights full of dew or rain and breeze, the full length of a ferny bed that Mother Earth provides—don't they attract, don't they pull one away from the town! And then the day, with celestial, unadvertised, unpaid-for sunshine or shade, on the rocks, on the tufty hills, beside tiny springs or stream on the stairs of the mountains! STEPHEN GRAHAM.

Dawson & Rudd, Partners

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

"WHATEVER'S the difference between the East an' the West?" said the old Cattleman, repeating my question rather for the purpose of consideration than from any failure to understand: "What's the difference between the East an' the West? Which, so far as I notes, to relapse into metaphor, as you-alls says, the big difference is that the East allers shoots from a rest; while the West shoots off hand.

"The West shore learns easy an' is quick to change a system or alter a play. It's plumb swift, the West is; an' what some regards as rough is mere rapidity. The West might go broke at faro-bank in the morning', an' be rich at roulette in the afternoon; you can't tell. I knows partners in Arizona who rolls out in the gray light of breakin' day an' begins work by dissolvin' an' windin' up the firm's affairs. By dark them same gents is pards ag'in in a new enterprise complete. Folks'll fight at sunup an' cook their *chile con carne* together at night, an' then sleep onder the same blankets. For which causes thar's no prophets in the West; a Western future that a-way bein' so mighty oncertain no prophet can fasten his lariat.

"Speakin' of pards an' the fog which surrounds what the same is likely to do, makes me think of the onlicensed an' onlooked-for-carryin's-on of 'Doby Dawson an' Copper Queen Billy Rudd. Them two gents fosters a feud among themse'fs that splits 'em wide open an' keeps 'em pesterin' each other for years; which the doin's of them locoed people is the scandal of Wolfville while it lasts.

"It's mebby the spring after we erects the Bird Cage Op'ry House, an' Wolfville is gettin' to be considerable of a camp. We-alls is organized for a shore-'nough town, an' Jack Moore is a shore-'nough marshal, with Enright for alcalde that a-way, an' thar's a heap of improvements.

"When I first tracks into Wolfville, cows is what you might call the leadin' industry, with whiskey an' faro-bank on the side. But in the days of 'Doby Dawson an' Copper Queen Billy Rudd, ore has been onearthed, the mines is opened, an' Wolfville's swelled tremendous. We-alls even wins a county-seat fight with Red Dog, wherein we puts it all over that ornery hamlet; an' we shorely deals the game for the entire region.

"As I states, it's the spring after we promotes the Bird Cage Op'ry House—which temple of amoosements is complete the fall before—that 'Doby an' Billy turns up in Wolfville. I knows she's spring, for I'm away workin' the round-up at the time, an' them gents is both thar drunk when I comes in.

"'Doby an' Billy's been pards for ten years. They's miner folks, an' 'Doby tells me himse'f one day that him an' Billy has stood in on every mine excitement from Alaska to Lower Californy. An' never once does they get their trails crossed or have a row.

"Them two gents strikes in at Wolfville when the mines is first opened, an' stakes out three claims; one for 'Doby, one for Billy, an' one for both of 'em. They's camped off up a draw about half a mile from town, where their claims is, an' has a little cabin an' seems to be gettin' along peaceful as a church; an' I reckons thar's no doubt but they be.

"When 'Doby an' Billy first comes caperin' into Wolfville they's that thick an' friendly with each other, it's a shame to thieves. I recalls how their relations that a-way excites general admiration, an' Doc Peets even goes so far he calls 'em 'Jonathan an' David.' Which Peets would have kept on callin' 'em 'Jonathan an' David' plumb through, but Billy gets hostile.

"'It ain't me I cares for,' says Billy—which he waits on Doc Peets with his gun—'but no gent's goin' to malign 'Doby Dawson none an' alloode to him as "Jonathan" without rebooke.'

"Seein' it pains Billy, an' as thar ain't even a white chip in mere nomenclature that a-way, of course Doc Peets don't call 'em 'Jonathan an' David' no more.

"'Doby an' Billy's been around mighty likely six months. The camp gets used to 'em an' likes 'em. They digs an' blasts away in them badger-holes they calls shafts all day, an' then comes chargin' down to the Red Light at night. After the two is drunk successful, they mutually takes each other home. An' as they lines out for their camp upholdin' an' he'pin' of each other, an' both that dead soaked in nose-paint they long before abandons tryin' to he'p themse'fs, I tells you, son, their love is a picture an' a lesson.

"'Which the way them pore, locoed sots,' says Old Man Enright one night, as 'Doby an' Billy falls outen the Red Light together, an' then turns in an' assists each other to rise—'which the way them pore darkened drunkards rides herd on each other, an' is onse'fish an' generous that a-way, an' backs each other's play, is as good as sermons. You-all young men,' says Enright, turnin' on Jack Moore an' Boggs an' Tutt, 'you-all imatoor bucks whose character ain't really formed none yet, oughter profit plenty by their example.'

"As I remarks, 'Doby an' Billy's been inhabitin' Wolfville for mighty hard on six months when the trouble between 'em first shows its teeth. As Billy walks out one mornin' to sniff the climate some, he remarks a Mexican—which his name is José Salazar, but don't cut no figger nohow—sorter 'propriatin' of a mule.

"'The same,' as Billy says, in relatin' the casooalty later, 'bein' our star mule.'

"Nacherally, on notin' the misdeeds of this yere Greaser, Billy reaches inside the cabin, an' sorts out a Winchester an' plugs said culprit in among his thoughts; an' tharby brings his mule-rustlin' an' his reflections to a pause some.

"It's two hours later, mebby, when the defunct's daughter—the outfit abides over in Chihuahua, which is the Mexican part of Wolfville—goes to a show-down with 'Doby an' Billy an' wants to know does she get the corpse?

"'Shore,' says 'Doby, 'which we-alls has no further use for your paw, an' his remainder is free an' welcome to you. You can bet me an' Billy ain't holdin' out no paternal corpses none on their weepin' offsprings.'

"Followin' of his bluff, 'Doby goes over an' consoles with the Mexican's daughter, which her name's Manuela, an' she don't look so bad neither. Doc Peets, whose jedgement of females is a cinch, allows she's as pretty as a diamond flush, an' you can gamble Doc Peets ain't makin' no blind leads when it's a question of squaws.

"So 'Doby consoles this yere Manuela a whole lot, while Billy, who's makin' coffee an' bakin'-powder biscuit inside, don't really notice he's doin' it. Fact is, Billy's plumb busy. The New York Store havin' changed bakin'-powder onto us the week before—the same redoocin' biscuits to a conundrum for a month after—an' that bakin'-powder change sorter engagin' Billy's faculties wholly, he forgets about deceased an' his daughter complete; that is, complete temporary. Later, when the biscuits is done an' offen his mind, Billy recalls all about it ag'in.

"But 'Doby, who's a good talker an' a mighty tender gent that a-way, jumps in an' comforts Manuela, an' shows her how this mule her paw is stealin' is by way an' far the best mule in camp, an' at last she dries her tears an' allows in her language that she's growin' resigned. 'Doby winds up by he'pin' Manuela home with what's left of her paw.

"'Which it's jest like that 'Doby,' says Billy, when he hears of his partner packin' home his prey that a-way, an' his tones shows he admires 'Doby no limit, 'which it's shorely like him. Take folks in distress, an' you-alls can bet your last chip 'Doby can't do too much for 'em.'

"Billy's disgust sets in like the rainy season, however, when about two months later 'Doby ups an' weds this Mexican girl Manuela. When Billy learns of said ceremony, he declines a seat in the game, an' won't go near them nuptials nohow.

"'An' I declar's myse'f right yere,' says Billy. 'From now for'ard it's a case of lone hand with me. I don't want no more partners. When a gent with whom for ten years I've camped, trailed, an' prospected with, all the way from the Dalls to the Gila, quits me cold an' clammy for a squaw he don't know ten weeks; you can gamble that lets me plumb out. I've done got my med'cine, an' I'm ready to quit.'

"But 'Doby an' Billy don't actooally make no assignment, nor go into what you-all Eastern sharps calls liquidation. The two goes on an' works their claims together, an' the firm name still waves as ''Doby Dawson an' Copper Queen Billy Rudd,' only Billy won't go into 'Doby's new wickey-up where he's got Manuela,—not a foot.

"'Which I might have conquered my native reluctance,' says Billy, 'so to do, an' I even makes up my mind one night—it's after I've got my grub, an' you-alls knows how plumb soft an' forgivin' that a-way a gent is when his stomach's full of grub—to go up an' visit 'em a lot. But as I gets to the door I hears a noise I don't savey; an' when I Injuns up to a crack an' surveys the scene, I'm a coyote if thar ain't 'Doby, with his wife in his lap, singin' to her. That's squar'; actooally singin'; which sech efforts reminds me of ballards by cinnamon b'ars.

"'I ain't none shore,' goes on Billy, as he relates about it to me, 'but I'd stood sech egreegious plays, chargin' it general to 'Doby's gettin' locoed an' mushy; but when this yere ingrate ends his war-song, what do you-all reckon now he does? Turns in an' begins 'pologizin' for me downin' her dad. Which the old hold-up is on the mule an' goin' hell-bent when I curls him up. Well, that ends things with me. I turns on my heels an' goes down to the Red Light an' gets drunk plum through. You recalls it; the time I'm drunk a month, an' Cherokee Hall bars me at faro-bank, allowin' I'm onconscious of my surroundin's.'

"Billy goes on livin' at their old camp, an' 'Doby an' Manuela at the new one 'Doby built. This last is mebby four hundred yards more up the draw. Durin' the day 'Doby an' Billy turns in an' works an' digs an' drills an' blasts together as of yore. The main change is that at evenin' Billy gets drunk alone; an' as 'Doby ain't along to he'p Billy home an' Billy needs 'Doby's he'p to get home, lots of times Billy falls by the trail an' puts in the night among the mesquite-bushes an' the coyotes impartial.

"This yere goes on for plumb a year, an' while things is cooler an' more distant between 'em, same as it's bound to be when two gents sleeps in different camps, still 'Doby an' Billy is trackin' along all right. One mornin', however, Billy goes down to the holes they's projectin' over, but no 'Doby shows up. It goes on until mighty likely fifth-drink time that forenoon, an' as Billy don't see no trace, sign, nor signal-smoke of his pard, he gets oneasy.

"'It's a fact,' says Billy afterward, 'thar's hours when I more'n half allows this yere squaw of 'Doby's has done took a knife, or, some sech weepon, an' gets even with 'Doby while he sleeps, for me pluggin' her paw about the mule. It's this yere idee which takes me outen the shaft I'm sinkin' an' sends me cavortin' up to 'Doby's camp. I passes a resolution on my way that if she's cashed 'Doby's chips for him that a-way, I'll shorely sa'nter over an' lay waste all Chihuahua to play even for the blow.'

"But as all turns out, them surmises of Billy's is idle. He gets mebby easy six-shooter distance from the door, when he discerns a small cry like a fox-cub's whine. Billy listens, an' the yelp comes as cl'ar on his y'ears as the whistle of a curlew. Billy tumbles.

"'I'm a Chinaman,' says Billy, 'if it ain't a kid!'

"So he backs off quiet an' noiseless ontil he's dead safe, an' then he lifts the long yell for 'Doby. When 'Doby emerges he confirms them beliefs of Billy's; it's a kid shore-'nough.

"'Boy or girl?' says Billy.

"'Boy,' says 'Doby.

"'Which I shorely quits you cold if it's a girl,' says Billy. 'As it is, I stands by you in your troubles. I ain't none s'prised at your luck, 'Doby,' goes on Billy. 'I half foresees some sech racket as this the minute you gets married. However, if it's a boy she goes. I ain't the gent to lay down on an old-time runnin'-mate while luck's ag'in him; an' I'll still be your partner an' play out my hand.'

"Of course, 'Doby has to go back to lookout his game. An' as Billy's that rent an' shaken by them news he can't work none, he takes two or three drinks of nose-paint, an' then promulgates as how it's a holiday. Billy feels, too, that while this yere's a blow, still it's a great occasion; an' as he takes to feelin' his whiskey an' roominatin' on the tangled state of affairs, it suddenly strikes him he'll jest nacherally close up the trail by the house.

"'Women is frail people an' can't abide noises that a-way,' says Billy, 'an' 'Doby's shore lookin' some faded himse'f. I reckons, tharfore, I'll sorter stop commerce along this yere thoroughfar' ontil further orders. What 'Doby an' his squaw needs now is quietood an' peace, an' you can wager all you-alls is worth they ain't goin' to suffer no disturbances.'

"It ain't half an hour after this before Billy's got two signs, both down an' up the trail, warnin' of people to hunt another wagon-track. The signs is made outen pine boards, an' Billy has marked this yere motto onto 'em with a burn stick:

"'DobY's Got A PapoOse,
sO
PuLL Your Freight."

"It ain't no time after Billy posts his warnin's, an' he's still musin' over 'em mighty reflective, when along projects a

Mexican with a pair of burros he's packin' freight on. The Mexican's goin' by the notices without payin' the least heed tharto. But this don't do Billy, and he stands him up.

"'Can you read?' says Billy to the Mexican, at the same time p'intin' to the signs.

"The Mexican allows in Spanish—which the same Billy saveys an' palavers liberal—that he can't read. Then he p'ints out to go by ag'in.

"'No you don't none, onless in the smoke,' says Billy, an' throws a gun on him. 'Pause where you be, my proud Castilian, an' I'll flood your darkened ignorance with light by nacherally readin' this yere inscription to you a whole lot.'

"Tharupon Billy reads off the notice a heap impressive, an' winds up by commandin' of the Mexican to line out on the trail back.

"'*Vamos!*' says Billy. 'Which if you insists on pushin' along through yere I'll turn in an' crawl your hump some.'

"But the Mexican gets ugly as a t'ran'tler at this, an' with one motion he lugs out a six-shooter an' onbosoms the same.

"Billy is a trifle previous with a gun himse'f, an' while the Mexican is mighty abrupt, he gets none the best of Billy. Which the outcome is the Mexican's shot plumb dead in his moccasins, while Billy takes a small crease on his cheek, the same not bein' deadly. Billy then confiscates the burros.

"'Which I plays 'em in for funeral expenses,' says Billy, an' is turnin' of 'em into the corral by his camp jest as 'Doby comes prancin' out with a six-shooter to take part in whatever game is bein' rolled.

"When 'Doby sees Billy's signs that a-way, he's 'fected so he weeps tears. He puts his hands on Billy's shoulder, an' lookin' at him, while his eyes is swimmin', he says:

"'Billy, you-all is the thoughtfullest pard that ever lived.'

"'Doby throws so much soul into it, an' him givin' 'way to emotions, it comes mighty near onhingin' Billy.

"'I knows I be,' he says, shakin' 'Doby by the hand for a minute, 'but, Old Man, you deserves it. It's comin' to you, an' you bet your life you're goin' to get it. With some folks this yere would be castin' pearls before swine, but not with you, 'Doby. You can 'preciate a play, an' I'm proud to be your partner.'

"The next few months goes on, an' 'Doby an' Billy keeps peggin' away at their claims, an' gettin' drunk an' rich about equal. Billy is still that reedic-lous he won't go up to 'Doby's camp; but 'Doby comes over an' sees him frequent. The first throw out of the box Billy takes a notion ag'in the kid an' allows he don't want no traffic with him,—none whatever.

"But 'Doby won't have it that a-way, an' when it's about six months old he packs said infant over one mornin' while Billy's at breakfast.

"'Ain't he hell!' says 'Doby, a heap gleeful, at the same time sawin' the infant onto Billy direct.

"Of course Billy has to hold him then. Which he acts like he's a hot tamale, an' shifts him about in his arms. But it's plain he ain't so displeased neither. At last the kid reaches out swift an' cinches onto Billy's beard that a-way. This delights Billy, while 'Doby keeps trackin' 'round the room too tickled to set down. All he can remark—an' he does it frequent, like it tells the entire story—is:

"'Billy, ain't he hell?'

"An' Billy ain't none back'ard admittin' he is, an' allows onhesitatin' it's the hunkiest baby in Arizona.

"'An' I've got dust into the thousands,' remarks Billy, 'which says he's the prize papoose of the reservation, an' says it ten to one. This yere offspring is a credit to you, 'Doby, an' I marvels you-all is that modest over it.'

"You can bet it ain't no Siwash,' says 'Doby. 'It's clean strain, that infant is, if I does say it.'

"'That's whatever,' says Billy, looking the infant over an' beginnin' to feel as proud of it as 'Doby himse'f, 'that's whatever. An' I'm yere to remark, any gent who can put up an' without no talk or boastin' have sech a papoose as that, is licensed to plume himse'f tharon, an' put on dog over it, the same without restraint. If ever you calls the turn for the limit, pard, it's when you has this here child.'

"At this 'Doby an' Billy shakes hands like it's a ceremony, an' both is grave an' dignified about it. 'Doby puts it up that usual he's beyond flattery, but when a gent of jedgement like Billy looks over a play that a-way, an' indorses it, you can bet he's not insensible.

"Then they shakes hands ag'in, an' 'Doby says:

"'Moreover, not meanin' no compliments, nor tossin' of no bouquets, old pard, me an' Manuela names this young person "Willyum"; same as you-all.'

"Billy comes mighty near droppin' the

infant on the floor at this, an' the small victim of his onthoughtfulness that a-way yells like a coyote.

"'That settles it,' says Billy. 'A gent who could come down to blastin' an' drillin'—mere menial tasks, as they shorely be—on the heels of honour like this, is a mighty sight more sordid than Copper Queen Billy Rudd. 'Doby, this yere is a remarkable occasion, an' we cel'brates.'

"By this time the infant is grown plumb hostile, an' is howlin' to beat the band; so 'Doby puts it up he'll take him to his mother an' afterwards he's ready to join Billy in an orgy.

"'I jest nacherally stampedes back to the agency with this yere Willyum child,' says 'Doby, 'an' then we-alls repairs to the Red Light an' relaxes.'

"They shorely does. I don't recall no sech debauch—that is, none so extreme an' broadcast—since Wolfville and Red Dog engages in them Thanksgivin' exercises.

"'Doby an' Billy, as time goes by, allers alloods to the infant as 'Willyum' so's not to get him an' Billy mixed; an' durin' the next two years, while Billy still goes shy so far as trackin' over to 'Doby's ranch is concerned, as soon as he walks, Willyum comes down the canyon to see Billy every day.

"Oh, no, Billy ain't none on forgivin' to Manuela for ropin' up 'Doby an' weddin' him that a-way; but, you see, downin' her paw for stealin' the mule that time gets so it makes him bashful an' reluctant.

"'It ain't that I'm timorous neither, nor yet assoomin' airs,' this yere Billy says to me when he brings it up himse'f how he don't go over to 'Doby's, 'but I'm never no hand to set 'round an' visit free an' easy that a-way with the posterity of a gent which I has had cause to plant. This yere ain't roodness; it's scrooples,' says Billy, 'an' so it's plumb useless for me to go gettin' sociable with 'Doby's wife.'

"It's crowdin' close on two years after the infant's born when 'Doby an' Billy gets up their feud which I speaks of at the beginnin'. Yere's how it gets fulminated. Billy's loafin' over by the post-office door one evenin', talkin' to Tutt an' Boggs an' a passel of us, when who comes projectin' along, p'intin' for the New York Store, but 'Doby's wife an' Willyum. As they trails by, Willyum sees Billy—Willyum can make a small bluff at talkin' by now—an', p'intin' his finger at Billy, he sags back on his mother's dress like he aims to halt her, an' says:

"'Pop-pa! Pop-pa!' meanin' Billy that a-way; although the same is erroneous entire, as every gent in Wolfville knows.

"Which if Willyum's forefinger he p'ints with is a Colt's forty-four, an' instead of sayin' 'Pop-pa!' he onhooks the same at Billy direct, now I don't reckon Billy could have been more put out. 'Doby's wife drags Willyum along at the time like he's a calf goin' to be branded, an' she never halts or pauses. But Billy turns all kinds of hues, an' is that prostrated he surges across to the Red Light an' gets two drinks alone, never invitin' nobody, before he realizes. When he does invite us he admits frank he's plumb locoed for a moment by the shock.

"'You bet!' says Billy, as he gets his third drink, the same bein' took in common with the pop-lace present, 'you bet! thar ain't a gent in camp I'd insult by no neglect; but when Willyum makes them charges an' does it publicly, it onhinges my reason, an' them two times I don't invite you-alls, I'm not responsible.'

"We-alls sees Billy's wounded, an' tharfore it's a ha'r-line deal to say anythin'; but as well as we can we tells him that what Willyum says, that a-way, bein' less'n two year old, is the mere prattle of a child, an' he's not to be depressed by it.

"'Sech breaks,' says Dan Boggs, 'is took jocose back in the States.'

"'Shore!' says Texas Thompson, backin' Bogg's play; 'them little bluffs of infancy, gettin' tangled that a-way about their progenitors, is regarded joyous in Laredo. Which thar's not the slightest need of Billy bein' cast down tharat.'

"'I ain't sayin' a word, gents,' remarks Billy, an' his tones is sad. 'You-alls means proper an' friendly. But I warns the world at this time that I now embarks on the spree of my life. I'm goin' to get drunk an' never hedge a bet; an' my last requests, the same bein' addressed to the barkeep, personal, is to set every bottle of bug-juice in the shebang on the bar, that to repose within the reach of all ontil further orders.'

"It's about an hour later, an' Billy, who's filed away a quart of fire-water in his interior by now, is vibratin' between the Red Light an' the dance-hall, growin' drunk an' dejected even up. It's then he sees 'Doby headin' up the street. 'Doby hears of his son Willyum's wild play from his wife, an' it makes him hot that a-way. But he ain't no notion of blamin' Billy; none whatever.

"However, 'Doby don't have entire charge of the round-up, an' he has to figger with Billy right along.

"''Doby,' shouts Billy, as he notes his pard approachin', while he balances himse'f in his moccasins a heap difficult, ''Doby, your infant Willyum is a eediot. Which if I was the parent of a fool papoose like Willyum, I'd shorely drop him down a shaft a whole lot an' fill up the shaft. He won't assay two ounces of sense to the ton, Willyum won't; an' he ain't worth powder an' fuse to work him. Actooally, that poor imbecile baby Willyum, don't know his own father.'

"Which the rage of 'Doby is beyond bounds complete. For about half a minute him an' Billy froths an' cusses each other out scand'lous, an' then comes the guns. The artillery is a case of s'prise, the most experienced gent in Wolfville not lookin' for no gun-play between folks who's been pards an' blanket-mates for years.

"However, it don't last long; it looks like both gets sorter conscience-stricken that a-way, an' lets up. Still, while it's short, it's long enough for Billy to get his laig busted with one of 'Doby's bullets, an' it all lays Billy up for Doc Peets to fuss with for over three months.

"While Billy's stretched out, an' Doc Peets is ridin' herd on his laig, 'Doby keeps as savage as an Apache an' don't come near Billy. The same, however, ain't full proof of coldness, neither; for Billy's done give it out he'll down 'Doby if he pokes his head in the door, an' arranges his guns where he can work 'em in on the enterprise easy.

"But Willyum don't take no stand-off. The last thing Willyum's afraid of is Billy; so he comes waltzin' over each day, clumsy as a cub cinnamon on his short laigs, an' makes himse'f plumb abundant. He plays with Billy, an' he sleeps with Billy, Willyum does; an' he eats every time the nigger, who's come over from the corral to lookout Billy's domestic game while he's down, rustles some grub.

"''Doby's disgusted with Willyum's herdin' 'round with Billy that a-way, bein' sociable an' visitin' of him, an' he lays for Willyum an' wallops him. When Billy learns of it—which he does from Willyum himse'f when that infant p'ints in for a visit the day after—he's as wild as a mountain lion. Billy can't get out none, for his laig is a heap fragmentary as yet—'Doby's bullet gettin' all the results which is comin' that time,—but he send 'Doby word by Peets, if he hears of any more punishments bein' meted to Willyum, he regards it as a speshul affront to him, an' holds 'Doby responsible personal as soon as he can hobble.

"'Tell him,' says Billy, 'that if he commits any further atrocities ag'in this innocent Willyum child, I'll shore leave him too dead to skin.'

"'This yere Billy's gettin' locoed entire,' says Enright, when he's told of Billy's bluff. 'The right to maul your immediate descendants that a-way is guaranteed by the constitootion, an' is one of them things we-alls fights for at Bunker Hill. However, I reckons Billy's merely blowin' his horn; bein' sick an' cantankerous with his game knee.'

"Billy gets well after a while, an' him an' 'Doby sorter plans to avoid each other. Whatever work they puts in on the claim they holds in partnership, they hires other gents to do. Personal, each works the claim he holds himse'f, which keeps 'em asunder a whole lot, an' is frootful of peace.

"Deep inside their shirts I allers allows these yere persons deems high an' 'fectionate of one another right at the time they's hangin' up their hardest bluffs an' carryin' on most hostile. Which trivial incidents discloses this.

"Once in the Red Light, when a party who's new from Tucson, turns in to tell some light story of Billy,—him not bein' present none,—'Doby goes all over this yere racontoor like a landslide, an' retires him from s'ciety for a week. An' 'Doby don't explain his game neither; jest reprimands this offensive Tucson gent, an' lets it go as it lays. Of course, we-alls onderstands it's 'cause 'Doby ain't puttin' up with no carpin' criticism of his old pard; which the same is nacheral enough.

"Don't you-all ever notice, son, how once you takes to fightin' for a party an' indorsin' of his play, it gets to be a habit,—same, mebby, as fire-water? Which you lays for his detractors an' pulls on war for him that a-way long after you ceases to have the slightest use for him yourse'f. It's that a-way with 'Doby about Billy.

"An' this yere Billy's feelin's about 'Doby is heated an' sedulous all sim'lar. 'Doby gets laid out for a week by rheumatics, which he acquires years before—he shore don't rope onto them rheumatics none 'round Wolfville, you can gamble! said camp bein' salooberous that a-way—over on the Nevada plateaus, an' while he's treed an' can't come down to his claim, a passel of sharps ups an' mavericks it; what miners calls 'jumps it.' Whatever does

Billy do? Paints for war prompt an' enthoosiastic, takes his gun, an' the way he stampedes an' scatters them marauders don't bother him a bit.

"But while, as I states, this yere trick of makin' war-med'cine which 'Doby an' Billy has, an' schedoolin' trouble for folks who comes projectin' 'round invadin' of the other's rights, mebby is a heap habit, I gleans from it the idee likewise that onder the surface they holds each other in esteem to a p'int which is romantic.

"'Doby an' Billy lives on for a year after 'Doby plugs Billy in the laig, keepin' wide apart an' not speakin'. Willyum is got so he puts in most of his nights an' all of his days with Billy; which the spectacle of Billy packin' Willyum about camp nights is frequent. 'Doby never 'pears to file no protest; I reckons he looks on it as a foreordained an' hopeless play. However, Billy's a heap careful of Willyum's morals, an' is shorely linin' him up right.

"Once a new barkeep in the dance-hall allows he'll promote Willyum's feelin's some with a spoonful of nose-paint.

"'No, you don't,' says Billy, plenty savage; 'an' since the matter comes up I announces cold that, now or yereafter, the first gent who saws off nose-paint on Willyum, or lays for the morals of this innocent infant to corrupt 'em, I'll kill an' skelp him so shore as I packs gun or knife.'

"'Which shows,' said Dan Boggs later, when he hears of Billy's blazer, 'that this yere Billy Rudd is a mighty high-minded gent, an' you-alls can play it to win he has my regards. He can count me in on this deal to keep Willyum from strong drinks.'

"'I thinks myse'f he's right,' says Cherokee Hall. 'Willyum is now but three years old, which is shore not aged. My idee would be to raise Willyum, an' not let him drink a drop of nose-paint ever, merely to show the camp what comes of sech experiments.'

"But Billy's that positive an' self-reliant he don't need no encouragement about how he conducts Willyum's habits; an' followin' his remarks, Willyum allers gets ignored complete on invitations to licker. Packin' the kid 'round that a-way shortens up Billy's booze a lot, too. He don't feel so free to get tanked expansive with Willyum on his mind an' hands that a-way.

"It's shorely a picture, the tenderness Billy lavishes on Willyum. Many a night when Billy's stayin' late, tryin' to win himse'f outen the hole, I beholds him playin' poker, or mebby it's faro-bank, with Willyum curled up on his lap an' shirt-front, snorin' away all sound an' genial, an' Billy makin' his raises an' callin' his draw to the dealers in whispers, for fear he wakes Willyum.

"But thar comes a time when the feud is over, an' 'Doby an' Billy turns in better friends than before. For a month mebby thar's a Mexican girl—which she's a cousin that a-way or some kin to 'Doby's wife—who's been stayin' at 'Doby's house, sorter backin' their play.

"It falls out frequent this Mexican girl, Marie, trails over to Billy's, roundin' up an' collectin' of Willyum to put another shirt onto him, or some sech benefit. Billy never acts like he's impressed by this yere girl, an', while he relinquishes Willyum every time, he growls an' puts it up he's malev'lent over it.

"But the señorita is game, an' don't put no store by Billy's growls. She ropes up Willyum an' drags him away mighty decisive. Willyum howls an' calls on Billy for aid, which most likely is pain to Billy's heart; but he don't get it none. The señorita harnesses Willyum into a clean shirt, an' then she throws Willyum loose on the range ag'in, an' he drifts back to Billy.

"It's the general view that Billy never once thinks of wedlock with the señorita if he's let alone. But one day Doc Peets waxes facetious.

"'In a month,' says Peets to Billy, while we-alls is renooin' our sperits in the Red Light, 'this yere Marie'll quit comin' over for Willyum.'

"'Why?' says Billy, glarin' at Peets s'picious.

"''Cause,' replies Peets, all careless, ''cause you ups an' weds her by then. I sees it in your eye. Then, when she's thar for good, I reckons she nacherally quits comin' over.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says Texas Thompson, who's takin' in Doc Peet's remark; 'I don't allow Billy's got the nerve to marry this yere Marie. Not but what she's as pretty as an antelope. But think of 'Doby. He jest never would quit chewin' Billy's mane if he goes pullin' off any nuptial ceremonies with his wife's relative that a-way.'

"Billy looks hard as granite at this. He ain't sayin' nothin', but he gets outside of another drink in a way which shows his mind's made up, an' then he goes p'intin' off towards his camp, same as a gent who entertains designs.

"'I offers three to one,' says Cherokee Hall, lookin' after Billy sorter thoughtful that a-way, 'that Billy weds this yere Mexican girl in a week; an' I'll go five hundred dollars even money he gets her before night.'

"'An' no takers,' says Doc Peets, 'for I about thinks you calls the turn.'

"An' that's what happens. In two hours after this impulsive Billy prances out of the Red Light on the heels of Texas Thompson's remarks about how hostile 'Doby would be if he ever gets Marie, he's done lured her before the *padre* over in Chihuahua, an' the *padre* marries 'em as quick as you could take a runnin'-iron an' burn a brand on a calf.

"Which this is not all. Like they was out to add to the excitement a whole lot, I'm a Mohave if 'Doby an' his wife don't turn loose an' have another infant that same day.

"I never sees a gent get so excited over another gent's game as Billy does over 'Doby's number two. He sends his new wife up to 'Doby's on the run, while he takes Willyum an' comes pirootin' back to the Red Light to brace up. Billy's shore nervous an' needs it.

"'My pore child,' says Billy to Willyum about the third drink—Willyum is settin' on a monte-table an' payin' heed to Billy a heap decorous an' respectful for a three-year-old—'my pore child,' says Billy that a-way, 'you-all is ag'in a hard game up at your paw's. This yere is playin' it plumb low on you, Willyum. It looks like they fills a hand ag'in you, son, an' you ain't in it no more at 'Doby's; who, whatever is your fool claims on that p'int a year ago, is still your dad ondoubted. But you-all knows me, Willyum. You knows that talk in Holy Writ. If your father an' mother shakes you, your Uncle Billy takes you up. I'm powerful 'fraid, Willyum, you'll have to have action on them promises.'

"Willyum listens to Billy plenty grave an' owly, but he don't make no observations on his luck or communicate no views to Billy except that he's hungry. This yere ain't relevant none, but Billy at once pastures him out on a can of sardines an' some crackers, while he keeps on bein' liberal to himse'f about whiskey.

"'I don't feel like denyin' myse'f nothin',' he says. 'Yere I gets married, an' in less'n an hour my wife is ravaged away at the whoop of dooty to ride herd on another gent's fam'ly; leavin' me, her husband, with that other gent's abandoned progeny on my hands. This yere's gettin' to be a boggy ford for Billy Rudd, you bet.'

"But while Billy takes on a heap, he don't impress me like he's hurt none after all. When Doc Peets trails in from 'Doby's, where he's been in the interests of science that a-way, Billy at once drug him aside for a pow-wow. They talks over in one corner of the Red Light awhile, then Billy looks up like one load's offen his mind, an' yells:

"'Barkeep, it's another boy. Use my name freely in urgin' drinks on the camp.'

"Then Billy goes on whisperin' to Doc Peets an' layin' down somethin' like his heart's sot on it. At last Doc says:

"'The best way, Billy, is for me to bring 'Doby over.' With this Doc Peets gets onto his pony at the door an' goes curvin' back to 'Doby's.

"'It's a boy,' says Billy to the rest of us after Doc Peets lines out, 'an' child an' mother both on velvet an' winnin' right along.'

"These yere events crowdin' each other that a-way—first a weddin' an' then an infant boy—has a brightenin' effect on public sperit. It makes us feel like the camp's shorely gettin' a start. While we-alls is givin' way to Billy's desire to buy whiskey, Peets comes back, bringin' 'Doby.

"Thar's nothin' what you-alls calls dramatic about 'Doby an' Billy comin' together. They meets an' shakes, that's all. They takes a drink together, which shows they's out to be friends for good, an' then Billy says:

"'But what I wants partic'lar, 'Doby, is that you makes over to me your son Willyum. He's shore the finest young-one in Arizona, an' Marie an' me needs him to sorter organize on.'

"'Billy,' says 'Doby, 'you-all an' me is partners for years, an' we're partners yet. We has our storm cloud, an' we has also our eras of peace. Standin' as we do on the brink of one of said eras, an' as showin' sincerity, I yereby commits to you my son Willyum. Yereafter, when he calls you "Pop," it goes, an' the same will not be took invidious.'

"''Doby,' replies Billy, takin' him by the hand, 'this yere day 'lustrates the prophet when he says: "In the midst of life we're in luck." If you-alls notes tears in my eyes, I'm responsible for 'em. Willyum's mine. As I r'ars him it will be with you as a model. Now you go back where dooty calls you. When you ceases to need my wife, Marie, send her back to camp, an' notify me tharof. Pendin' of which said notice, however,' concloods Billy, turnin' to us after 'Doby starts back, 'Willyum an' me entertains.'"

The Talisman of Moukoubamba

By GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

By Geo. Clemenceau

Translated by Audrey McMahon

PERHAPS you were acquainted with Moukoubamba, who was famous throughout Passy as a mender of cane-bottomed chairs, a weaver of baskets, and a teller of tales to divert the passer-by and the frequenter of those lowly places where the scum of Paris absorbs its food and drink. He was an old negro who had come from Guiana: his skin was ebon black, his kinky hair snow-white, his eyes were like soft velvet and his crocodile jaws were always gay with childish laughter. He honoured me with his visits when, of an evening, he discovered that he had in his possession some object which was not saleable. With an abundance of gestures and words he then would explain to me my great good fortune in needing an object of which he happened to be the custodian. And as he was not slow to see that this by-play amused me he let himself go without restraint, and gave vent to bursts of eloquence which were always more or less remunerative.

Our latest "reformers" having placed drunkenness within the reach of everyone, Moukoubamba died the fourteenth of last July, after having too copiously celebrated the fall of the Bastille. Passy will see no more Moukoubamba of the white Arab cape, the scarlet Zouave cap, the green boots and the drum-major's *bâton*. Which is a loss for Passy. And a loss for me too, for how could I let this comrade, who has visited so many lands, known so many wise men and learned so many lessons, depart without regret?

"Moukoubamba knows the whole world," he used to say, adding, "Moukoubamba knows everything any man can know."

And such was the generosity of this primitive soul that instead of hoarding his wisdom he shared it freely with one and all. He took equal pride in forecasting tomorrow's weather and in recalling yesterday's. By means of cabalistic hieroglyphs on a very greasy parchment he foretold the future, a glowing future always containing nothing but good fortune.

The poor learned that they were about to become heirs to a large estate, the rich that their wealth would multiply, young people heard that love was awaiting them, for the aged life was indefinitely prolonged. Moukoubamba sold bits of paradise.

One day I reproached him with this, telling him that life inflicts some trials now and then if only to sharpen the taste of subsequent pleasures, and that there must sometimes exist a discrepancy between the flood of joys which he predicted and the sparse quantity of good fortune which actually came to pass.

"Life," answered wise Moukoubamba, "is a procession of joys. As soon as one has passed, another begins its voyage. It may take a long time for this joy to reach you, but you should await it with confidence. Often it is this awaiting which is its happiest part."

For a mender of chairs those words seemed very wise.

"Who taught you that?" I asked him.

"A holy man of Benares for whom the world contained no secrets."

"Then you have been in India?"

"I have been everywhere."

"Moukoubamba, my friend, you must have had a strange life. Won't you tell me about it? The past interests me far more than the future."

"If you will tell them to bring me coffee and cigarets, and if I may smoke and drink as much as I talk, I will tell you my whole story."

I assented and Moukoubamba took possession of my veranda, squatting down on one of his straw mats, inhaling the perfume of Araby, exhaling the clouds of blue smoke and apparently losing himself in a search for a fit beginning to his story.

"What was your first trade?" I asked him, coming to the rescue.

"The easiest of all," he replied with an air of shame. "I began by being a minster of state."

"Minister of state!" I was amazed. "For whom? And where?"

"For the great king Matori. Far, far away. Farther even than the Niger."

"Really? I congratulate his Excellency. And you say that this was an easy profession? Your colleagues in France seem to have a different idea of the simplicity of their positions."

"I am telling you what I saw. In our country the masters are always right. Do you know any corner of the globe where it is otherwise? When I was Minister I didn't know how to do anything. I wouldn't have been capable of weaving the mat I'm sitting on. Nevertheless every word I spoke was admired and every order I gave considered the best in the world. I was their fetich, my mother having given birth to me on a rainy day which came at the end of a long drought."

"And what were your duties?"

"Oh, you know. I went marketing for the king's establishment, and of course I kept for myself my just portion. Matori was very much attached to me. But I had enemies nevertheless. And they persuaded him that my Talisman was stronger than his. Then he feared my power, and so he sold me to an English trader who needed bearers for his ivory tusks. That was a long trip. If a bearer fell down because he could go no farther, he was killed on the spot so as not to leave him to the mercy of the wild beasts, and his burden was divided among the rest of us. Without my Talisman I would have been one of those who succumbed. Of course, the fact that they flogged us helped to keep me going."

"What is your Talisman?"

"In those days I didn't know. But I felt it without being able to name it. We arrived in England. I was no longer a slave. Oh no, I was 'employed.' And in order that I fulfill all the terms of my 'employment' I was attached to the wall of a courtyard by means of a stout iron chain. To be sure I wasn't alone. All my comrades were there too."

"Poor Moukoubamba!"

"I wasn't so very unhappy. You see, they fed us well. They wanted us to be in good condition so that it would be easy to get rid of us. That is where I learned how to weave rushes and rattan and how to carve wood. The man next to me was a magician in his own country. He worked with bamboo, he cooked, he knew how to melt iron, to sew leather, to dance and to invoke the spirits. They took great care of him. He was disposed of—not sold, since slavery did not exist, but exchanged for two dozen bottles of French brandy. That was a good price. Matori got nothing but a gourd of rum for me."

"Poor Moukoubamba!"

"You are right to pity me—that was far too cheap a price. It humiliated me for a long time. But my new master told me that I must learn to 'dominate the demon of pride.'"

"Is that what he said?"

"That's what he said. One day when I was working there at the end of my chain, a man, dressed all in black with white about his neck, approached me and said: 'Brother, what have you done with your soul?' I had learned a few words of English during the voyage, but nevertheless I had to ask him to repeat his question. He repeated it over and over again, and finally I understood that he was talking about my Talisman and that he wanted to know what had become of it. I told him that it was sacred, that I always carried it with me, but that I would be glad to use it in his employ if he wanted to buy me from my master. My answer seemed to please him, for that very evening I was installed in the vicarage of the excellent pastor, Ebenezer Jones. He taught me all about his Talisman and I saw that it didn't differ so much from Matori's. It's always about Something about which we know nothing and which treats us well or ill. We beg good and joy of It—but we don't always get it. However, as I said before, we must wait for the good to come, and waiting teaches us how to be patient.

"Ebenezer Jones told me some beautiful stories filled with miraculous happenings. After he had finished he always asked me the same question.

"'*Do you believe me?*'

"Now, how could I do otherwise than believe him? He was such a good man and he gave me soup with meat in it every single day. He baptised me with a beautiful ceremony. He became so pleased with me that he made me sacristan, and I got presents from everyone. I liked that for it enabled me to go secretly and buy very fine rum.

"Ebenezer Jones traveled all over the country telling the people about his Talisman, and I went with him. I had learned all his speeches by heart and very often I recited parts of them after he had finished. People seemed to understand me better than they did him, and I didn't find that surprising. My spiritual guide owed me the greater part of his successes. That lasted for nearly ten years.

"One day Ebenezer suggested that I accompany him to London. I followed him with joy, and I must admit that the six weeks which I spent in that capital were marvelous. I was exhibited at the Society of Missions as a model convert. At the dessert of the banquet I rose and told them how happy I was. That was both true and natural after so excellent a repast. The people around me wept with emotion—and I wept too. I received constant presents from old ladies. They sent me mince pies and delicious puddings. I never ate so much nor drank so well.

"It was with amazement that I found out that all the English people do not agree as to their Talismans. I should have expected that, but somehow I didn't.

"One afternoon in London a great big Irish priest came to see me. He had heard tales of my religious zeal. The glory which accrued to the Mission Society through me upset him. He had resolved to get me away from Ebenezer Jones. I followed him to his house and there I saw a table abundantly laden with food. There were patés, sweets and liqueurs . . . oh, such liqueurs. That affected me deeply, and I could not hide it from my new friend, Father Joseph O'Meara. He redoubled his efforts, and explained to me that his Talisman was superior to that of Ebenezer Jones. Finally I had to admit that he was right. As soon as I had said that, he baptized me and the next day we celebrated my *reconversion* with a gorgeous and elaborate ceremony. Joseph O'Meara wept with joy—and I wept also. That evening there was a gorgeous banquet—like the others. I had been taught a new speech, but I had been given so much to drink that my memory failed me and all I could say was 'Moukoubamba is very happy, very happy.'

"And it was not a lie.

"The only unfortunate thing was that Ebenezer Jones was ashamed that they had been able to lure me away, and he wanted me back. But Joseph O'Meara was on the lookout. He treated me like a prince, and kept me under his eye for two weeks. Then he informed me that I must leave that country in order to get away from Ebenezer Jones.

"They sent me to a mission in Bombay where religion was entirely different. There were monks there and they did nothing but fast. All they gave me to eat was a little rice with plenty of dust and as much warm water as I wanted to drink. I didn't like that at all. I wandered through the streets looking for a Talisman that wanted me. There were all kinds of people in Bombay. I asked a Parsi—an adorer of fire—about his Talisman.

"But although he could create fire at will, he had cooked nothing to eat in his kettle. I asked a Chinaman, too. He watched me eat and told me I would be reincarnated in the form of a shark. None of them seemed anxious to convert me.

"I traveled about weaving baskets and mats as I do now. I was faring very poorly. Everybody in that country adheres to his Talisman and refuses to change. There wouldn't be any field there for Ebenezer Jones or Joseph O'Meara. Or me. But in spite of their Talismans the people are very unhappy. They die of starvation by the hundreds, and yet they keep to their own Talismans instead of changing and adopting those which permit other people to live in abundance.

"One day I met a fakir from Benares. I had heard that he possessed supreme wisdom, so I asked him about conditions in Bombay. His Talisman was a small wooden bowl behind which he squatted by the roadside. Just to look at it you wouldn't have thought much of it. However, this bowl had the strange power of attracting money because of the belief—established by the fakir—that to give brought luck to the donors. I have discovered that you have the same notion in this country. But in your country the mendicant-fakir is divided into two castes: the professional beggar to whom nothing is given because he isn't 'respectable,' and the professional fakir to whom much is given because he makes fortunes.

"The man from Benares knew all that and a great many other things besides. He took to me because of the simplicity of my questions. In the evening he made me a present of a bowl of rice. Often he let me lie down in his hut. At night, under the stars, he taught me his mystery and withheld nothing from me.

"It was he who taught me the real truth about Talismans, and his teaching has enabled me to live from day to day without care for the morrow. Later on, a Parsi, who was a wheat merchant, took me into your Algeria and after that brought me to Paris, where I stayed. But everything I have seen throughout the world has only strengthened my belief in the wisdom of the great man from Benares."

"Is that so? And what was it he told you about Talismans?"

"I have no more coffee. . . ."

"Dear me. Well, how about a little glass of cordial?"

"With pleasure. What he said can be told in a very few words. The fakir taught that the whole world is only an enormous conglomeration of Talismans. He said that there are as many of them as there are living human beings. He said that some of them are strong and some of them are weak. And that there is a constant battle going on between them to see which one will win. He said that wicked people are those who do wrong to others in order to gain power. That good people are those who arrive at the same results by means of sweetness, artfulness and persuasion. He said that it is essential to be on the side of the good people if one is not very strong."

"I understand that. But I don't understand whether the fakir was speaking of human beings or of their Talismans."

"Ah, but you want to know everything! Another little glass of cordial and I will give you the answer. I cannot refuse to tell you. Well, this fakir affirmed that the Talisman and the human being are one and the same thing, for everyone creates his own Talisman according to his lights and his forces. That is why I don't lie when I predict a joyous fortune to everybody. That belief strengthens their Talismans, and their chance for happiness grows. Furthermore, they have the pleasure of anticipation."

"Then, Moukoubamba, in divers forms and under changing denominations, you profess that the only Talisman to which you have remained faithful and which has rewarded you by leading you across the globe. . . ."

"Is Moukoubamba himself. That's the great secret. Meditate on that as did the fakir."

"I'll meditate, be sure of it. But do you believe that this secret is known only in Benares?"

"I have often wondered. To judge by the actions of people, everyone must know it. But the fakir from Benares is the only man I have ever known who dared to *say* it."

Thus spoke Moukoubamba, mender of chairs in Passy, teller of tales and improbable stories.

Reflections On a Discarded Bath-Robe

WHY didn't I keep it? It was made for me, I for it. It fitted all the lines of my body without encumbering me. I was picturesque and handsome in it. The other, stiff and new, makes a dummy of me.

There was never a need that its kind heart did not meet. Should a book be covered with dust, one of its soft folds would offer to wipe it away; clotted ink refused to flow from my pen: it presented its noble flank. On it one sees recorded in long black streaks the frequent services it has rendered me. These long streaks proclaimed the man of letters, the writer, the man who works. Now, I look like a wealthy idler; no one knows what I really am.

Under its sheltering folds, I feared neither my valet's awkwardness, nor my own;—nor sparks from the fire, nor splashes from the wash bowl. I was the absolute master of my old bath-robe; I have become the slave of the new.

The dragon that guarded the golden fleece could not have been more anxious than I. Fear envelopes me. . . .

I do not weep, I do not sigh; but at each instant, I murmur: "Ah, accursed be he who invented the art of making a quite ordinary material expensive by dyeing it royal purple. Curses on the precious garment I revere! Where is my old, my humble, my accommodating calico rag?"

Gentle reader, treasure your old friends. Beware of the tentacles of wealth. May you profit by my example. Poverty has its freedom. Wealth, its shackles.

DENIS DIDEROT. (VOLKHARDT.)

A Little Matter of Real Estate

By
MYRA KELLY

FOUR weeks of teaching in a lower East Side school had deprived Constance Bailey of many of the "Ideals in Education" which, during four years at college, she had trustingly acquired. But, despite many discouragements, despite an unintelligible dialect and an autocratic "Course of Study," she clung to an ambition to establish harmony in her kingdom and to impress a high moral tone upon the fifty-eight little children of Israel entrusted to her care. She was therefore troubled and heavy of heart when it was borne in upon her that two of her little flock—cousins to boot, and girls—had so far forgotten the Golden Rule as to be "mad on theirselves und wouldn't to talk even," as that Bureau of Fashionable Intelligence, Sarah Schrodsky, duly reported.

"Und Teacher," Sarah continued, "Eva Gonorowsky's mamma has a mad on Sadie Gonorowsky's mamma, und her papa has a mad on her papa, und her gran'ma has a mad on both of papas und both of mammas, und her gran'pa has a mad somethin' fierce on both of uncles, und her auntie——"

Here Miss Bailey sent the too communicative Sarah to her place and called the divided house of Gonorowsky to her desk for instant judgment. And as she held forth she was delighted to see that her words were falling upon good ground, for the dark and dainty features of her hearers expressed a flattering degree of conviction and of humility. She was admiring the wonderful lashes lying damp and dark on Eva's smooth cheek when the beautiful eyes unclosed, gazed straight across the desk at Sadie, and Eva took a flying leap into Teacher's lap to cling with arms and knees and fingers to her chosen refuge.

"Oh, Teacher, Teacher," she wailed, "Sadie makes on me such a snoot I got a scare over it."

Miss Bailey turned to the so lately placid face of Sadie in search of the devastating "snoot," but met only a serene glance of conscious guilelessness and the assurance:

"No ma'an, I don't makes no snoot on nobody. I get killed as anything off of my mamma sooner I makes a snoot. It ain't polite." This with a reassuring smile and direct and candid gaze.

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, she makes all times a snoot on me," cried the now weeping Eva, "all times. She turns her nose around, und makes go away her eyes, und comes her tongue out long. On'y I dassent to fight mit her while I'm cousins mit her. Und over cousins you got all times kind feelings."

"Well, Sadie," Teacher questioned, "what have you to say?"

The dark eyes met Teacher's with no shadow in their depths as Sadie uttered her denial:

"I *never* in my world done no snoot."

A shudder of admiring awe swept over the assembled class—followed by a gasp of open contradiction as Sadie went on with her vindication. For Sadie's snoots were the envy of all the class. Had not Morris Mogilewsky paid three cents for lessons in the art, and, with the accomplishment, frightened a baby into what its angry mother described as "spine-yell convulsions"? And now Sadie was saying, "I *couldn't* to make no snoot. Never. But, Teacher, it's like this: Eva makes *me* whole bunches of trouble. Bertha Binderwitz und me is monitors in the yard when the childrens comes back from dinner. So-o-oh, I says, 'front dress,' like you says, so the childrens shall look on what head is in front of them. On'y Eva she don't 'front dress' at all, but extra she longs out her neck und rubs on me somethin' fierce——"

"It's a lie!" interrupted Eva gently. "I don't make nothing like that. I stands by my line und Sadie she makes faces on me with her hand. It ain't polite." This with plaintive self-righteousness. "No ma'an, it *ain't* polite—you makes snoots mit your hand like this." And as Eva illustrated with outspread fingers and a pink thumb in juxtaposition to a diminutive nose, Teacher, with uncertain gravity, was forced to admit that snoots of that description are sanctioned by few books of etiquette.

"Now, my dear little girls," said she, "this quarreling must stop. I want you to kiss each other as cousins should."

This suggestion was a distinct failure. Eva and Sadie, with much fluttering of aprons and waving of curls, sought opposite corners of the schoolroom, while up started Sarah Schrodsky with: "Teacher, they couldn't to make no kissing. They're mad on theirselves 'cause their mammas has a mad. Sadie's mamma says like this on Eva's mamma, 'Don't you dast to talk to me—you lives by the fifth floor und your man is a robber.' Und Eva's mamma says——"

When Teacher had managed to silence Sarah she led the weeping Gonorowskys back to their places and the scholastic world wagged on in outward tranquillity.

Hostilities were temporarily suspended some days later owing to the illness of Sadie, by far the more aggressive of the opposing parties. Eva led a placid life for three peaceful days, and then—as by law prescribed and postal card invited—Sadie's mother came to explain her daughter's absence. Large of person, bland of manner, in a heavy black shawl and a heavier black wig, Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky stood beaming and bobbing in the hall.

"I likes I should Sadie Gonorowsky's teacher see," she began, in the peculiar English of the adult population of the East Side. Mrs. Gonorowsky could neither use nor understand her young daughter's copious invective. Upon being assured that the diminutive form before her was indeed clothed with authority, she announced:

"Comes a letter I should by the school come. I was Sadie's mamma." Here she drew from the inner recesses of the black shawl a bundle which, being placed in a perpendicular position, proved to be the most recent addition to the Gonorowsky household. She smoothed it with a work-worn but tender hand, and repeated in a saddened voice: "Yes, ma'am, I was her mamma und she lays now on the bed."

The increasing sadness of Mrs. Gonorowsky's announcement and its sinister phraseology startled Teacher. "Not dead!" she cried. "Oh, surely not dead!"

"Sure not," was the indignant response. "She's got such a sickness she must lay on the bed, und comes the doctor. Sadie's papa holds much on that child, Miss Teacher, und all times he has a worry over her. Me too. She comes by the school tomorrow maybe, und I ask you by a favour you should do me the kindness to look on her. So she feel again sick she should better on the house come. She say, 'Oh, mamma, I got a lovely teacher; I likes to look on her the while she has such a light face.'"

Having thus diplomatically led up to a question, Mrs. Gonorowsky with great suavity asked, "Sadie is a good girl, hein?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"She is shmardt, hein? She don't make you no troubles?"

"Well," Miss Bailey answered, "she has rather bothered me lately by quarreling with her little cousin, Eva."

"So-o-oh!" exclaimed Sadie's parent ponderously. "So-o-oh, Eva Gonorowsky makes you troubles; she is a bad girl—I tell Sadie—Sadie is a good girl—I tell her she should make nothings with Eva soch a bad girl. For what you not put her back by baby class? She is not shmardt."

"Oh, but she is; she is a bright little thing," cried Teacher. "I couldn't think of putting her back. She's a dear little girl and I can't imagine why Sadie quarrels with her."

Mrs. Gonorowsky drew her ample form to a wonderful erectness, readjusted her shawl, and answered with much stateliness:

"It was a trouble from off of real estate." With dignity and blandness she proceeded to kiss Teacher's hand, and signified entire willingness to entrust her precious Sadie to the care of so estimable a young person, inquired solicitously if the work were not too much for so small a lady, and cautioned the young person against rainy mornings. Had she a mackintosh? Mr. Gonorowsky was selling them off that week. Were her imperceptibles sufficiently warm? Mr. Gonorowsky, by a strange chance, was absolutely giving away "fine all from wool" imperceptibles, and the store was near. Mrs. Gonorowsky then withdrew, leaving a kindly sentiment in Teacher's heart and an atmosphere of ironing-boards and onions in the hall. On the following morning Sadie returned to her "light-faced" teacher, and for one whole day hostilities were suspended.

But on the morning after this truce Eva was absent from her accustomed place and Sadie blandly disclaimed all knowledge of her whereabouts. After the noon recess a pathetic little figure wavered in the doorway with one arm in a sling and one eye in a poultice. The remaining eye was fixed in deep reproach on the face of Isidore Belchatosky, the Adonis of the class, and the eye was the eye of Eva.

"Eva!" exclaimed Teacher, "oh, Eva, what can you have been doing? What's the matter with your eye?"

"Isidore Belchatosky he goes und makes me this here shiner," said Eva's accusing voice, as the eye under the poultice was uncovered for a moment. It was indeed a "shiner" of aggravated aspect, and Isidore cringed as it met his affrighted gaze. The sling and the bandages were of gay chintz, showing forth the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and their lurid colours made them horribly conspicuous. Friday scampered across Eva's forehead, pursued by savages; and Crusoe, under his enormous umbrella, nestled close to her heart.

"Surely Isidore would never hit a little girl?" Teacher remonstrated.

"Teacher, yiss ma'an; he makes me this here shiner. Sadie she goes und tells him she kisses him a kiss so he makes me a shiner. He's lovin' mit her und she's got kind feelin's by him, the while his papa's got a candy cart. It's a stylish candy cart mit a bell und a horn. So-o-oh I was yesterday on the store for buy my mamma some wurst, und I don't make nothings mit nobody."

Here the poor, half-blind Eva, with her love and talent for pantomime, took a gay little walk past Teacher's desk, with tossing head and swinging skirts. Then with a cry she recoiled from the very memory of her wrongs.

"Comes Isidore! Und he hits me a hack on my leg so I couldn't to hold it even. So I falls und I make me this here shiner. Und when my mamma seen how comes such a bile on my bone she had a mad; she hollered somethin' fierce."

One could well sympathize with the harassed Mrs. Nathan Gonorowsky.

"So-o-oh," continued Eva with melancholy enjoyment, "my mamma she puts medsin at a rag und bangages up mine eye. Und now I ain't healthy."

"Sadie Gonorowsky, come here!" commanded Miss Bailey, in a voice which lifted Sadie bodily from the place to which she had guiltily determined to cling. And Sadie went, jaunty of air, but with shifting eyes.

"Isidore Belchatosky, come here!" commanded Miss Bailey, and Isidore slunk after his divinity.

Teacher was savagely angry, but by-laws forbade corporal punishment, and principles—and the Principal—forbade noisy upbraidings. And so with long, strange words, to supply the element of dread uncertainty, she began to speak, slowly and coldly as one ever should when addressing ears accustomed to much sputtering profanity.

"Sadie and Isidore, did you dare to interfere with the life, the liberty and the happiness of our cherished young friend, Eva Gonorowsky? Did you *dare?*"

"No ma'an," said Sadie with a sob.

"It's a lie!" said Isidore with a snuffle.

"Did you, Isidore, allow yourself to be tempted by beauty to such inconceivable depravity as to blacken Eva's eye?"

"No ma'an. Self done it."

"Did you, Sadie, descend so low as to barter kisses with Isidore Belchatosky?"

"No ma'an," this with much scorn. "I wouldn't to kiss him; he's a scare-cat, und he tells out."

"What did he tell?" asked Teacher.

"He tells out how I say I kiss him a kiss so he make Eva a shiner. Und I wouldn't to do it. Never. So he gave me five cents even, I wouldn't to kiss no scare-cat."

"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"'Cause I couldn't to hit her mineself," said the doughty Sadie. She was inches taller than her victim, and stout withal. "I couldn't, 'cause I ain't so healthy; I'm a nervous child, Teacher, und I was day-before-yesterday sick on the bed."

Here the plaintive plaintiff showed a desire to testify once more, and Teacher appointed three-thirty that afternoon as the hour most suitable for a thorough examination of the case.

When the last arm had been twisted into the last sleeve, when the last chin had been tied into the last shawl, when the last dispute as to ownership in disreputable mittens had been settled, the great case of Gonorowsky *vs.* Gonorowsky was called. On either side of the desk stood a diminutive Gonorowsky; Eva still plaintive, and Sadie, redly, on the defensive. Directly in front stood that labourer defrauded of his hire, that tool in the hands of guileful woman—Isidore Belchatosky.

"Now," Teacher began, "I want to hear nothing but the truth. Isidore, did you hit Eva?"

"Yiss ma'an."

"What for?"

"For a kiss."

"From whom?"

Here Sadie muttered a threat "to lay him down dead if he tells," and Isidore required promise of safe conduct to his own block before he consented to murmur:

"Sadie Gonorowsky."

"Did you get the kiss?"

"No ma'an."

"Do you know anything about this fight?"

"No ma'an."

"Well, then, you may go home now, and bring your mother with you to-morrow morning."

Isidore left with a heavy heart and the enquiry was continued.

"What has Sadie been doing to you, Eva?" asked Teacher, and Eva, with resigned mien, answered:

"All things," and then details followed. "She makes on me a snoot, she pulls me on the bottom of my hair, she goes und takes her pencil und gives me a stick in my face. When I was marchin' she extra takes her shoes und steps at my legs; I got two swollen legs over her. Und now"—here a sob—"you could to look on how she makes me biles und shiners."

As Eva's voice droned out these many accusations, Sadie grew more emphatic in her favourite repartee:

"It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie!"

"And now, Eva, will you tell me *why* Sadie has been doing all these naughty things?"

"Teacher, I don't know."

"Oh, yes; you do!"

"No ma'an; I don't. I could swear if I do. I kiss up to God." She wafted a kiss toward the ceiling. "I got all times a kind feelin' over Sadie, on'y she wouldn't to be glad on me. I seen yesterday her little brother in the street mit Sadie und she make he shouldn't to talk to me. My heart it breaks when she make like that; I'm got no brother und no sister und I'm lovin' *so* much mit my little cousin. She goes und makes he should say nothin' und in *mine* eyes stands tears. I was sad."

"Well, dear, that's a shame," said Teacher, "and if you really don't understand, go out into the assembly room and wait for me. Sadie is going to tell me all about it."

Eva vanished, only to return with the lurid bandage in her hand and the query:—"Can I make this wet?"

Upon receiving permission so to do she retired with her courteous "Good-afternoon, Teacher," and her unchanged "Good-by, Sadie; I'm got yet that kind feelin'." Truly the "pangs of disprized love" seemed hers.

Several kinds of persuasion were practised in Room 18 during the next five minutes. Then Sadie accepted defeat, faced the inevitable, and began:

"It's like this: I dassent to be glad on Eva. So I want even, I dassent. My mamma has the same mad, und my papa. My mamma she says like this: So my papa gets sooner glad on my uncle she wouldn't to be wifes mit him no more. *Such* is the mad she has!"

"Why?"

"Well. Mine uncle he come out of Russia. From long he come when I was a little bit of baby. Und he didn't to have no money for buy a house. So my papa—he's awful kind—he gives him thousen dollers so he could to buy. Und say, Teacher, what you think? he don't pays it back. It *ain't* polite you takes thousen dollers und don't pays it back."

Sadie's air, as she submitted this rule of social etiquette to Teacher's wider knowledge, was a wondrous thing to see—so deferential was it and yet so assured.

"So my papa he writes a letter on my uncle how he could to pay that thousen dollers. *Goes* months. *Comes* no thousen dollers. So my papa he goes on the lawyer und the lawyer he writes on my uncle a letter how he should to pay. *Goes* months. *Comes* no thousen dollers." At each repetition of these fateful words Sadie shook her serious head, pursed up her rosy mouth, folded her hands resignedly, and sighed deeply. Clearly this was a tale more than twice told, for the voice and manner of Sadie were as the voice and manner of Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky, and the recital was plagiarism—masterly and complete.

"And then?" prompted Teacher, lest the conversation languish.

"Well, my papa writes some more a letter on mine uncle. Oh-o-oh, a awful bossy-und-mad letter. All the mad words what my papa knows he writes on mine uncle. Und my mamma she sets by my papa's side und all the mad words what my mamma knows she tells on my papa und he writes them, too, on mine uncle. Mine uncle (that's Eva's papa) could to have a fierce mad sooner he seen that bossy letter. But *goes* two days. *Comes* no thousen dollers."

Here ensued a long and dramatic pause.

"Well, comes no thousen dollers. Comes nothings. On'y by night my mamma she puts me on my bed; when comes my uncle! He comes und makes a knopping on our door. I couldn't to tell even how he makes knopping. I had such a scare I was green on the face, und my heart was going so you could to hear. I'm a nervous child, Missis Bailey, und my face is all times green sooner I gets a scare."

This last observation was a triumph of mimicry, and recalled Mrs. Gonorowsky so vividly as to make her atmosphere of garlic and old furniture quite perceptible.

"So my mamma hears how my uncle knopps und says 'Lemme in—lemme in.' She says ('scuse me, Teacher)—she says 'he must be' ('scuse me) 'drunk.' That's how my mamma says.

"So goes my papa by the door und says 'Who stands?' Und my uncle he says 'Lemme in.' So-o-oh my papa he opens the door. Stands my uncle mit cheeky looks und he showed a fist on my papa. My papa has a fierce mad sooner he seen that fist—fists is awful cheeky when somebody ain't paid. So my papa he says ('scuse me)—it's fierce how he says, on'y he had a mad over that fist. He says ('scuse me), 'Go to hell!' und my uncle, what ain't paid that thousen dollers, he says just like that to my papa. He says too ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell!' So-o-oh then my papa hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und how my papa is strong I couldn't to tell even. He pulls every morning by the extrasizer, und he's got such a muscles! So he hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und my uncle he fall und he fall und he fall—we live by the third floor, und he fall off of the third floor by the street—und even in falling he says like that ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell! go to hell! go to hell!' Ain't it somethin' fierce how he says? On all the steps he says, 'Go to hell! go to hell! go to hell!'"

Miss Bailey had listened to authoritative lectures upon "The Place and Influence of the Teacher in Community Life," and was debating as to whether she had better inflict her visit of remonstrance upon Mr. Lazarus Gonorowsky, of the powerful and cultivated muscle, or upon Mr. Nathan Gonorowsky, of the deplorable manners, when this opportunity to bring the higher standards of living into the home was taken from her. The house of Gonorowsky, in jagged fragments, was tested as by fire and came forth united.

Eva was absent one morning, and Sadie presented the explanation in a rather dirty envelope:

> **Dear Miss:**
>
> **Excuse pliss that Eva Gonarofsky comes not on the school. We was moving und she couldn't to find her clothes.**
>
> **Yurs Resptphs,**
> **Her elders,**
> **Nathan Gonorowsky,**
> **Becky Ganurwoski.**

"Is Eva going far away?" asked Teacher. "Will she come to this school any more?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, sure she comes; she lives now by my house. My uncle he lives by my house, too. Und my aunt."

"And you're not angry with your cousin any more?"

"Teacher, no ma'an; I'm loving mit her. She's got on now all mine best clothes the while her mamma buys her new. My aunt buys new clothes, too. Und my uncle."

Sadie reported this shopping epidemic so cheerily that Teacher asked with mild surprise:

"Where are all their old things?"

"Teacher, they're burned. Und my uncle's store und his *all* of goods, und his house und his three sewing machines. All, all burned!"

"Oh, dear me!" said Teacher. "Your poor uncle! Now he can never pay that thousand dollars."

Sadie regarded Teacher with puzzled eyes.

"Sure he pays. He's now 'most as rich like Van'pilt. I guess he's got a hundred dollers. He pays all right, all right, und my papa had a party over him: he had such a awful glad!"

"Glad on your uncle?" cried Teacher, startled into colloquialisms.

"Yiss ma'an. Und my mamma has a glad on Eva's mamma, und my gran'ma has a glad on both of papas und both of mammas, und my gran'pa has a glad just like my gran'ma. All, all glad!"

As Teacher walked toward Grand Street that afternoon, she met a radiant little girl with a small and most unsteady boy in tow. She recognized Eva and surmised the cousin whose coldness had hurt her even unto tears.

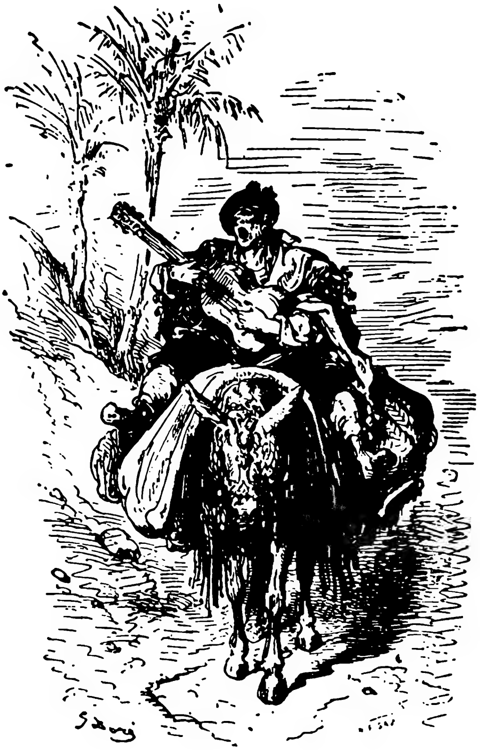
"Well, Eva, and what little boy is this?" she asked.

And the beaming and transformed Eva answered:

"It's my little cousin. He's lovin' mit me now. Sadie, too, is lovin'. I take him out the while it's healthy he walks, on'y he ain't so big und he falls. Say, Teacher, it's nice when he falls. I holds him in my hands."

And fall he did. Eva picked him up, greatly to their mutual delight, and explained:

"He's heavy, und my this here arm ain't yet so healthy, but I hold him in my hands the while he's cousins mit me, und over cousins I'm got all times that kind feelin'"



A SPANISH MINSTREL

Drawn by Gustave Doré

Spanish Dance Songs

Translated by Audrey McMahon

A MUSIC HALL IN BARCELONA

Señor Pon was followed by Senorita Villaclara, a fair-complexioned woman, with dark, sleepy, wicked eyes, and black hair trailing over her forehead, with little curls near the ears. The leader of the orchestra began to play on the piano a brief, monotonous air, and the woman—looking out between her half-shut eyes—began the *Malagueña.* It was a strange, piercing, Moorish chant, sung in a high falsetto voice in long, acute, trembling phrases—a wail rather than a song—with pauses, as if to gain breath, between. A few words seemed to be repeated over and over again, with tremulous, inarticulate cries that wavered in time to a regularly beating rhythm.

The sound was like nothing I have ever heard. It pierced the brain, it tortured one with a sort of delicious spasm. The next song had more of a regular melody, though still in this extraordinary strained voice, and still with something of lament in its monotony. I could not understand the words, but the gestures left no doubt as to the character of the song. It was assertively indecent, but with that curious kind of indecency—an almost religious solemnity in performer and audience—which the Spaniards share with the Eastern races. . . .

When the applause was over, the woman returned the hat, came back to the table at which she had been sitting, dismally enough, and yawned more desperately than ever.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

BOLERO

(Very old)

Dear blessed San Antonio,
I ask three favours,
Dear blessed San Antonio
I ask thee favours,
Salvation and wealth, ah!
And a good husband.
Bring him to me,
Young and joyous
And full of passion.
Let him come to me,
And be the pilot
Of my heart.

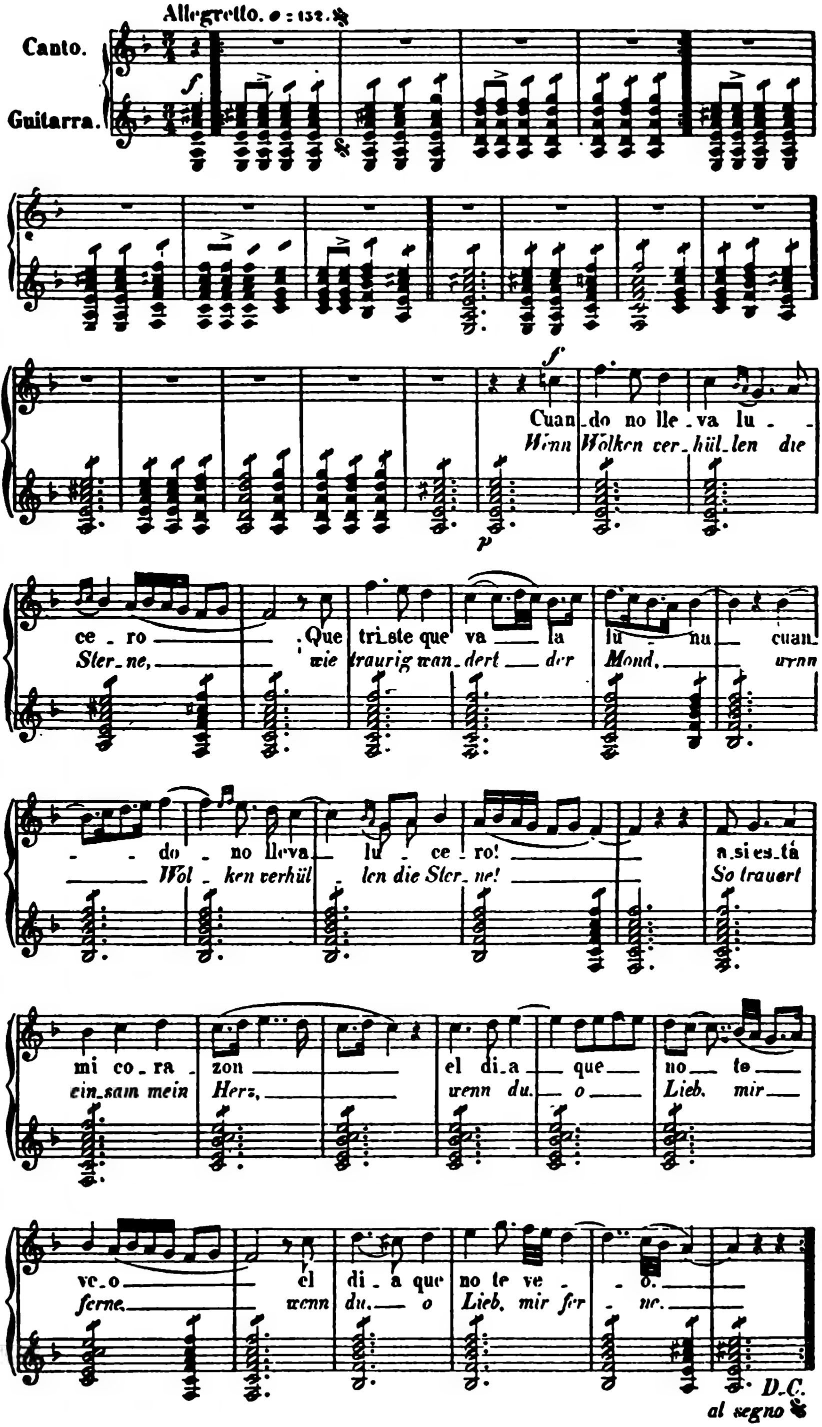
BOLERO

Love is an insect,
And when he stings
There is no remedy,
Not even in the pharmacy.

For the sting of love
Is quite without cure,
Unless the good curate
Should cure you in wedding you.

Love is an infant,
When he is born,
He eats very little
And is quickly content.

But as he grows older,
The more he receives
The more he goes begging, Ah!
The more he receives,
The more he goes begging, Ah!


Allegretto. ♩= 132.
Canto.
Guitarra.
Cuan-do no lle-va lu-ce-ro. Que tri-ste que va la lu-na cuan-do no lle-va lu-ce-ro! A-si es-tá mi co-ra-zon el di-a que no te ve-o el di-a que no te ve-o.
Wenn Wolken ver-hül-len die Ster-ne, wie traurig wan-dert der Mond, wenn Wol-ken verhül-len die Ster-ne! So trauert ein-sam mein Herz, wenn du, o Lieb. mir ferne, wenn du, o Lieb. mir fer-ne.
f
p
D.C. al segno

AIR AND GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT OF A FANDANGO

(Melody in modernized form)

FANDANGO

Sadly wanders the moon
In a starless sky.
Sadly beats my heart
When thou art not nigh.

FANDANGO

There are no flowers in winter,
There are no flowers in winter
For the cold has seared them.
But they bloom in your cheeks,
Blessed by the sky.
There are no flowers in winter.

God made brunettes
A silversmith made blondes,
God made brunettes.
Let him have a blonde who wishes,
I like brunettes.
A silversmith made blondes.

The farther we are apart,
The firmer grows my love
The farther we are apart.
The light of my sky would fail
Were I to forget you.
The firmer grows my love
The farther we are apart.

MALAGUEÑA

The eyes of my dark love, Ah,
The eyes of my dark love
Resemble my dark sorrows.
They are large as my grief,
Black as bitter burdens.
The eyes of my dark love.

MALAGUEÑA

Stab me with yonder dagger,
Stab me with yonder dagger
And say it was my hand did it.
Let the colour of my blood
Prove my love for you.
Stab me with yonder dagger.

What care I for sunrise?
What care I for sunrise,
Or the brilliant light of day?
The path of my love is lightened
By the light of love in your eyes.
What care I for sunrise?

JOTA

For two hours I have been singing,
For two hours I have been singing,
And for two hours you have been sleeping.
How you waste your time!
Let God come and judge of it
How you waste your time!

OLD MALAGUEÑA

Last night I was dreaming,
Last night I was dreaming
That two dark men were strangling me,
Aie.
It was only your fiery eyes,
It was only your fiery eyes
Looking at me angrily,
Aie.

SEGUIDILLA

I am the cook
Who cooks for your husband
All that he eats
Is all that I cook.
All that he eats
Is all that I cook.
Señor Don Lucas,
Cap and bells become you
Better than a haughty wig.
Cap and bells become you
Better than a haughty wig.

A MURCIAN SEGUIDILLA

I do not want you to love me
I do not want you to love me.
I want you to despise me,
And I long to despise you too.
I want you to despise me
And I long to despise you too.
So cast out from your memory
The smallest hope it held
So cast out from your memory
The smallest hope it held.

RONDEÑA

Of the sorrows of life,
I know not which is greater,
To die or to marry
Or just—to be poor!
Of the sorrows of life.

I long for no jewels
Which may well be lost to-morrow.
Which may well be lost to-morrow.
I want the living gems of love,
At least—I want them until I grow weary

I am like that stone,
There in the street.
There in the street.
All of you pass it by,
But tell me—who stays at its side?

Girl, Girl, Girl!

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

WILLIAM SYLVANUS BAXTER, JR., having completed his Freshman Year without any staggering failure to meet the terms of the authorities, at once set out for home, in the company of his friend, classmate and fellow-townsman, Johnnie Watson. They had a pleasantly superior time on the train, upon which they found themselves the only members of the aristocracy; and, after permitting none of the other travelers to enter into any relations whatever with them, even of the remotest courtesy, they descended at their station leaving the sleeping-car porter in a baffled mood behind them; his estimates had been low, but he had indeed counted upon more than fifteen cents as a total for both.

The hour was late, and, fatigued with his thousand-mile journey, William retired to his ancient familiar couch as soon as possible after quite cordially permitting his family to greet him. They said nothing of his altered appearance, and he wondered a little about that, as he fell asleep, for he felt so changed, himself, he took it for granted that the alterations were overpoweringly conspicuous. He was now anything but the unsophisticated, almost childlike boy who had gone out timidly into the world the previous September. That boy, for whom he felt a faint contemptuous pity, was fortunately displaced forever; instead there returned a knowingly careless college man, fairly entitled to call himself a Sophomore; and the experiences and special informations, which had brought about this incomparable condition, were so elaborate they could not even be explained to home onlookers. The latter would just have to accept the change as one of the mysteries of the great world, so foreign, whence he had temporarily come back to them for their pleasure, they being fond of him.

After breakfast, the next morning, he strolled down the street, smiling to himself at the poor ambitions of that provincial thoroughfare, and remembering with more amusement than shame what he had once thought of it. Some of his thought he expressed to Johnnie Watson, after they had met and draped themselves upon the steps of the front porch at Johnnie's house.

"One of the funniest things about gettin' back to this ole place again," William said, "it's like this: You know what I think's the funniest thing about the whole business, Johnnie?"

"Well, no," Mr. Watson returned seriously. "There's lots of funny things about it—it's a mighty queer feeling—but I haven't thought what was the queerest thing of all about it. What you think, Bill?"

"It's the way everything looks so little," his friend explained. "You take your yard here, f'r instance, Johnnie. I used to think it was a great big yard, and ours, too; and, well, I expect these people that always live around here, like your family or mine, why, they prob'ly always *will* think these are great big yards."

"Well, I guess they prob'ly do, Bill," Johnnie agreed; and both laughed indulgently. "Yes, sir; the people that live in this town prob'ly think that way about a whole lot o' things."

"Well, it's natural thought," William said, so concentrating upon this perception that his brow became ridged with effort. "Why *wouldn't* they? Anybody that had never seen Central Park, or anything like that, f'r instance, why, they'd think this was a pretty good sized yard, of course. Why, I used to *maself*, Johnnie."

"So'd I," Mr. Watson admitted frankly, "I used to think Judge Taint's house across the street was prob'ly one of the biggest houses in any city in the country. Why, I used to think it was a regular palace in those ole days! Well, sir, I was lookin' at it out o' my window when I got up this morning. Bill, I had to laugh! It looked about as big as a pill-box."

"So'd I," said William. "I used to think about that house just the same way you say you did, Johnnie, and I began to laugh as soon as I saw it when I was walkin' down the street here, a little while ago."

They meditated upon the metamorphosis in silence for a few moments, then William continued his thought. "You take any these people that live here in this town, Johnnie, what worries *me* is: What do they know? Well, all they know is just what goes on in this one little ole town. What's worse'n that is, it's all they think about. They don't think about anything else, and they don't care about anything else."

"Well, the way *I* look at it is just this," said Johnnie. "What do they live for?"

"That's it, Johnnie: Why they want to go on livin' for beats *me!*"

"I'd just as soon be a mud-turtle, myself," said Johnnie; "and then die."

"So'd I."

"I'd *rather* be one," Johnnie insisted. "F'r instance, you take the fellows we know that stay here all the time and don't go to college—or maybe go to some of these freshwater universities around here, well, you get to talkin' with one of 'em and you'll find out pretty soon that just about all he knows is girl."

"Yep, that's the way they are," William assented. "Those fellows, that's all they got on their mind. You take Joe Bullitt, f'r instance: he told his father he'd rather get into business early in life, and never wanted to go to college, and his father took him in the bank and started him as a collector. Well, where'll he be, four or five years from now? He'll just be some ole married man with a wife and a baby-carriage to push around. That'd be a *nice* life, wouldn't it!"

The picture seemed to stimulate Mr. Watson in the direction of nausea. "It'd be just plumb *horrable!*" he said. "I certainly hope I'll never get to be some ole married man with children."

"I don't think it *could* happen to *me*, Johnnie; but if it did I'll bet my children wouldn't be like these other children you see people havin'. If I ever have any, you won't see 'em and you won't hear 'em, either, when you come to my house. I wouldn't even let 'em go in the front yard."

Johnnie looked thoughtful. "You can't tell, Bill. Your wife would prob'ly raise 'em her own way and you wouldn't have much to say about it."

"Wouldn't I?" William demanded severely. "She would *not* 'raise 'em her own way' and I'd have *all* the say about it."

"How'd you do it?"

"The first thing I'd say to my wife," William explained decisively, "I'd say, 'Look here, now'! I'd say. 'Who do you think furnishes the money for this family?' I'd say. 'Either you step right up here and toe the line when you hear me give my orders,' I'd say, 'or else you don't get a cent for your household expenses—not a solitary cent!' I guess *that* would give her about as much light on the subject as she'd need!"

Johnnie pushed back his straw hat and rubbed his hair reflectively. "Well, I dunno," he said. "I dunno whether that'd work or not. The way I'd talk to *my* wife'd be more on the lines of right and wrong, I guess. I'd say something like this, f'r instance. I'd say, 'Well, look here, now, you can *reason*, can't you?' I'd say. 'You got a mind as well as anybody if you'd only use it,' I'd say. 'What's the use of all this clamour and opposition and so on?' I'd say. And I'd tell her that kind of doings never did get anywhere with me. 'Just try to get down to the simple question of right and wrong,' I'd say. Then I'd walk over to the door and tell her just one last thing before I left. 'When you want me *back*,' I'd say, 'why, you know where to send for me. But don't send for me till you've found out that right's right and wrong's wrong.' Then I'd go right on out and quit her."

William considered the drama thus prophesied, but his conclusions were doubtful. "It might do, but my way's better, Johnnie. Don't give 'em any rope at all."

"You're wrong, Bill. Give 'em enough and they'll hang themselves. Anyway, if I had a wife I wish that's just what she would do: go right on out and hang herself. And if you ever catch me with one, I hope you'll take a rope and hang *me*. It isn't just bein' married I object to so much; it's havin' a woman around all the *time*, where you can't get rid of her."

"I couldn't stand it two hours," said William, "let alone month after month. Yet, you take Joe Bullitt and these other fellows like that, it's just where they're headed for. Right now, all they know is just girl, girl, girl; and living in a town like this, they don't do anything but get worse all the time. What do they know about athletics and good-fellowship, f'r instance? They don't know anything at all but just girl, girl, girl!"

"I guess that's a fact, Bill!"

"Sure it is! All they got on their mind the year round, it's just girl, girl, girl!"

"Yes, sir," Johnnie again agreed, for, lacking a new topic, the conversation was well on the way to languish. "Yes, sir, I guess that's so."

"'T's the way it is, Johnnie."

Johnnie yawned. "Let's stroll on down town, Bill, and get us a drink and see how the ole place looks these days."

"Get us a drink" was not meant alcoholically. Their intentions and tastes, genuinely otherwise, carried them to a once familiar soda fountain, where, instead of the soiled boy aforetime presiding at the marble temple, a trim of girl of twenty or so gave smiling attention to their wishes. Besides syrups, she had looks of several kinds, all fair; and the friends instantly became grave at sight of her. That is to say, their solemnity was not self-conscious; they did not will to set it upon their expressions. They were unaware of it—even unaware of themselves; an objective phenomenon engrossed them. To make matters clear by illustration, they showed such a change as might come upon a pair of art critics, who, talking casually of astronomy or prohibition, should happen unexpectedly into a room containing a new-found Velasquez.

"Well, what'll it be?" the beautiful girl naturally inquired.

"Chock ice-cream sode," said Johnnie in a low voice.

William spoke up more heartily. "I'll take a Rumney Jigger."

"What?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I guess maybe Rumney Jiggers haven't got this far back West yet."

"I guess not," the girl assented with, a polite smile. "Fact is, I never heard of 'em."

"I guess prob'ly they haven't got out of New York yet," said William gently, as one not assailing her ignorance, but explaining it. "Even there, there's lots of places haven't got 'em yet. Well, I'll take a Popcorn Sundae."

This was a compound readily understandable, it proved. The pretty servitress gracefully laid hands upon a small glass urn, dotted its interior with preserved strawberries and slices of banana and orange, scooped two moderate spoonfuls of brown ice-cream from a freezer, and deposited them within the urn; then upon this mass pressed down a ladle filled with white popcorn, and over the whole freely sprinkled the spicy powder of a grated nutmeg. Apparently her imagination gave out at this point, as she added nothing more; but in reality no such mental exhaustion could be charged upon her: she was not inventing the dish as she went along, but, on the contrary, following a routine formula well known to William and his companion. It was perfectly done, though she was modest enough to say, "I guess that's right, isn't it?"

"Why, sure!" William responded warmly; and when Johnnie also was provided with what he had asked for, the two went to a little table, sat, ate slowly, and with continued gravity observed the lovely soda girl, as she served other customers. It may be said they watched her almost unabatedly, yet without any consultation between them. Their hands, unaided by their eyes, rhythmically conveyed the slow spoons to their lips without noticeable mishap; their gazes passed straight, always, to the fountain.

Nothing in their unflickering, attentive regard bothered the soda girl: she was busy with shapely movements; her kind smile was for everyone, she seemed unaware of all affairs beyond sodas and sundaes: these were the only paths to her consciousness. But no such analysis was William's or Johnnie's; they only sat and looked, and kept on looking.

There is a strange thing about looking at a really pretty girl: the longer the looker looks the prettier she grows. If it were not for this, more plays would fail: therefore dramatists might well include some proficiency herein with what used to be called their technique. By the time William was ready for his second Popcorn Sundae and Johnnie for his second chocolate ice-cream soda, the soda girl was four or five times as beautiful as she had been when they came into the store.

They approached the marble-like counter and Johnnie said, "Two more, please."

"It's funny about those Rumney Jiggers," William observed, seeming to address his friend and not the soda girl, who had immediately begun the tasks they assigned her. Yet she could not fail to hear. "You'd think when a new thing comes out in New York like that it'd spread all over the country by this time."

"Well, I don't know," Johnnie said, with slow judiciousness, as if the idea set forth might dazzle the unthinking into immediate acceptance of it, whereas a scrutiny by calmer minds would probably reveal flaws. "I don't know about that at all, Silly Bill."

William was not pleased by this too audible introduction of his unfortunate nickname. He flushed a little, and was forced to stifle an explanation that he felt should be made immediately. It was impossible to say, "It's only on account of my name's being Sylvanus and William," because Johnnie knew that, of course, and William was ostensibly talking to him and not to the soda girl. Besides Johnnie was going on with his own remarks.

"I don't know about that at all, Silly Bill," he repeated—indeed needlessly. "If you notice the way things like that work out, why, it takes about a year for what's new in New York to work out to this ole burg. F'r instance, look at hats. Right now you can see they're still wearing broad brims out here."

A warmish antipathy for his friend had displaced the usual feeling of fellowship in William's breast. Besides calling him "Silly Billy," Johnnie was now claiming New York for himself. William was unable to respond more cordially than by muttering, "Well, I guess they got a right to."

"Popcorn Sundae and chock' ice cream," said the soda girl, placing these before them with her smile. William took note that she put the sundae first, and her doing so seemed to him not without point. His resentment almost disappeared as he and Johnnie returned to their table and began to look and eat again.

When they had finished each his third serving of the chosen delicacy, they went to the unusual courtesy of returning the used glasses and urns to the counter. It was William who proposed doing this, adding, "I believe if the public would all make as little trouble for other people as they can, why, the country would get along better. F'r instance, you take that girl yonder, why, *some*body's got to come for these things, and she's prob'ly got enough on her hands the way it is. We might just as well be a little thoughtful like this, once in a while."

Johnnie agreed, and when they had completed their manifestations of interest in the country's good, the lovely soda girl split a little nod and smile between them and said pleasantly, "Thanks!"

"Oh, no!" William protested instantly. "Thank *you!* Thank you very, very much!"

Then, lifting their hats, they passed out into the street. Under similar circumstances, neither was ordinarily wont to lift his hat and it was but natural that, rather elated by his own farewell courtesies, William should make some comment upon the act. "You know what I think, Johnnie? I think a person ought to be just as polite to people under them as we are to our equals."

"I do too," said Johnnie. "I believe it's one of the best signs of a gentleman. Besides, what harm is it going to do anybody to take his hat off to people that are under them? You take our inferiors, f'r instance, well they don't have so much happiness in their lives and it helps their self respect to speak to them just as decently as you do to anybody. My mother sends our clothes out to a poor ole washer-woman, and when I meet her on the street I take my hat off to her just the same as anybody."

"I do too," William said earnestly. "It's a good deal the way you say, Johnnie. You take people like that, they don't get around much, or anything, and I think showing them a little politeness, is the sign of a gentleman; and if he wouldn't do it he oughtn't to be called a gentleman at all."

"Yes, sir," said Johnnie. "That's the way *I* feel about it, Bill."

They walked on, thoughtfully, and presently were hailed from across the street; Joseph Bullitt came hurrying through the traffic to greet them.

Their response was cordial, yet there was a flavor of amusement in it—amusement not unfriendly, although rather indulgent. Joe was neat, even jaunty, but to their eyes he lacked in fashion: his coat, in particular, being nothing but one struggling error on top of another. Here made visible was a barrier between them and the old life; they liked Joe and might become intimate with him again, yet things could never be quite what they had been in the old days. Joe, himself, was unaware that this was true, and even inquired if it didn't feel good to be back in God's country again.

"Well, it's a funny ole burg," Johnnie took it upon himself to reply. "I guess we got to stand it for the next three months somehow, anyway."

"Did you ever get a chance to go to New York while you were East?" Joe asked.

His two friends laughed, and, by a common impulse, struck each other. "Did we *ever!*" William exclaimed. "That's funny!"

Joe was generous enough to admire; he gazed brightly upon the travelers, saying, "Well, if that's the way of it, I guess little old New York must have taken some notice when you two hit Broadway!"

They were not displeased. "Well, maybe it did," Johnnie admitted. "Broadway would look pretty good to me right now, if the truth must be told. But I guess I got to stand it here, *some* way, for the next three months, anyhow."

"Seen anybody?" Joe inquired; and there must have been some symbolism in the words, for although the two distinguished visitors had seen all the members of their immediate families, as well as several hundreds of passing citizens, not to mention the prettiest soda girl, probably, in the United States, they replied that, no, they hadn't seen anybody yet, and went on to ask what was "doing."

"Mighty little," said Joe. "I expect things'll liven up some, though, now you two are back."

"They'll haf to liven up a whole lot," Johnnie Watson informed him cheerfully, "if they expect to keep *me* awake! I shouldn't wonder if I'd just get in a hammock and sleep all summer. Well, so long, you sports; I got to go up to my father's office and jolly him a while. See you 'safternoon maybe."

Turning into a cross street, he left them, and William walked along with Joe, his expression becoming one of severe preoccupation. "Ole burg seems just the same, Joe," he remarked. "Haven't seen any changes yet."

"Yes, everything's about the same," Joe said, nodding.

"It seems funny," William went on. "You'd think the ole place'd want to show a little more life than it used to."

"Well, it does show some, Bill; in a way it does. Business is good, my father says, and the population has increased four or five thousand in just this last year."

"No. I don't mean like that," William explained seriously. "I mean, f'r instance, you take Burfree's Drug Store, and places like that: you'd think they'd have waiters to come and take your order, and everything like that. Johnnie and I were in there a while ago and the whole place was just the same old way it used to be."

His eyes went furtively sidelong to his companion's face, for at this point William had become insincere: the change at Burfree's was a stirring one—at least it had stirred William and Johnnie. And the difference between the former soiled boy and the present beautiful soda girl was so radical that a less observant person than Joe Bullitt might have been surprised by the statement that everything was unchanged there—might also have gone on to speak of of the soda girl, and impart the available information about her. On the contrary, the surprise was all William's, for Joe only said, in a casual tone, "Yes, everything's just the same at Burfree's."

Not sidelong then, but fully, William stared at him. Joe remained placid, unconscious of the scrutiny—plainly, for him the soda girl had no existence. He had become a miracle of stodginess, it seemed. William dared to be more open in his soundings.

"Go to Burfree's as much as you used to?" he asked.

"Not lately."

"Why? Found a better place?"

"No," said Joe; and a sudden emotional remodeling of his features now made them into a reminiscent sketch of pain. Some deep experience in his life was touched upon; so much was immediately clear. "My stummick got to troubling me a while back," he said. "I had to lay off."

William's interest flagged at once; the stummick troubles of others were nothing to him, and instinctively he feared Joe might wish to talk at length upon the subject. Somewhat abruptly, therefore, the traveler said, "Well, s'long, ole man; see you 'gain," and turned back—turned back toward Burfree's.

He walked slowly, his glance absent and his lips, slightly parted, moving imperceptibly in the formation of words and phrases. It was a rehearsal, and the imaginary other character in the scene he built in gossamer, as he walked, was the lovely soda girl at Burfree's. "I hope you're not too surprised to see me back again—" this was the airy and inaudible whisper that really lost itself inside his mouth before issuing—"but I thought you prob'ly'd think it was sort of rude for me to speak about Rumney Jiggers and then not come and tell you how to make 'em. I thought you prob'ly'd like to know. It'd take too much time to tell you right here, but I could call on you any evening and explain all about it. . . . Well, practick'ly any evening at all would be convenient. . . . Yes, I could come this evening perfectly well." There was a momentary hiatus: William's mind skipped the afternoon and dinner; the rehearsal passed to another scene. "Oh, *good* evening! Not at all! I was very glad to come. . . . Quite warm, strolling, but I'll soon cool off in the house. . . . Yes, I'm a Sophomore. . . . My friend you saw me with this morning is a classmate—quite a good sort of fellow. . . . Ah, books of poetry upon your table, I see. . . . And a piano. . . . Yes, play to me if you will. . . . Your mother. . . . Of course I shall be delighted to meet her, or any friends at all of yours. . . . No, you must not speak so humbly. Only a snob sneers at honest work. . . . I hope you will permit my mother to call upon yours. . . . My mother will assure you we shall be only too proud to receive you in our own house. . . . You will adore my mother. . . . My sister you might not like, and my father is a man you might not take to just at first, but my mother you will adore! She will understand you as *I* understand you. . . . You have beautiful hair, my Blanche——"

He had just given her this name when the dream stopped. She herself was within his view, through the interstices of Burfree's "window-dressing"; and she was manipulating a faucet for the final sputterings of aerated water into a glass containing empurpled soupiness. Johnnie Watson, who stood at the counter, waiting, evidently had a surfeit of chocolate and had changed his diet; but nothing had altered in the look he bent upon the soda girl.

William hesitated; then a delicacy of feeling got its way with him, though kindness toward Johnnie was not part of it; and he walked slowly round the block. When he came back, Johnnie was seated at the little table, a straw connecting him with the purple liquid; his steadfast, inoffensive eyes upon the busy soda girl at the counter, where other customers stood. When William came round again, Johnnie was at the counter and Blanche was brewing more purple. Twice more, William went round the block, and when he came to Burfree's window the last time, Johnnie was gone—and indeed it was now the hour for William to be bound home for lunch himself. But he went into Burfree's.

His heart beat as he stood at the counter; he wished profoundly to make that offer to explain the Rumney Jiggers he had so well rehearsed, and to follow it up with more of the rehearsal, but when she said, with her brisk, kind smile, "What'll it be?" his voice refused, and he heard himself saying helplessly, "Popcorn Sundae, please."

He had not wanted it. However, he took it to the table, and ate all of it—for to leave any might have seemed a criticism. Then he took the urn back, and named a lighter refection—he intended to introduc the subject of Rumney Jiggers instead, but after uttering part of a syllable of some unrecognizable word not intentionally in his mind, he swallowed, and gave the title of this lighter refection. And he got no further with her than this.

. . . His mother had kept lunch waiting for him, and yet, as she said, she might just as well not have done it, because his appetite was conspicuously weak. She observed the same ailment at dinner, for it was again evident.

"Did you get something to eat when you were down town, this afternoon, dear?" she asked solicitously. "This doesn't seem like you at all. Have you been eating regularly at college?"

"Yes, indeed," he murmured.

"Then it's not complimentary," said Mrs. Baxter, "for you to lose your appetite just as soon as you come home to us. Are you sure you didn't buy some candy down town and finish it?"

"Candy? *Mother!*"

"I'd rather suppose that you're still not above candy," she laughed, "than have to be anxious about your digestion."

"My digestion is all right."

"We'll see to-morrow. If your old appetite comes back, I'll believe you."

But William's appetite was not restored upon the morrow, nor upon the next, or the next. In fact, all his meals at home, so far as he was concerned, had become a substanceless pantomime—for he pretended to eat, and his mother noted the pretense.

"You don't suppose he's in love again?" her husband said uneasily, when she talked it over with him. "Last summer——"

"Oh, no," she returned quickly. "*That* didn't have the slightest effect upon his appetite! He ate his way right through it. That's what worries me: it must be something important the matter with him now."

In truth, William did not look well; moreover he did not feel well. There is a limit to the amount of Burfree's preparations which can be consumed with alimentary safety. On the other hand he was making progress; the third day after his first reappearance at Burfree's he contrived to mention Rumney Jiggers again and said to the soda girl that if she liked he would write to New York and get the recipe for her. She said, "Oh, no," pleasantly but definitely, adding that she had "as many kinds of things to make as she could manage, already"; and then she pushed his Popcorn Sundae to him and turned to another customer. Of course this was not much, but it was something. "Anyhow," he said to himself, "it's broke the ice"—and no doubt it had. Moreover she nodded pleasantly to him now, when he came in and when he went out. And when he returned his urns or glasses to the counter he always said, "Thank *you!*" and she responded cordially, "All right!"

If, when William came to Burfree's he saw that Johnnie Watson was there before him, he would stroll till such time as Johnnie should be gone; and when the friends were together elsewhere they talked of other things and never mentioned their favorite soda house. Upon other subjects they were as congenial as ever, and they could even approach this one congenially, though perhaps they were unconscious that they did approach it when they talked about their health. Johnnie complained of a languor; he had no pep, he said; and William said that he felt the same way; he was pepless, too, and usually had a kind of sickish taste in his mouth, ever since he got home. Johnnie understood this perfectly, saying he generally felt a kind of a sickish taste all the way up from far inside; and they came to the conclusion that the climate didn't stimulate people who had grown accustomed to the bracing winds farther East. They played a ukulele and a mandolin rather feebly in the evenings, on Johnnie's front porch, or William's, and now and then one would mention that he didn't feel a bit better than he did yesterday; in fact he felt worse—and the other would say he felt just the same way. For two weeks the climate showed no signs of improving; on the contrary it steadily deteriorated.

Once there was a contretemps. Johnnie came into Burfree's while William sat eating a Peanut-Fudge-Sundae—for he had indeed abandoned Popcorn Sundaes—and at sight of each other both looked elaborately offhand and casual. Johnnie remained at the counter for a short regalement, mostly air bubble, and departed with a too careless, "Well, s'long Silly Bill," which left William with hot ears. He avoided Johnnie that evening, and his resentment lasted for many hours.

But the next afternoon, as he sat to a plain ginger-ice-cream, at the little table, no thought of his unfair comrade disturbed the sweetness of his mind: only beauty filled it. With bilious and hazy eyes he gently watched the pretty movements of the soda girl, and dreamed on in the endless rehearsals which now occupied most of his time. He saw himself a graduate, tall, negligent, smiling indulgently as he came into the old place and went up to the counter. "No, Blanche," he would say, "I've not come to give an order—not even a lemon-plain. . . . You remember how I used to come here, that vacation way back after Freshman Year? Well, I *could* not speak then. What had I to offer you? I was still dependent on my father. But do not think that even then I had one light thought of you, though our stations in life were so different. . . . You remember I made no advances to you—yet I knew you were always aware of my presence, and if any of the crowd that hung around Burfree's had ever shown disrespect to you, you surely know what I'd have done to them. . . . Those old days have changed, Blanche. I am a free man now—free to come to you and say, 'Let us go out from this place into the world, Blanche—into the world, together, you and I!' In the old days I could not——"

"Why, William, how-do-you-do!" Thus, by a hearty middle-aged voice, his meditations were interrupted. Mr. H. J. Cammily stood cordially before him, a manufacturer of ladders, an old friend of William's father. He had a slim sparkling glass of some regalement in his hand; and William had seen him at the counter on several previous occasions, but had not thought fit to attract his attention, nor had Mr. Cammily observed him until now. The old gentleman's eyes were failing, probably—they looked it—and William had noticed dreamily that he had lost his former hearty complexion, for he had become alarmingly sallow; though otherwise he was quite jaunty enough for his age, forty-four.

"So you're back from school, William!" he said briskly. "Back from school!"

"College," said William rather loudly. "College."

"And how are papa and mamma," the senile idiot chirped, in the full hearing of the soda girl. "All well, I suppose? And the dear little sister Jane?"

"Yes, they're well," William responded, with no enthusiasm. "They're all right."

"That's good, that's good!" Mr. Cammily took a sip of what was in his glass, replaced it upon the counter, and waved his hand toward his young friend, speaking to the soda girl. "Take good care of that young fellow, Sophy! He's one o' my boys—one o' my boys! See he gets whatever he wants." And repeating "One o' my boys," again, he made a lively and cordial departure.

William's feelings toward him underwent reversal. This old fluff was a fatherly creature: he might be of some use, the good ole soul. He brought his saucer to the counter, and decided upon an air of careless amusement—thought he produced the effect of such an air, indeed—though he didn't: his voice and smile were both uncertain. "Oh, then I am to understand your name is Sophy?"

She smiled as she always did, not differently, and said, in her kind voice, "Yes. Did you want another ginger?"

He took it back to the table, tremulous. This was progress. Again he rehearsed. "Do you know what I used to pretend your name was? No, Sophy, don't turn that pretty head away. . . . Lift those hazel eyes to mine and listen. . . . Yes, madame! I invented a name for you . . . a name that means the whiteness of the lily. . . . Some day I will teach you French and you will understand. . . . The name was—Blanche! No, keep those hazel eyes uplifted still. . . . There is a little poem I want you to repeat with me, my Blanche —I shall always call you Blanche. . . . No, say these words with me, so that we speak them together—together, Blanche!

"For your soul so pure and sweet
Makes my happiness complete—"

There was another interruption here—a strange and fatal one, most unlooked for. A stout young woman, somewhat shabby, had just come into the store, accompanied by two little children. One of these, of a sex indistinguishable to William, had learned to walk, though not proficiently and with legs too wide apart to seem properly connected above. The other was a year or so older, and immediately ran behind the counter to the soda girl. The younger tottered after the older. Both squeaked, "Mumma! Mumma!" and the soda girl picked them up, kissed the slobbering things, and made a rosy fuss over them.

William of course paid his account and left the store. The sickish taste in his mouth was utter—and what he most wondered was how on earth he had ever seen anything pretty about the woman!

The gist of the thing lies here: instantly she was nothing to him—she was worse than nothing, for any thought of her was pungently distasteful. It changed him in this not a whit to learn that she was a widow with the path toward honourable courses still open to every eligible hope. The information came at home.

"I saw ole Cammily to-day," he said at dinner. "He asked after all the family."

"'*Old* Cammily,'" Mr. Baxter repeated, and moaned, "Oh, murder!"

"Where did you see him, Willie?" his mother asked.

"Why, it was kind of hot and I happened to go into Burfree's to get something to cool off on, and ole Cammily was in there."

To his surprise, both his father and his mother laughed heartily. "Well, what's so funny?" he inquired.

Mrs. Baxter explained. "I'm rather pleased you don't understand, Willie," she said. "At least it shows that Burfree's isn't what's the matter with *your* digestion —I was beginning to be afraid it was. It's been ruinous to half the alimentary canals in town—old and young."

A suspicion came to William: he recalled Joe Bullitt's stummick trouble, which Joe alleged had caused him to lay off a while. There might be a clue in what Mrs. Baxter was saying.

"Old and young," she continued. "Burfree's hasn't spared youth or pitied middle-age. You see, Willie, Mr. Burfree was a widower and he married a very young girl. Last fall he died and the place began to run down, until the widow decided to operate the soda fountain herself. Then prosperity set in at once. Didn't you notice her? Surely——"

"Oh, there was some woman waited on me," he said, speaking up frankly, and genuinely without embarrassment. "She had a couple of greasy children squallin' around." The description was anything but accurate—however, it was only William's formula for all children under twelve.

"Well, she's really a beautiful young thing," his mother went on, "and thoroughly businesslike. The reason we laughed when you spoke of Mr. Cammily's being there is that he's been teased a great deal about his dyspepsia. He's an old bachelor, you know. My dear, can't you eat anything at all?"

It was the last time she had cause to think of his lack of appetite: he was too thoroughly overstocked with Burfree's supplies to take anything nourishing that evening, but he began to eat meals again, next day. Mentally, he was normal. For that matter, he had never been anything except normal. It was particularly normal that he should get into a rehearsing condition at first sight of a beautiful girl, and that no dream could last for a single moment, at William's age, after he had beheld her with her children. This visible, material demonstration, as charming as an old master's Madonna, instantly destroyed her existence for him except as a faintly nauseating reminiscence—a reminiscence identical with that which had expressed itself upon the countenance of Joseph Bullitt when he spoke of his stummick trouble.

William was a true friend. He immediately went to Johnnie Watson and told him what he had seen. "You know that girl that tends to the soda fountain down at Burfree's, Johnnie," he said. "Well, I was in there to get something to cool off on, in there, this afternoon, and a couple of greasy children were squallin' all round. She's a widow with these two greasy children."

"How do you know they're hers?" Johnnie asked, after a momentary silence.

"Why, she was married to ole Burfree," William explained. "I *thought* I sort of missed his ole window-pane whiskers around the store. He's been dead a *long* while."

Johnnie said nothing for a few moments. Then he began to stroke sounds out of his ukulele, and to whistle "Mah Honey Bee."

"You seen Wallie Banks?" he asked presently, giving over the music.

"Not to-day."

"He says there's a couple of genyouwine Delaware peaches coming to visit Kitty Foster next week," said Johnnie. "They're going to get here Monday afternoon."

"Oh, *listen!*" William cried. "Tell you what we'll do, Johnnie: we'll go up there Monday night, and we'll take the ole uke and the mandolin——"

They planned a serenade, to precede the more formal call.

The Maidens of Afghanistan

(*Early Seventeenth Century*)

By KUSHAL KHAN

Translated by Achmed Abdullah

I ADMIT that famed for their beauty are the women of China.
Of Kashmere, Bokhara, and the land of the Tartars.
Yet mine own eyes have beheld the maidens of the Afghans.
Then why, hereafter, should I look on other women?

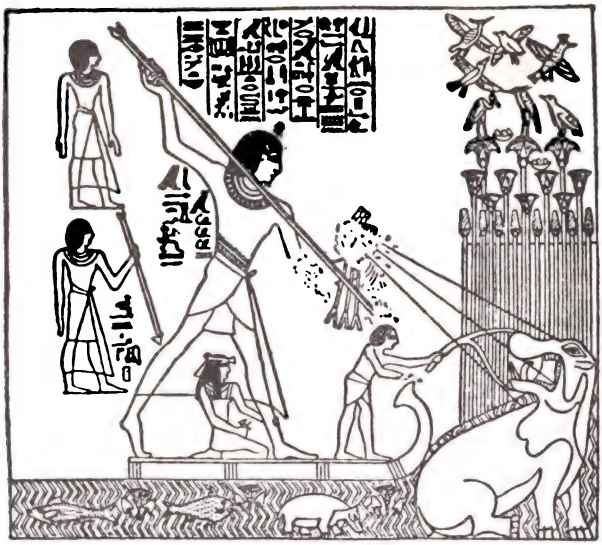
Pure is their race. Of the lineage of Jacob are they.
They need neither musk nor attar of red roses.
For is there a sweeter scent than the scent of their piety,
Praying five times each day to Allah, the King, the One?

They need neither bracelets nor nose-rings nor necklaces,
Since, more precious than jewels, are their black tresses.
They need no embroidered shawls, no robes of scarlet muslin,
Since theirs is the good taste of simple white face-veils.

Sweeter are their hidden charms than those which one sees,
For the women of Afghanistan are virtuous women.
They spend their time in the seclusion of their homes,
And go not about, like others I know, with their bodies half-naked.

They are so modest that they never drop their face-veils
And raise bold eyes to passers-by in the bazaars.
They do not curse their men, nor clench fists in anger.

And I, Kushal Khan, have spoken but little of what is much.
No more words shall I speak on this matter which is boundless.



AN EGYPTIAN TALE OF HARPOONING A HIPPOPOTAMUS

(The harpoon is on exactly the same principle as that used by the modern Andaman Islanders)

Before Homer

A Cross-Section of Twelve Centuries of the World Library: 2300-1100 B. C.

Here are some high points of man's literary expression during the millennium following the "Beginnings" in the November issue. Egypt, Babylonia and China still furnish the major portion of what has come down to us; but India had began to voice its mystic thought and martial feeling, and there is at least one fragment of the Hebrew Bible which seems to date within this period.

One striking sample of ancient Egyptian poetry, "Reproaches to a Dissipated Student," has already been printed (on page 64 of the July number). H. W. L.

BABYLONIAN WISDOM OF 2200 B. C.

There is a disease for which there is no physician: it is to have no food to eat.
A loafer, if he go to another city, will become its head.
If thou goest out, and carriest away the produce of another's field, that other will come
 and carry away the produce of thy field.
Make not thy mouth wide, but guard thy lips;
The thoughts of thy mind shalt thou not speak at once:
For then, quickly, what thou hast spoken thou wilt take back again. (LANGDON.)

A DIALOGUE

(Dating from perhaps 2300 B. C., this was written in final form in the 9th Century B. C.)

"O servant, hearken unto me."
 Yes, oh lord, yes.
"I will love a woman." So love,
 Oh lord, so love.
The man who loves a woman forgets
 Woe and misery.

"Nay, Oh servant, a woman will I not love."
Not shalt thou love, my lord, not shalt thou love.
A woman is a pit, a slough, a pitfall.
A woman is a sharp iron sword which cutteth the
neck of man.

LEGAL LORE OF OLD ACCADIA (NORTHERN BABYLONIA)

Everything which a married woman enclose, she shall possess.

A decision: A woman is unfaithful to her husband and says to him: Thou art not my husband; into the river they throw her.

A decision: A husband says to his wife: Thou art not my wife; half a maneh of silver he weighs out in payment.

A decision: a son says to his father: Thou art not my father; and silver he gives him in payment.

A decision: A son says to his mother: Thou art not my mother; his hair is cut off, in the city they exclude him from earth and water, and in the house imprison him.

SHORT PRAYER FOR THE SOUL OF A DYING MAN

Like a bird may it fly to a lofty place!
To the holy hands of its god, may it ascend! (*About 1500 B. C.*)

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?"

To Niphuaria, King of Egypt: Burraburlas, King of Kardunias, your brother.

It is well with me; with you, your house, your wives, your son, your land, your chief men, your horses, your chariots, may it be very well.

Since my father and your father with one another established relations, they have sent to one another rich presents, and they have not refused one another any wish, however great. Now my brother has sent me as a present only two minas of gold, but send me much gold, as much as your father. . . . *Tell-el-Amarna Letters* (WINCKLER).

THE CHALDEAN STORY OF THE FLOOD

Hasisadra also said:

Let the hidden story be revealed to thee, and the judgment of the gods be related. . . . I heard his will and he spake to me:

"Make a ship after this (pattern; for) I destroy the sinner and life. . . . Cause all the seed of life to go into the midst of the ship. Six hundred cubits shall be the measure of the length of the ship thou shalt make, and sixty cubits its breadth and its height. . . . Into the deep launch it. . . ."

I said to Hea, my lord: "When I shall have made the ship thou commandest, young and old will deride me. . . ."

(But he obeyed.)

On the fifth day . . . it measured fourteen measures. I placed its roof . . . I enclosed it. I rode in it on the sixth time. I examined its exterior on the seventh time; its interior I examined on the eighth time. I placed planks against the waters within it. I saw rents, and added the wanting parts. Three measures of bitumen I poured over the outside . . . three measures of bitumen I poured over the inside . . . wine in goat-skins I collected like the waters of a river, also food, like the dust of earth, I collected in baskets. . . . The reed oars of the ship I had brought above and below.

I caused to go up into the ship all my male servants and all my female servants, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field, the sons of the people; all of them I caused to go up.

Then Shamas made a flood, and he spake, saying in the night: "I will cause it to rain heavily; enter the ship and shut thy door."

That flood happened of which he spake, saying in the night: "I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily." In the day I celebrated his festival, the day of watching. I had fear. I entered to the midst of the ship and shut my door. . . .

Ragmu-seri-ina-namari arose, from the horizon extending and wide. Vul in the midst of it thundered, and Nebo and Saru went in front; the throne bearers went over mountains and plains, the destroyer Nergal overturned, Ninip went in front and cast down, the spirits carried destruction, in their glory they swept the earth. Vul's flood reached to heaven. The bright earth was turned to a waste . . . it swept the surface of the earth, it destroyed all life from the face of the earth. . . . Brother saw not his brother, they did not know the people. In heaven the gods feared the tempest and sought refuge. . . . Spake Ishtar like a child: "all were turned to corruption and then I, in the presence of the gods, prophesied evil. . . . To evil were devoted all my people and I prophesied thus: 'I have begotten my people and like the young of the fishes they fill the sea. . . .'"

Six days and nights passed, the wind, deluge, and storm overwhelmed. On the seventh day the storm was calmed, and all the deluge, which had destroyed like an earthquake, quieted. He caused the sea to dry, and the wind and deluge ended. I perceived the sea tossing, and the whole of mankind turned to corruption; like reeds the corpses floated. I opened the window, and the light broke over my face. It passed. I sat down and wept. Over my face flowed my tears.

I perceived the shore at the boundary of the sea; for twelve measures the land rose. To the country of Nizir went the ship; the mountain of Nizir stopped the ship and it could not pass over it.

The first day and the second day, the mountain of Nizir the same.
The third day and the fourth day, the mountain of Nizir the same.
The fifth, and sixth, the mountain of Nizir the same.

On the seventh day, in the course of it I sent forth a dove and it left. The dove went and turned and it found not a resting-place, so it returned. I sent forth a swallow and it left. The swallow went and turned, and a resting-place it did not find; it returned. I sent forth a raven and it left. The raven left and it saw the decrease of the waters, and it did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return. I sent the animals forth to the four winds, I poured out a libation, I built an altar on the peak of the mountain. Seven trees I cut, at the bottom of them I placed reeds, pines, and sugar. The gods collected at its good savour; the gods like flies gathered over the sacrifices.

From "The Epic of Gilgamesh."

A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR—3000 YEARS BEFORE SINDBAD

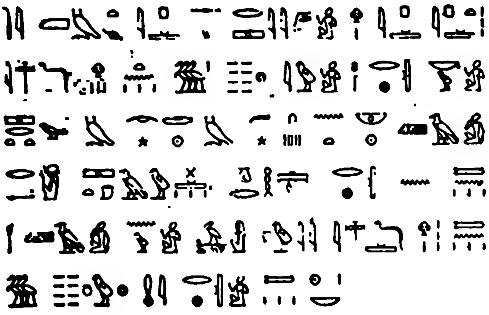
I was going down to the mines on a mission of the sovereign, in a ship one hundred and fifty cubits in length and forty in breadth, and in it were one hundred and fifty sailors; picked men of Egypt. They scanned the heaven and they scanned the earth, and their hearts were stouter than lions. They foretold the storm whenever it came and the tempest when as yet it was not. Every one of them his heart was stout and his arm strong beyond his fellow. There was none unproven amongst them. The storm arose while we were on the Great Green Sea, before we touched land; and as we sailed it redoubled its strength, and the waves thereof were eight cubits. As for me, I seized a piece of wood; but those who were on the vessel perished, without one remaining. A wave threw me on an island. after that I had been three days alone, without a companion beside my own heart.

About 2000 B. C. (FLINDERS-PETRIE).

DEATH

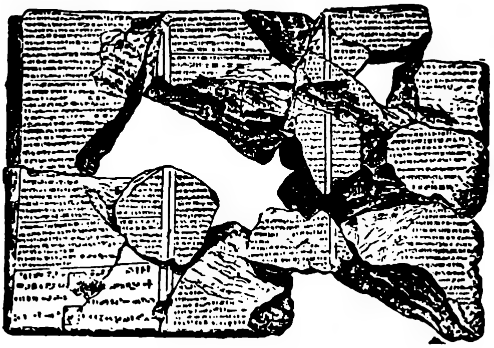
Death is before me today
Like the recovery of a sick man;
Like going out into the garden after an illness.
Death is before me today
Like the fragrance of myrrh;
Like sitting under a sail on a windy day.
Death is before me today
Like the scent of lotus flowers;
Like resting on the roadside to drink deep.

(ARTHUR WEIGALL).



FROM AN EGYPTIAN BOOK OF 4,000 YEARS AGO

Picture-writing from the Papyrus of Nu



TERRA COTTA TABLET CONTAINING THE CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE

LOVE DOUBTS

My love hath come forth from mine house;
He careth not for my love;
My heart standeth still within me.

Behold, honeyed cakes in my mouth.
They are turned into salt;
Even musk, that sweet thing,
In my mouth is as the gall of a bird!

The breath of thy nostrils alone
Is that which maketh my heart live.
I found thee! Amen grant thee unto me,
Eternally and forever! (*About 1500 B. C.*)

A LOVE-SONG OF ANCIENT EGYPT

Love to thee filleth my innermost being, as wine pervadeth water, as fragrance pervadeth resin, as sap mingleth itself with liquid. And thou, thou hasteneth to see thy beloved as the steed rusheth to the field of battle. Heaven hath formed her love, as the flame taketh hold on the straw; and his longing like unto the hawk as he swoopeth down. (WILDEMANN).

THE BIRD-SNARER

The wild goose flies away and settles,
He hails the granaries with his cry,
The flock of birds are floating on the stream,
But I think of them no longer,
I think of my love for thee only.
For my heart is the other balance of thy heart,
And I cannot forsake thy beauties. (TERENCE GRAY).

A CHINESE POET'S THOUGHTS ON WOMAN, 2000 B.C.

A clever man builds a city,
A clever woman lays one low;
With all her qualifications, that clever woman
Is but an ill-omened bird.
A woman with a long tongue
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity,
For disorder does not come from heaven,
But is brought about by women.
The She King, or *Odes*, gathered by Confucius. (E. WILSON).

INSCRIPTION ON A MIRROR, ABOUT 1766 B. C.
Man combs his hair every morning: why not his heart?

INSCRIPTION ON A BATHTUB—
If any one on any day can make a new man of himself, let him do so every day.

FROM THE OLDEST COLLECTION OF CHINESE LITERATURE

Don't come in, sir, please!
Don't break my willow trees!
Not that that would very much grieve me;
But alack-a-day! what would my parents say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that would be. *The She King* (GILES).

"THE BUBBLE, REPUTATION"

He who renounces fame has no sorrow.

Fame is the follower of reality. Now, however, as people pursue fame with such frenzy, does it not really come of itself if it is disregarded? At present, fame means honour and regard. Lack of fame brings humbleness and disgrace. Again, ease and pleasure follow upon honour and regard. Sorrow and grief are contrary to human nature; ease and pleasure are in accord with it. These things have reality. YU TSE (about 1250 B. C.).

HYMN TO VARUNA THE CREATOR

(*Offered by a victim sacrificed to Varuna by his own father*)

However we break thy laws from day to day, men as we are, O god Varuna,
Do not deliver us unto death, nor to the blow of the furious; nor to the anger of the spiteful!
To propitiate thee, O Varuna, we bind thy mind with songs, as the charioteer a wary steed.

. . . .

He who knows the place of the birds that flit through the sky, who, on the waters knows the ships,—
He who knows the track of the wind, of the wide, the bright, and mighty; and knows those who reside on high,—
He, the upholder of order, Varuna, sits down among his people; he, the wise, sits there to govern.
From thence perceiving all wonderful things, he sees what has been and what will be done.
May he, the wise son of time, make our paths straight all our days; may he prolong our lives! *Vedic Hymns, about 1400 B. C.* (MACDONELL).

THE GAMBLER'S LAMENT

(*The dice were the nuts of the Vibhidaka tree, still used for gambling in India*)

The dangling ones, born in a windy place of the lofty tree, gladden me as they roll on the dice board. . . .

My mother-in-law hates me; my wife drives me away: the man in distress finds none to pity him: "I find no more use in a gambler than in an aged horse for sale."

. . . .

When I think to myself, "I will not go with them; . . . " and the brown ones, thrown down, have raised their voices, I go straight, like a courtesan, to their place of assignation.

. . . .

They roll down, they spring upward. Though without hands they overcome him that has hands. Divine coals thrown down upon the gaming board, being cold, they burn up the heart.

. . . .

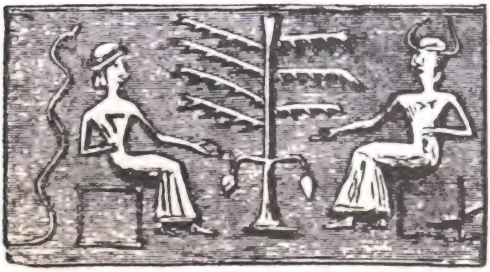
"Play not with dice; ply thy tillage; rejoice in thy property, thinking much of it; there are thy cattle, O gambler, there thy wife": this Savitr here, the noble, reveals to me.

About 1300 B. C. (MACDONELL).

DEBORAH SINGS OF HER OWN MIGHTY DEEDS

(*Probably the oldest fragment of the Bible, perhaps 1100 B. C.*)

Then sang Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam on that day, saying,
In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath,
In the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied,
And the travelers walked through byways.
The rulers ceased in Israel, they ceased,
Until that I, Deborah, arose,
That I arose, a mother in Israel.
    They chose new gods;
    Then was war in the gates.
    Was there a shield or spear seen
    Among forty thousand in Israel? . . .
Then the people of the Lord went down to the gates.
    Awake, awake, Deborah;
    Awake, awake, utter a song;
    Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam.
Then came down a remnant of the nobles and the people;
The Lord came down for me against the mighty. . . .
The kings came and fought;
Then fought the Kings of Canaan,
In Taanach by the waters of Megiddo:
They took no gain of money.
They fought from heaven,
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. . . .
Then did the horsehoofs stamp
By reason of the pransings, the pransings of their strong ones.
Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord,
Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof.
Because they came not to the help of the Lord,
To the help of the Lord against the mighty.
Blessed above women shall Jael be,
The wife of Heber the Kenite.
Blessed shall she be above women in the tent.
He asked water, and she gave him milk;
She brought him butter in a lordly dish,
She put her hand to the tent-pin,
And her right hand to the workmen's hammer;
And with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote through his head,
Yea, she pierced and struck through his temples.
At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay,
At her feet he bowed, he fell,
Where he bowed, there he fell down dead. . . .
So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord.
But let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.



THE TREE OF LIFE

From a Babylonian Cylinder

The Reserved Coffin

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Translated by J. E. Harry

WHEN the cabriolet was moving along the road below the little church of San Biagio, Mèndola, coming back from the farm, thought he had better go up to the cemetery on the hill to see what truth there was in the complaints lodged with the municipality against that custodian, Nocio Pàmpina, called *Sacramento*.

City Councillor for about a year, Nino Mèndola, from the very day he had assumed office, hadn't felt very well. He suffered from attacks of dizziness. He didn't like to confess it even to himself, but he was afraid he might be struck with apoplexy any day—an ill of which all his people had died before their time. Hence he was always in a bad humour; and that sorry old nag of his that was pulling the cabriolet knew something about it, too.

And all that day, in the country, he had not felt well. Movement and diversion were futile—and finally, to brave his secret fear, he had made up his mind then and there to make that long-promised inspection of the cemetery, promised to himself and to his colleagues of the city council.

"It isn't only the living," he was thinking as he went up the hill, "even the dead give you something to think about and to do in this blessed town. Yes, indeed. The dead know whether they are guarded well or badly. Perhaps—I don't say they don't: to think that as soon as we are dead we'll be treated badly, turned over to the tender mercies of Pàmpina, stolid fellow that he is, and a drunkard to boot, furnishes food for thought—All right; now I'll see."

Pure slander.

As custodian of the cemetery, Nocio Pàmpina, called *Sacramento*, was ideal—a ghost, with a voice like a mosquito's—he seemed a corpse just come out of the grave to do as well as he could the chores about the house.

What was to be done about it then? All honest folk, up—at length—and peace.

The leaves, yes. A leaf or two fallen from the hedges encumbered the paths. A few sprouts had grown up here and there. And the sparrows—the little scamps—ignorant of the fact that the tombstones needed no punctuation marks, had sown among the magnificent and multitudinous virtues in which the inscriptions of those monuments abounded, too many commas, perhaps, and too many exclamation points.

Trifles.

Nevertheless, Mèndola, entering the hovel of the keeper at the right of the gate, stopped:

"And what's that—there?"

Nocio Pàmpina, called *Sacramento*, opened his lips to a shade of a smile and whispered:

"A coffin for a dead man, Excellency."

It was, in fact, a very beautiful coffin for a dead man. Polished chestnut, with bosses and gilding. Made really without thinking of the expense. There, almost in the middle of the little room.

"Thanks; I see it," replied Mèndola. "I mean, what's it there for?"

"It's the Cavalier Piccarone's, Excellency."

"Piccarone? And why? Why, he's not dead!"

"No, no, Excellency! Not at all!" said Pampina. "But your Lordship must know that his wife died last month, poor man."

"Well?"

"He accompanied her here, on foot; oldish as he is. Yes, sir. Then he called me, and said: 'Listen, Sacramento. Before another month's gone, you'll have me too.' 'But what is your Lordship saying?' says I. 'Hush!' says he. 'Listen: This coffin, my dear child, cost me more than twenty ounces. Handsome, you see that. I didn't spare expense, you understand. But now that the appearance has been made, says he, of what use will this handsome coffin be to her now, to the blessed spirit under the ground? It's a pity to waste it, says he. I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's lower the sainted spirit, says he, just as it is, in the zinc which is inside; and then put this aside, if you please: it will do for me too. One of these days, toward dusk, I'll send for it.'"

Mèndola didn't linger to hear anything more. He simply couldn't wait till he got to town to spread the news about that coffin which Piccarone had had put aside for himself.

. . . .

Famous in the town was Gerolamo Piccarone, lawyer, and, at the time of the Bourbons, Cavalier of San Gennaro, famous for his stinginess and for his knavery. Bad pay was he. Stories were told about his closeness that would make you stand agape. But this—Mèndola was saying to himself—this beats all; and true, ohè, true as truth itself. He had seen it himself, there, the coffin, with his own eyes.

He was enjoying by anticipation the bursts of laughter with which his tale would be received, whispered in the thin voice of Pàmpina; he didn't even notice the cloud of dust raised and the noise that the cabriolet made as his nag rushed furiously along, when lo! "Stop, stop!" he heard somebody yell at the top of his voice from the *Hunters' Tavern* which a man named Dolcemascola kept there by the wayside.

Two friends, Bartolo Gaglio and Gaspare Ficarra, ardent hunters, sitting out in front of the tavern under the pergola, had begun to shout in that way because they thought Mèndola's horse was running off with him.

"Running off indeed! I was running——"

"Oh! You were running, were you?" said Gaglio. "Have you got a spare neck at home?"

"If you only knew, *cari miei!*" exclaimed Mèndola joyfully, jumping down, and out of breath; and he told the story of the coffin to those two friends.

They feigned, from time to time, disbelief, but only to manifest their wonder. And then Mèndola swearing—word of honour—that he had seen it, with his own eyes, the coffin, in Sacramento's hovel.

The other two, in turn, began to tell other well-known deeds of prowess of Piccarone. Mèndola was for getting into his cabriolet again at once; but they had already ordered Dolcemascolo to bring a glass for their friend, the Councillor, and would have him drink it.

But Dolcemascolo had been standing there as if stunned.

"Dolcemascolo, ohè!" cried Gaglio.

The tavern-keeper, with his sailor fur cap aslant on his ear, without a jacket, and his shirt sleeves rolled up on his hairy arms, roused himself, and said with a sigh:

"Pardon me," said he, "stupid man that I am, I have been standing here like an idiot listening to this story. Only this morning, Cavalier Piccarone's dog, Turco, that ugly old brute which comes and goes as he pleases from the Canatello farm up here to the little villa—say, do you know what he did? Stole more than twenty pieces of sausage that I had hanging out there on the balcony! It's a good thing, I say, that I have two witnesses."

Mèndola, Gaglio, Ficarra burst out laughing. Said Mèndola:

"You like it, *caro mio!*"

Dolcemascolo raised a fist; fire darted from his eyes.

"Ah, *perdio*, no! he'll pay me for those sausages, he will! He'll pay me for them; yes, he'll pay me," he shot back at the incredulous laughs and at the stubborn denials of his three customers. "You gentlemen will see. I've found the way to make him. I know the colour of his hair!"

And with a shrewd gesture, habitual with him, he winked one eye as he pulled down the lid of the other with his forefinger.

What way he had found he wouldn't state; but he did say that he was waiting for two farmers who had been present, in the morning, and had seen the theft of the sausage, and that he was going up to the villa with them before evening.

Mèndola got into his cabriolet again, not even waiting to drain his glass; Gaglio and Ficarra paid their bills; and after advising the tavern-keeper to renounce, for his own good, his famous plan of getting himself paid by Piccarone, they left.

. . . .

To construct that little one-story villa, on the avenue at the edge of the town, Gerolamo Piccarone, lawyer and cavalier of San Gennaro at the time of King Bomba, had worked for more than twenty years, and rumour had it that it had not cost him a penny.

Evil tongues said that it was made of small stones found on the highway and pushed to the place, one by one, by the feet of the selfsame Piccarone.

He was, besides, a man learned in jurisprudence, and one of deep mind and profound philosophic spirit. One of his books on Gnosticism, and another on Christian Philosophy, they said, had even been translated into German.

But he was *malva di tre cotte*, was Piccarone, that is to say, an enemy of all innovations. He dressed in the style of 1821; wore a necklace beard; was thickset, coarse, baggy at the shoulders. Always frowning, his eyes half-closed, he kept continually rubbing his chin and approving his secret thoughts with frequent grunts:

"Uh—uh—uh—Italy!—they've—made Italy—what a fine thing, uh, Italy—bridges and roads—uh—illumination—army and navy—uh—uh—uh—compulsory education—taxes! and Piccarone pays——."

He paid little or nothing, in reality, for by dint of most subtle quibbles he wore out and exasperated the greatest patience. He always wound up thus:

"What have I got to do with it? Railways? I don't travel. Light? I never go out evenings. I don't ask for anything, thanks; I don't want anything. Only a little air, to breathe. Did you make the air, too? Must I pay also for the air I breathe?"

He had, in fact, withdrawn to that little villa of his and retired from his profession, which had, however, yielded him magnificent returns up to the time of his retirement a few years before. He must have laid by a snug little sum. To whom would he leave it at his death? He had no relatives, near or distant. And banknotes?—could he take them with him in that handsome coffin which he had reserved for himself? And the little villa? And the farm over there at Cannatello?

When Dolcemascolo, accompanied by the two countrymen, came up to the gate, Turco, the old ugly watch-dog, as if he understood that the tavern-keeper was coming for him, rushed furiously against the bars. The old servant ran out, but was unable to quiet him or to get him away. Piccarone, who was reading in the kiosk in the middle of the little garden, had to whistle for him and then hold him fast by the collar until the servant came to chain him up.

Dolcemascolo, who knew what was what, had put on his best Sunday clothes and, clean shaven, between those two poor country clodhoppers who were coming back dirty and tired from their work, he appeared more than commonly prosperous and lordly. His face like rose and milk—he was fair to look upon.

He entered the kiosk exclaiming, with feigned admiration:

"Fine dog! Large animal, noble and handsome! Good watchdog! Worth his weight in gold!"

Piccarone, frowning and eyes half-closed, grunted several times, nodding assent to the eulogies of Dolcemascolo; then he said:

"What do you want? Sit down."

And he pointed to the little iron stools arranged all around the kiosk.

Dolcemascolo drew one up near the table, saying to the farmers:

"Sit down there, you. I come to your Lordship, a man of the law, for an opinion."

Piccarone opened his eyes.

"An opinion? But I haven't practiced law, *caro mio*, for a long time."

"I know it," Dolcemascolo hastened to add. "Your Lordship is, however, a lawyer of the old school. And my father, blessed be his soul, always used to say to me: 'Stick to the old, my son!' Now I know how conscientious your Lordship was in your profession. I have very little faith in the young pettifoggers of to-day. I don't want to go to law, understand, with anybody. I'd be a fool to do that—I've come simply for an opinion, which your Lordship alone can give me."

Piccarone closed his eyes:

"Speak. I am listening."

"Your Lordship knows," began Dolcemascolo. But Piccarone started and snorted:

"Uh, what do I know! What do you know? *I know, I know, he knows*—oh, come to the point, *caro mio!*"

Dolcemascolo was a little taken back, disconcerted; still he smiled and began again:

"Yes, sir. I meant that your Lordship knows that I have on the highroad, a restaurant."

"*Hunters'*? Yes: I've passed it many a time."

"Going to Cannatello, of course. And you must certainly have seen that on the balcony, under the pergola, I always have some of my wares displayed: bread, fruit, ham."

Piccarone nodded, then added mysteriously: "Seen, and smelled too, sometimes."

"Smelled?"

"Which smelled of sand, *figluolo*. You understand—dust from the road—No matter. Come to the point."

"Here it is, yes sir," answered Dolcemascolo, swallowing. "Let us assume that I have displayed on the balcony a few—sausages, for instance. Now, your Lordship—perhaps this—of course!—I was about to repeat—it's a habit of mine—your Lordship perhaps doesn't know it, but these are the days we have quail migrating. Hence, on the road, hunters, dogs, all the time. I'm coming, I'm coming to the point! A dog passes, Signor Cavaliere, jumps up, and seizes the sausages on the balcony."

"A dog?"

"Yes, sir. I run after him, and with me these two poor fellows who had come in to buy some victuals to take to the country with them. Is that so, yes or no? All three of us start to run after the dog; but we can't overtake him. Besides, even if we do, tell me, your Lordship, what could we do with that sausage which the dog had bitten and dragged all along the road—no good, even if we do get it back! But I recognize the dog; I know who he belongs to."

"Uh—a moment," interrupted Piccarone. "Wasn't the owner there?"

"No, sir!" answered Dolcemascolo quickly. "It wasn't one of those hunters. The dog had evidently run away from home. Hunting dogs, you understand, smell the chase, allow themselves to be locked up; then they escape. No matter. Well, as I said, I know who owns the dog; these two friends of mine know it too, and they witnessed the theft. Now, your Lordship, a man of the law, is to tell me simply whether the owner of the dog is bound to pay me damages, *ecco!*"

Piccarone answered without hesitation:

"Of course he is bound to pay, *figluolo.*"

Dolcemascolo leaped for joy, but quickly restrained himself, and, turning to his companions, said:

"Did you hear? The Signor lawyer says that the owner of the dog is bound to pay damages."

"Absolutely bound, absolutely," reaffirmed Piccarone. "Did you hear me say he wasn't?"

"No, sir," replied Dolcemascolo jumping for joy and clasping his hands. "But your Lordship must pardon me if I, poor ignorant man that I am, have beat around the bush in this feeble way to come to tell you that your Lordship must pay me for the sausages, because the dog that stole it from me was your own, Turco."

Piccarone looked at Dolcemascolo a little while as if he had gone crazy; then, all at once, he lowered his eyes—and began to read in the big book he had before him open on the table.

The two rustics looked at each other; Dolcemascolo raised a hand to make a sign to them not to breathe.

Piccarone, pretending all the time to read, rubbed his chin with one hand, grunted, and said:

"So it was Turco?"

"I can swear it, Signor Cavaliere!" exclaimed Dolcemascolo, getting up and crossing his hands over his breast.

"And you have come here," resumed Piccarone, dark and calm, "with two witnesses, eh?"

"No, sir!" said Dolcemascolo quickly. "In case your Lordship did not believe me——"

"Ah, that was the reason?" muttered Piccarone.

"But I believe you, *caro mio.* Sit down. You are a very honest man. I believe you and I'll pay you. Do I enjoy the reputation of being bad pay, eh?"

"Who says so, Signor Cavaliere?"

"Everybody says so! And you think so too, now, don't you? Two—uh—two witnesses——"

"For the truth, as much for you as for me!"

"Bravo, yes: as much for me as for you; well said. The unjust taxes, *caro mio,* I refuse to pay; but what is just, yes, I pay that willingly—have always paid that. Turco stole your sausage? Tell me, how much?"

Dolcemascolo, having come anticipating that he would have to fight God knows what kind of battles against the quibbles and snares of this old toad, when he was confronted with such meekness, lost courage, mortified.

"A trifle, Signor Cavaliere. Must have been about twenty pieces, more or less—hardly worth mentioning."

"No, no," replied Piccarone firmly. "Tell me how much I owe you and I want to pay. Tell me quickly, *figluolo!* You work; you have suffered a loss; you must be reimbursed. How much?"

Dolcemascolo shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said:

"Twenty pieces of those big ones—two kilos—at one lira twenty a kilo——"

"You sell them so cheap?" asked Piccarone.

"You must understand," replied Dolcemascolo, all honey, "your Lordship didn't eat them. I charge—I wouldn't—I charge you what they cost me."

"Not at all! If I didn't eat them, my dog did. So let's say—roughly—two kilos. Two lira a kilo all right?"

"As you will."

"Four lira. Good. Now tell me, *figluolo:* twenty-five less four make how many? Twenty-one, if I mistake not. Good. You give me twenty-one lira and let's talk no more about it."

Dolcemascolo thought he had not heard aright.

"What's that?"

"Twenty-one lira," repeated Piccarone placidly.

"Here are two witnesses to the truth, as much for me as for you—all right? You come to me for an opinion. Now I, *figluolo,* charge twenty-five lira for an opinion. Fixed price. I owe you four of them for the sausage; give me twenty-one and don't mention the matter again."

Dolcemascolo looked at Piccarone hard, perplexed, not knowing whether he should laugh or cry, unwilling to believe that Piccarone was serious; yet he did not seem to be jesting.

"I—to—to you? he stammered.

"It seems clear to me, *figluolo*," explained Piccarone. "Your business is keeping an inn; mine giving opinions about the law—feebly though it may be. Now, as I do not deny your right to reimbursement, so you will not deny mine for the information you asked me for, and which I gave you. *Now* you know that if a dog steals your sausage, the owner of the dog is liable for damages and is obliged to indemnify you for the loss you have sustained. You didn't know that before? No! You have to pay for knowledge, *caro mio*. I had to work and spend so much to learn it! Do you think I am jesting?"

"Yes, sir!" confessed Dolcemascolo with tears on his cheeks, lifting and opening wide his arms. "I'll forget about the sausage, Signor Cavaliere; I am a poor ignorant man; pardon me, and let's not talk about it any more, in very truth."

"Ah no, ah no, *caro mio*," exclaimed Piccarone. "I don't make reductions, *I* don't. Right is right, as much for you as for me. *I* pay, I pay, I want to pay. To pay and be paid. I was here studying, as you see; you have made me lose an hour's time. Twenty-one lira. That's my price. If you are not fully persuaded of it, give ear, *caro mio:* go to any other lawyer and ask him whether this remuneration is due me or not. I give you three days. If at the end of the third day you have not paid me, rest assured, *figluolo*, I'll sue you."

Piccarone raised his chin, raised his hands: "I'll not listen to any excuses. I'll sue you!"

Dolcemascolo then lost the light of his eyes. Anger seized him by the hair; blinded him. What were the damages? There were no damages. He thought of the bantering he would get, the raillery which he already divined as he gazed into the faces of those two countrymen: he who considered himself so clever, so shrewd, he who had boasted he would display his cunning, and had victory almost within his grasp. Seeing himself caught in his own net, when he least expected it, made him so furious that he suddenly turned into a wild beast.

"Ah, that's the reason, is it?" said he, walking up to Piccarone with his hand raised and his fist clenched, "that's the reason your dog is such a thief? You taught him!"

Piccarone rose to his feet, turbulent, and raised an arm:

"Get out of here! You'll answer also for insults to a man of honour who——"

"Man of honour?" roared Dolcemascolo, grasping the lawyer's arm and shaking it furiously.

The two rustics rushed forward to restrain him but suddenly, before they knew it, Piccarone collapsed, inert, and fell into the violent grasp of Dolcemascolo. And as the latter, amazed, opened his arms to catch him, Piccarone dropped first to the stool, reeled to one side and slumped to the floor in a heap.

Before the terrified countrymen, the features of Dolcemascolo contracted as if by a burst of laughter. Oh—what—? Why, he hadn't even touched him!

They leaned over the man, as he lay on the floor, they moved one of his arms.

"Escape!—escape!——"

Dolcemascolo looked at them both, as if stunned. Escape?

At this point they heard the gate creak, and the coffin, which the old man had reserved for himself, appeared, borne along in triumph on the shoulders of two stalwart, panting bearers, in truth, as if it had been sent for at that very moment for immediate use.

At the apparition of the coffin the three men remained rooted to the spot; they almost fainted.

It did not occur to Dolcemascolo that Nocio Pàmpina, called *Sacramento*, after the visit and inspection of the councillor, had hastened to put himself in regular standing by forwarding the coffin to its destination; but he recalled in a flash what Mèndola had said that morning down at the restaurant; and suddenly, in that empty coffin which was waiting and which had come unexpectedly, at the very moment it was needed, as if sent for mysteriously, Dolcemascolo saw the hand of fate which had made use of his own hand.

He put his hands to his head and began to shriek:

"There it is! There it is! That was calling him! Bear witness, all of you, that I didn't even touch him! That was calling him! He had put it aside for himself! And lo! here it comes, because he was fated to die!"

And he seized the two bearers by the arms to rouse them from their stupour.

"Isn't it true? Isn't it true? Say!"

But the two bearers were not at all astonished. Since they had brought the coffin, it was the most natural thing in the world to them that they should find the lawyer dead. They shrugged their shoulders, and said:

"Why, yes, here it is."

The Garret

(In Imitation of Béranger)

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

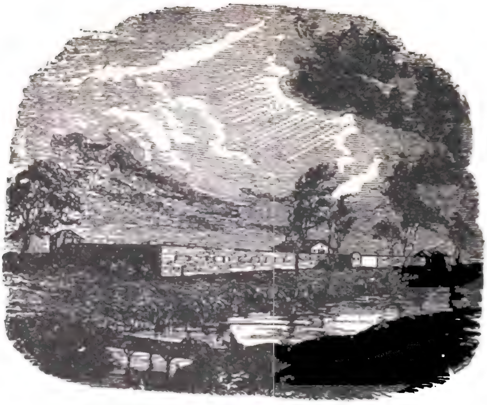
WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
  Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
  And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
  Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
  There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
  Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys that Time hath swept with him away,
  Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
  She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold how roguishly she pins her shawl
  Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise;
Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
  And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
  Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
  And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise—we join in the triumphant strain—
  Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
  How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
  For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
  From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
  Give me the days when I was twenty-one!



SUTTER'S FORT (SACRAMENTO) IN 1848

Gold!—and Ruin

[*On a January day—"between the 18th and the 20th"—seventy-eight years ago, gold was discovered at General Sutter's mill in California. This was forty miles east of Sutter's famous Fort, the centre of his principality of New Helvetia, which included the site of the present city of Sacramento.*

John A. Sutter had arrived in New York from Switzerland in 1834; after many hardships, he had drifted out to Missouri, and on a trip to Santa Fé first heard stories of the smiling land of California. His route thither was notable: he accompanied a party of fur-traders to Wind River in the Rockies; then with six companions he traversed the wilderness to The Dalles on the Columbia River and reached Fort Vancouver. By trading vessel he crossed the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands; waited there five weary months (making arrangements, however, for a future supply of Kanaka laborers); came back over the ocean on an English brig to Sitka (completing here further agreements for tools and ammunition); and finally sailed down the coast to San Francisco Bay, reaching Mexican headquarters at Yerba Buena in July, 1839. He secured a grant from the Mexican governor, started a settlement, organized the Indians, imported Kanakas, and in less than a decade had built up by far the greatest enterprise on the Pacific Coast—a true, healthy development of natural resources, bound to grow year after year. Indeed, he looked forward confidently to being in a few more years a world financial figure.

Then James Marshall, who had just completed a saw-mill for him up the Culluma Valley, one morning found flakes and small nuggets of gold in the mill-race.

In spite of every effort to keep the fact secret, the news spread like a panic in a crowd. A horde of mad gold-seekers from all parts of the world swept over General Sutter's New Helvetia, and blotted out both his achievement and his dream.

The discovery made a State of California,—the first in the geographic western half of the United States, and the sixth west of the Mississippi; it produced a shifting of population not before dreamed of; the consequences to our political and economic future would take volumes to trace; in seventy years, more than a billion and a half dollars of gold came out of California ground. And it completely ruined, without any redress, the man who owned the land where the precious metal was found.

Some high points of this story are told below by the two men themselves, Sutter and Marshall.]

AFTER NINE YEARS' LABOUR WITH THE WILDERNESS

A garden of eight or ten acres was attached to the fort, laid out with taste and skill, where flourished all kinds of vegetables, grapes, apples, peaches, pears, olives, figs, and almonds. Horses, cattle and sheep cover the surrounding plains; boats lie at the embarcadero.

The fort is a parallelogram of adobe walls, 500 feet long by 150 in breadth, with loopholes and bastions at the angles, mounted with a dozen cannon that sweep the curtains. Within is a collection of granaries and warehouses, shops and stores, dwellings and outhouses, extending near and along the walls round the central building occupied by the Swiss potentate, who holds sway as patriarch and priest, judge and father. The interior of the house is rough, with rafters and unpanelled walls, with benches and deal tables, the exception being the audience room and private apartments of the owner, who has obtained from the Russians a clumsy set of California laurel furniture. In front of the main building, on the small square, is a brass gun, guarded by the sentinel, whose measured tramp, lost in the hum of day, marks the stillness of the night, and who stops alone beneath the belfry-post to chime the passing hour.

Throughout the day the enclosure presents an animated scene of work and trafficking by hustling labourers, diligent mechanics and eager traders, all to the chorus clang of the smithy and the reverberating strokes of the carpenters.

Horsemen dash to and fro at the bidding of duty and pleasure, and an occasional wagon creaks along upon the gravelly road-bed, sure to pause for recuperating purposes before the trading store, where confused voices mingle with laughter and the sometimes discordant strains of drunken singers. Such is the capital of the vast interior valley, pregnant with approaching importance.

In December, 1848, Sutter reported a white population of 289 in the district, with sixteen half-breeds, Hawaiians, and negroes, 479 tame Indians, and a large number of gentiles, estimated with not very great precision at 21,873 for the valley, including the region above the Butte. There are sixty houses in or near the fort, and six mills and one tannery in the district; 14,000 *fanegas* of wheat were raised during the season, and 40,000 expected during the following year, besides other crops. Sutter owns 12,000 cattle, 2,000 horses and mules, from 10,000 to 15,000 sheep, and 1,000 hogs. HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

THE DISCOVERY

About the 27th of August (1847) we signed the agreement to build and run a saw-mill at Culluma. On the third day (I think) afterward, I set out, with two wagons, and was accompanied by the following persons, employed by the firm of Sutter & Marshall, viz.: P. L. Wimmer and family, James Barger, Ira Willis, Sidney Willis, Alex. Stephens, Wm. Cunce, James Brown, and Ezekiah Persons.

On our arrival in the Valley we first built the double log cabin, afterward known as Hastings & Co.'s store. About the last of September, as Captain Sutter wanted a couple of capable men to construct a dam across the American river at the grist-mill—near where the Pavilion now stands—I sent the two Willis', as the most capable; (Wm. Cunce being in feeble health, left about the same time;) and I received Henry Bigler, Israel Smith, Wm. Johnston and Evans in return; and shortly afterward I employed Charles Bennet and Wm. Scott, both carpenters. The above-named individuals, with some ten Indians, constituted my whole force.

While we were in the habit at night of turning the water through the tail race we had dug for the purpose of widening and deepening the race, I used to go down in the morning to see what had been done by the water through the night; and about half past seven o'clock on or about the 19th of January—I am not quite certain to a day, but it was between the 18th and 20th of that month—1848, I went down as usual, and after shutting off the water from the race I stepped into it, near the lower end, and there, upon the rock, about six inches beneath the surface of the water, I DISCOVERED THE GOLD.

I was entirely alone at the time. I picked up one or two pieces and examined them attentively; and having some general knowledge of minerals, I could not call to mind more than two which in any way resembled this—*sulphuret of iron*, very bright and brittle; and *gold*, bright, yet malleable; I then tried it between two rocks, and found that it could be beaten into a different shape, but not broken.

I collected four or five pieces and went up to Mr. Scott (who was working at the carpenter's bench making the mill wheel) with the pieces in my hand, and said, "I have found it."

"What is it?" inquired Scott.

"Gold," I answered.

"Oh! no," returned Scott, "that can't be."

I replied positively—"I know it to be nothing else."

Mr. Scott was the second person who saw the gold. W. J. Johnston, A. Stephens, H. Bigler and J. Brown, who were also working in the mill yard, were then called up to see it. Peter L. Wimmer, Mrs. Jane Wimmer, C. Bennet and J. Smith were at the house; the latter two of whom were sick; E. Persons and John Wimmer (a son of P. L. Wimmer) were out hunting oxen at the same time. About ten o'clock the same morning, P. L. Wimmer came down from the house, and was very much surprised at the discovery, when the metal was shown him; and which he took home to show his wife, who, the next day, made some experiments upon it by boiling it in strong lye and saleratus; and Mr. Bennet by my directions beat it very thin.

Four days afterwards I went to the Fort for provisions, and carried with me about three ounces of the gold, which Captain Sutter and I tested with *nitric acid*. I then tried it in Sutter's presence by taking three silver dollars and balancing them by the dust in the air, then immersed both in water, and the superior weight of the gold satisfied us both of its nature and value.

About the 20th of February, 1848, Captain Sutter came to Culluma, for the first time, to consummate an agreement we had made with this tribe of Indians in the month of September previous, to wit:—that we live with them in peace, on the same land.

About the middle of April the mill commenced operation, and, after cutting a few thousand feet of lumber, was abandoned; as all hands were intent upon gold digging. In December, '48, Captain Sutter came again to Culluma, and some time in that month sold his interest in the mill to Messrs. Ragley & Winters, of which new firm I became a member. The mill was soon again in operation, and cut most of the lumber of which the town of Culluma was built.

The *first piece of gold* which I found *weighed about fifty cents*. Mr. Wimmer, having bought a stock of merchandise some time about May or June, 1848; and Mrs. Wimmer being my treasurer, used four hundred and forty dollars of my money to complete the purchase; among which was the first piece of gold which I had found. Where that went, or where it is now, I believe that nobody knows. J. W. MARSHALL.

GENERAL SUTTER'S OWN STORY

It was in the first part of January, 1848, when the gold was discovered at Coloma,[1] where I was then building a saw-mill. The contractor and builder of this mill was James W. Marshall, from New Jersey. . . .

I was very much in need of a saw-mill, to get lumber to finish my large flouring mill, of four run of stones, at Brighton, which was commenced at the same time, and was rapidly progressing; likewise for other buildings, fences, etc., for the small village of Yerba Buena (now San Francisco). In the City Hotel (the only one), at the dinner-table, this enterprise was unkindly called "another folly of Sutter's," as my first settlement at the old fort near Sacramento City was called by a good many, "a folly of his," and they were about right in that, because I had the best chances to get some of the finest locations, near the settlements; and even well stocked ranchos had been offered to me on the most reasonable conditions; but I refused all these good offers, and preferred to explore the wilderness, and select a territory on the banks of the Sacramento.

It was a rainy afternoon when Mr. Marshall arrived at my office in the Fort, very wet. I was somewhat surprised to see him, as he was down a few days previous; and when I sent up to Coloma a number of teams with provisions, mill irons, etc., etc. He told me then that he had some important and interesting news which he wished to communicate secretly to me, and wished me to go with him to a place where we should not be disturbed, and where no listeners could come and hear what we had to say.

I went with him to my private rooms; he requested me to lock the door; I complied, but I told him at the same time that nobody was in the house except the clerk, who was in his office in a different part of the house; after requesting of me something which he wanted, which my servants brought and then left the room, I forgot to lock the doors, and it happened that the door was opened by the clerk just at the moment when Marshall took a rag from his pocket, showing me the yellow metal: he had about two ounces of it;

[1] The Indian name and pronunciation is Cul-lu-mah (beautiful vale), now Americanized Coloma.

but how quickly Mr. M. put the yellow metal in his pocket again can hardly be described.

The clerk came to see me on business, and excused himself for interrupting me, and as soon as he had left I was told, "now lock the doors; didn't I tell you that we might have listeners?" I told him that he need fear nothing about that, as it was not the habit of this gentleman; but I could hardly convince him that he need not to be suspicious. Then Mr. M. began to show me this metal, which consisted of small pieces and specimens, some of them worth a few dollars; he told me that he had expressed his opinion to the labourers at the mill, that this might be gold; but some of them were laughing at him and called him a crazy man, and could not believe such a thing.

After having proved the metal with *aqua fortis*, which I found in my apothecary shop, likewise with other experiments, and read the long article "gold" in the Encyclopedia Americana, I declared this to be gold of the finest quality, of at least twenty-three carats. After this Mr. M. had no more rest nor patience, and wanted me to start with him immediately for Coloma; but I told him I could not leave, as it was late in the evening and nearly supper time, and that it would be better for him to remain with me till the next morning, and I would travel with him, but this would not do: he asked me only "will you come to-morrow morning?" I told him yes, and off he started for Coloma in the heaviest rain, although already very wet, taking nothing to eat.

I took this news very easy, like all other occurrences good or bad, but thought a great deal during the night about the consequences which might follow such a discovery. I gave all my necessary orders to my numerous labourers, and left the next morning at seven o'clock, accompanied by an Indian soldier, and vaquero, in a heavy rain, for Coloma. About half-way on the road I saw at a distance a human being crawling out from the brushwood. I asked the Indian who it was: he told me "the same man who was with you last evening." When I came nearer I found it was Marshall, very wet; I told him that he would have done better to remain with me at the fort than to pass such an ugly night here; but he told me that he went up to Coloma (forty-four miles), took his other horse and came half-way to meet me; then we rode up to the new Eldorado. In the afternoon the weather was clearing up, and we made a prospecting promenade.

The next morning we went to the tail-race of the mill, through which the water was running during the night, to clean out the gravel which had been made loose, for the purpose of widening the race; and after the water was out of the race we went in to search for gold. This was done every morning: small pieces of gold could be seen remaining on the bottom of the clean-washed bed-rock. I went in the race and picked up several pieces of this gold, several of the labourers gave me some which they had picked up, and from Marshall I received a part. I told them that I would get a ring made of this gold as soon as it could be done in California; and I have had a heavy ring made, with my family's coat of arms engraved on the outside, and on the inside of the ring is engraved, "The first gold, discovered in January, 1848." . . .

The next day I went with Mr. M. on a prospecting tour in the vicinity of Coloma, and the following morning I left for Sacramento. Before my departure I had a conversation with all hands: I told them that I would consider it as a great favour if they would keep this discovery secret only for six weeks, so that I could finish my large flour mill at Brighton (with four run of stones), which had cost me already about from 24 to 25,000 dollars—the people up there promised to keep it secret so long. On my way home, instead of feeling happy and contented, I was very unhappy, and could not see that it would benefit me much, and I was perfectly right in thinking so; as it came just precisely as I expected. I thought at the same time that it could hardly be kept secret for six weeks; and in this I was not mistaken, for about two weeks later, after my return, I sent up several teams in charge of a white man, as the teamsters were Indian boys. This man was acquainted with all hands up there, and Mrs. Wimmer told him the whole secret; likewise the young sons of Mr. Wimmer told him that they had gold, and that they would let him have some too; and so he obtained a few dollars' worth of it as a present.

As soon as this man arrived at the fort he went to a small store in one of my outside buildings, kept by Mr. Smith, a partner of Samuel Brannan, and asked for a bottle of brandy, for which he would pay the cash; after having the bottle he paid with these small pieces of gold. Smith was astonished and asked him if he intended to insult him; the teamster told him to go and ask me about it; Smith came in, in great haste, to see me, and I told him at once the truth—what could I do? I had to tell him all about it. He reported it to Mr. S. Brannan, who came up immediately to get all possible information, when he returned and sent up large supplies of goods, leased a larger house from me, and commenced a very large and profitable business; soon he opened a branch house of business at Mormon Island.

Mr. Brannan made a kind of claim on Mormon Island, and put a tolerably heavy tax on "The Latter-Day Saints." I believe it was 30 per cent., which they paid for some time, until they got tired of it (some of them told me that it was for the purpose of building a temple for the honour and glory of the Lord).

So soon as the secret was out my labourers began to leave me, in small parties first, but then all left, from the clerk to the cook, and I was in great distress; only a few mechanics remained to finish some very necessary work which they had commenced, and about eight invalids, who continued slowly to work a few teams, to scrape out the mill race at Brighton. The Mormons did not like to leave my mill unfinished, but they got the gold fever like everybody else. After they had made their piles they left for the Great Salt Lake. So long as these people have been employed by me they have behaved very well, and were industrious and faithful labourers, and when settling their accounts there was not one of them who was not contented and satisfied.

Then the people commenced rushing up from San Francisco and other parts of California, in May, 1848; in the former village only five men were left to take care of the women and children. The single men locked their doors and left for "Sutter's Fort," and from there to the Eldorado. For some time the people in Monterey and farther south would not believe the news of the gold discovery, and said that it was only a "*Ruse de Guerre*" of Sutter's, because he wanted to have neighbours in his wilderness. From this time on I got only too many neighbours, and some very bad ones among them.

What a great misfortune was this sudden gold discovery for me! It has just broken up and ruined my hard, restless, and industrious labours, connected with many dangers of life, as I had many narrow escapes before I became properly established.

From my mill buildings I reaped no benefit whatever, the mill stones even have been stolen and sold.

My tannery, which was then in a flourishing condition, and was carried on very profitably, was deserted, a large quantity of leather was left unfinished in the vats; and a great quantity of raw hides became valueless as they could not be sold; nobody wanted to be bothered with such trash, as it was called. So it was in all the other mechanical trades which I had carried on; all was abandoned, and work commenced or nearly finished was all left, to an immense loss for me. Even the Indians had no more patience to work alone, in harvesting and threshing my large wheat crop out; as the whites had all left, and other Indians had been engaged by some white men to work for them, and they commenced to have some gold for which they were buying all kinds of articles at enormous prices in the stores; which, when my Indians saw this, they wished very much to go to the mountains and dig gold. At last I consented, got a number of wagons ready, loaded them with provisions and goods of all kinds, employed a clerk, and left with about one hundred Indians, and about fifty Sandwich Islanders (Kanakas) which had joined those which I brought with me from the Islands.

The first camp was about ten miles above Mormon Island, on the south fork of the American River. In a few weeks we became crowded, and it would no more pay, as my people made too many acquaintances. I broke up the camp and started on the march farther south, and located my next camp on Sutter Creek (now in Amador County), and thought that I should there be alone. The work was going on well for a while, until three or four traveling grog-shops surrounded me, at from one and a half to two miles distance from the camp; then, of course, the gold was taken to these places, for drinking, gambling, etc., and then the following day they were sick and unable to work, and became deeper and more indebted to me, and particularly the Kanakas. I found that it was high time to quit this kind of business, and lose no more time and money. I therefore broke up the camp and returned to the Fort, where I disbanded nearly all the people who had worked for me in the mountains digging gold. This whole expedition proved to be a heavy loss to me.

At the same time I was engaged in a mercantile firm in Coloma, which I left in January, 1849—likewise with many sacrifices. After this I would have nothing more to do with the gold affairs. At this time, the Fort was the great trading place where nearly all the business was transacted. I had no pleasure to remain there, and moved up to Hock Farm, with all my Indians, who had been with me from the time they were children. The place was then in charge of a Major Domo.

It is very singular that the Indians never found a piece of gold and brought it to me, as they very often did other specimens found in the ravines. I requested them continually to bring me some curiosities from the mountains, for which I always recompensed them. I have received animals, birds, plants, young trees, wild fruits, pipe clay, stones, red ochre, etc., etc., but never a piece of gold. Mr. Dana, of the scientific corps of the expedition under Commander Wilkes' Exploring Squadron, told me that he had the strongest proof and signs of gold in the vicinity of Shasta Mountain, and further south. A short time afterwards, Doctor Sandels, a very scientific traveler, visited me, and explored a part of the country in a great hurry, as time would not permit him to make a longer stay. He told me likewise that he found sure signs of gold, and was very sorry that he could not explore the Sierra Nevada. He did not encourage me to attempt to work and open mines, as it was uncertain how it would pay, and would probably be only profitable for a government. So I thought it more prudent to stick to the plow, notwithstanding I did know that the country was rich in gold, and other minerals. An old attached Mexican servant who followed me here from the United States, as soon as he knew that I was here, and who understood a great deal about working in places, told me he found sure signs of gold in the mountains on Bear Creek, and that we would go right to work after returning from our campaign in 1845, but he became a victim to his patriotism and fell into the hands of the enemy near my encampment, with dispatches for me from General Micheltorena, and he was hung as a spy, for which I was very sorry.

By this sudden discovery of the gold, all my great plans were destroyed. Had I succeeded with my mills and manufactories for a few years before the gold was discovered, I should have been the richest citizen on the Pacific shore; but it had to be different. Instead of being rich, I am ruined, and the cause of it is the long delay of the United States Land Commission, of the United States Courts, through the great influence of the squatter lawyers. Before my case will be decided in Washington, another year may elapse, but I hope that justice will be done me by the last tribunal—the Supreme Court of the United States. By the Land Commission and the District Court it has been decided in my favour. The Common Council of the city of Sacramento, composed partly of squatters, paid Alpheus Felch (one of the late Land Commissioners, who was engaged by the squatters during his office), $5,000, from the fund of the city, against the will of the tax-payers, for which amount he has to try to defeat my just and old claim from the Mexican Government, before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington. J. A. Sutter.

J A Sutter

A Thirty Years' Search for Justice

Unwilling to live longer amid the scenes of his misfortunes, General Sutter in 1868 took an affectionate leave of the country he loved so well and found a new home with the Moravians in the quiet town of Lititz in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. His son, J. A. Sutter, Jr., had been for many years a United States Consul at Acapulco, Mexico, and had married a Mexican lady. The General removed the two grand-daughters to Lititz where they would have better educational advantages. This circumstance, it is thought, was among the considerations that induced him to adopt that place as a future home. . . .

While at Washington, D. C., in 1880, vainly endeavouring to secure the passage of bill, in Congress, providing for a partial compensation for the services he had rendered the United States and for the property of which he had been despoiled by the American people and by the United States authorities, he died. He had for years entertained the vain hope of some day receiving some part of what he justly claimed as his due. The adjourning of Congress without recognizing his claim was an act of ingratitude that broke his heart.

T. J. Schoonover.

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XVII

THE Marquis de Courtornieu idolized his daughter. Everyone spoke of that as an incontestable and uncontested fact.

When persons spoke to him of his daughter, they always said:

"You, who adore your daughter——"

And when he spoke of himself, *he* said:

"I, who adore Blanche."

The truth was, that he would have given a good deal, even a third of his fortune, to be rid of her.

This smiling young girl, who seemed such an artless child, had gained an absolute control over him. She forced him to bow like a reed to her every caprice—and Heaven knows she had enough of them!

In the hope of making his escape he had thrown her Aunt Medea; but in less than three months that poor woman had been completely subjugated, and did not serve to divert his daughter's attention from him, even for a moment.

Sometimes the marquis revolted, but nine times out of ten he paid dearly for his attempts at rebellion. When Mlle. Blanche turned her cold and steel-like eyes upon him with a certain peculiar expression, his courage evaporated. Her weapon was irony; and knowing his weak points, she struck with wonderful precision.

It is easy to understand how devoutly he prayed and hoped that some honest young man, by speedily marrying his daughter, would free him from this cruel bondage.

But where was he to find this liberator?

The marquis had announced everywhere his intention of bestowing a dowry of a million upon his daughter. Of course, this had brought a host of eager suitors, not only from the immediate neighbourhood, but from parts remote.

But, unfortunately, though many of them would have suited M. de Courtornieu well enough, not a single one had been so fortunate as to please Mlle. Blanche.

Her father presented some suitor; she received him graciously, lavished all her charms upon him; but as soon as his back was turned, she disappointed all her father's hopes by rejecting him.

"He is too small," she said, "or too large. His rank is not equal to ours. I think him stupid. He is a fool—his nose is so ugly."

From these summary decisions there was no appeal. Arguments and persuasions were useless. The condemned man no longer existed.

Still, as this view of aspirants to her hand amused her, she encouraged her father in his efforts. He was beginning to despair, when fate dropped the Duc de Sairmeuse and son at his very door. When he saw Martial, he had a presentiment of his approaching release.

"He will be my son-in-law," he thought.

The marquis believed it best to strike the iron while it was hot. So, the very next day, he broached the subject to the duke.

His overtures were favourably received.

Possessed with the desire of transforming Sairmeuse into a little principality, the duke could not fail to be delighted with an alliance with one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the neighbourhood.

The conference was short.

"Martial, my son, possesses, in his own right, an income of at least six hundred thousand francs," said the duke.

"I shall give my daughter at least—yes, at least fifteen hundred thousand francs as her marriage portion," declared the marquis.

"His Majesty is favourably disposed toward me. I can obtain any important diplomatic position for Martial."

"In case of trouble, I have many friends among the opposition."

The treaty was thus concluded; but M. de Courtornieu took good care not to speak of it to his daughter. If he told her how much he desired the match, she would be sure to oppose it. Non-interference seemed advisable.

The correctness of his judgment was fully demonstrated. One morning Mlle. Blanche made her appearance in his cabinet.

"Your capricious daughter has decided, papa, that she would like to become the Marquise de Sairmeuse," said she, peremptorily.

It cost M. de Courtornieu quite an effort to conceal his delight; but he feared if she discovered his satisfaction that the game would be lost.

He presented several objections; they were quickly disposed of; and, at last, he ventured to say:

"Then the marriage is half decided; one of the parties consents. It only remains to ascertain if——"

"The other will consent," declared the vain heiress.

And, in fact, for several days Mlle. Blanche had been applying herself assiduously and quite successfully to the work of fascination which was to bring Martial to her feet.

After having made an advance, with studied frankness and simplicity, sure of the effect she had produced, she now proceeded to beat a retreat—a maneuver so simple that it was almost sure to succeed.

Until now she had been gay, *spirituelle*, and coquetish; gradually, she became quiet and reserved. The giddy schoolgirl had given place to the shrinking virgin.

With what perfection she played her part in the divine comedy of first love! Martial could not fail to be fascinated by the modest artlessness and chaste fears of the heart which seemed to be waking for him. When he appeared, Mlle. Blanche blushed and was silent. At a word from him she became confused. He could only occasionally catch a glimpse of her beautiful eyes through the shelter of their long lashes.

Who had taught her this refinement of coquetry? They say that the convent is an excellent teacher.

But what she had not learned was that the most clever often become the dupes of their own imagination; and that great *comédiennes* generally conclude by shedding real tears.

She learned this one evening, when a laughing remark made by the Duc de Sairmeuse revealed the fact that Martial was in the habit of going to Lacheneur's house every day.

What she experienced now could not be compared with the jealousy, or rather anger, which had previously agitated her.

This was an acute, bitter, and intolerable sorrow. Before, she had been able to retain her composure; now, it was impossible.

That she might not betray herself, she left the drawing-room precipitately and hastened to her own room, were she burst into a fit of passionate sobbing.

"Can it be that he does not love me?" she murmured.

This thought made her cold with terror. For the first time this haughty heiress distrusted her own power.

She reflected that Martial's position was so exalted that he could afford to despise rank; that he was so rich that wealth had no attractions for him; and that she herself might not be so pretty and so charming as flatterers had led her to suppose.

Still Martial's conduct during the past week—and Heaven knows with what fidelity her memory recalled each incident—was well calculated to reassure her.

He had not, it is true, formally declared himself, but it was evident that he was paying his addresses to her. His manner was that of the most respectful, but the most infatuated of lovers.

Her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of her maid, bringing a large bouquet of roses which had just been sent by Martial.

She took the flowers, and while arranging them in a large Japanese vase, she bedewed them with the first real sincere tears she had shed since her entrance into the world.

She was so pale and sad, so unlike herself when she appeared the next morning at breakfast, that Aunt Medea was alarmed.

Mlle. Blanche had prepared an excuse, and she uttered it in such sweet tones that the poor lady was as much amazed as if she had witnessed a miracle.

M. de Courtornieu was no less astonished.

"Of what new freak is this doleful face the preface?" he wondered.

He was still more alarmed when, immediately after breakfast, his daughter asked a moment's conversation with him.

She followed him into his study, and as soon as they were alone, without giving her father time to seat himself, Mlle. Blanche entreated him to tell her all that had passed between the Duc de Sairmeuse and himself, and asked if Martial had been informed of the intended alliance, and what he had replied.

Her voice was meek, her eyes tearful; her manner indicated the most intense anxiety.

The marquis was delighted.

"My wilful daughter has been playing with fire," he thought, stroking his chin caressingly; "and upon my word, she has burned herself."

"Yesterday, my child," he replied, "the Duc de Sairmeuse formally demanded your hand on behalf of his son; your consent is all that is lacking. So rest easy, my beautiful, lovelorn damsel—you will be a duchess."

She hid her face in her hands to conceal her blushes.

"You know my decision, father," she faltered, in an almost inaudible voice; "we must make haste."

He started back, thinking he had not heard her words aright.

"Make haste!" he repeated.

"Yes, father. I have fears."

"What fears, in Heaven's name?"

"I will tell you when everything is settled," she replied, as she made her escape from the room.

She did not doubt the reports which had reached her ears, of Martial's frequent visits to Marie-Anne, but she wished to see for herself.

So, as soon as she left her father, she obliged Aunt Medea to dress herself, and without vouchsafing a single world of explanation, took her with her to the Reche, and stationed herself where she could command a view of M. Lacheneur's house.

It chanced to be the very day on which M. d'Escorval came to ask an explanation from his friend. She saw him come; then, after a little, Martial made his appearance.

She had not been mistaken—now she could go home satisfied.

But no. She resolved to count the seconds which Martial passed with Marie-Anne.

M. d'Escorval did not remain long; she saw Martial hasten out after him, and speak to him.

She breathed again. His visit had not lasted a half hour, and doubtless he was going away. Not at all. After a moment's conversation with the baron, he returned to the house.

"What are we doing here?" demanded Aunt Medea.

"Let me alone!" replied Mlle. Blanche, angrily; "hold your tongue!"

She heard the sound of wheels, the tamp of horses' hoofs, blows of the whip, and oaths.

The wagons bearing the furniture and clothing belonging to M. Lacheneur were coming.

This noise Martial must have heard within the house, for he came out, and after him came M. Lacheneur, Jean, Chanlouineau, and Marie-Anne.

Everyone was soon busy in unloading the wagons, and positively, from the movements of the young Marquis de Sairmeuse, one would have sworn that he was giving orders; he came and went, hurrying to and fro, talking to everybody, not even disdaining to lend a hand occasionally.

"He, a nobleman, makes himself at home in that wretched hovel!" Mlle. Blanche said to herself. "How horrible! Ah! this dangerous creature will do with him whatever she desires."

All this was nothing compared with what was to come. A third wagon appeared, drawn by a single horse, and laden with pots of flowers and shrubs.

This sight drew a cry of rage from Mlle. de Courtornieu which must have carried terror to Aunt Medea's heart.

"Flowers!" she exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with passion. "He sends flowers to her as he does to me—only he sends me a bouquet, while for her he despoils the gardens of Sairmeuse."

"What are you saying about flowers?" inquired the impoverished relative.

Mlle. Blanche replied that she had not made the slightest allusion to flowers. She was suffocating—and yet she compelled herself to remain there three mortal hours—all the time that was required to unload the furniture.

The wagons had been gone some time, when Martial again appeared upon the threshold.

Marie-Anne had accompanied him to the door, and they were talking together. It seemed impossible for him to make up his mind to depart.

He did so, at last, however; but he left slowly and with evident reluctance. Marie-Anne, remaining in the door, gave him a friendly gesture of farewell.

"I wish to speak to this creature!" exclaimed Mlle. Blanche. "Come, aunt, at once!"

Had Marie-Anne, at that moment, been within the reach of Mlle. de Courtornieu's voice, she would certainly have learned the secret of her former friend's anger and hatred.

But fate willed it otherwise. At least three hundred yards of rough ground separated the place where Mlle. Blanche had stationed herself, from the Lacheneur cottage.

It required a moment to cross this space; and that was time enough to change all the girl's intentions.

She had not traversed a quarter of the distance before she bitterly regretted having shown herself at all. But to retrace her steps now was impossible, for Marie-Anne, who was still standing upon the threshold, had seen her approaching.

There remained barely time to regain her self-control, and to compose her features. She profited by it.

She had her sweetest smile upon her lips as she greeted Marie-Anne. Still she was embarrassed; she did not know what excuse to give for her visit, and to gain time she pretended to be quite out of breath.

"Ah! it is not very easy to reach you, dear Marie-Anne," she said, at last; "you live upon the summit of a veritable mountain."

Mlle. Lacheneur said not a word. She was greatly surprised, and she did not attempt to conceal the fact.

"Aunt Medea pretended to know the road," continued Mlle. Blanche, "but she led me astray; did you not, aunt?"

As usual, the impecunious relative assented, and her niece resumed:

"But at last we are here. I could not, my dearest, resign myself to hearing nothing from you, especially after all your misfortunes. What have you been doing? Did my recommendation procure for you the work you desired?"

Marie-Anne could not fail to be deeply touched by this kindly interest on the part of her former friend. So, with perfect frankness, and without any false shame, she confessed that all her efforts had been fruitless. It had even seemed to her that several ladies had taken pleasure in treating her unkindly.

But Mlle. Blanche was not listening. A few steps from her stood the flowers brought from Sairmeuse; and their perfume rekindled her anger.

"At least," she interrupted, "you have here what will almost make you forget the gardens of Sairmeuse. Who sent you these beautiful flowers?"

Marie-Anne turned crimson. She did not speak for a moment, but at last she replied, or rather stammered:

"It is—an attention from the Marquis de Sairmeuse."

"So she confesses it!" thought Mlle. de Courtornieu, amazed at what she was pleased to consider an outrageous piece of impudence.

But she succeeded in concealing her rage beneath a loud burst of laughter; and it was in a tone of raillery that she said:

"Take care, my dear friend; I am going to call you to account. It is from my *fiancé* that you are accepting flowers."

"What! the Marquis de Sairmeuse?"

"Has demanded the hand of your friend. Yes, my darling; and my father has given it to him. It is a secret as yet; but I see no danger in confiding in your friendship."

She believed that she had inflicted a mortal wound upon Marie-Anne's heart; but though she watched her closely, she failed to detect the slightest trace of emotion upon her face.

"What dissimulation!" she thought. Then aloud, and with affected gayety, she resumed:

"And the country folks will see two weddings at about the same time, since you, also, are going to be married, my dear."

"I!"

"Yes, you, you little deceiver! Everybody knows that you are engaged to a young man in the neighbourhood, named—wait—I know—Chanlouineau."

Thus the report that annoyed Marie-Anne so much reached her from every side.

"Everybody is for once mistaken," said she, energetically. "I shall never be that young man's wife."

"But why? They speak well of him, personally, and he is quite rich."

"Because," faltered Marie-Anne, "because——"

Maurice d'Escorval's name trembled upon her lips; but unfortunately she did not utter it, prevented by a strange expression on the face of her friend. How often one's destiny depends upon a circumstance apparently as trivial as this!

"Impudent, worthless creature!" thought Mlle. Blanche.

Then, in cold and sneering tones, that betrayed her hatred unmistakably, she said:

"You are wrong, believe me, to refuse this offer. This Chanlouineau will, at all events, save you from the painful necessity of labouring with your own hands, and of going from door to door in quest of work which is refused you. But, no matter; *I*"—she laid great stress upon this word—"*I* will be more generous than your old acquaintances. I have a great deal of embroidery to be done. I shall send it to you by my maid, and you two may agree upon the price. We must go. Good-by, my dear. Come, Aunt Medea."

She departed, leaving Marie-Anne petrified with surprise, sorrow, and indignation.

Although less experienced than Mlle. Blanche, she comprehended that this strange visit concealed some mystery—but what?

For more than a minute she stood motionless, gazing after her departing guests; then she started suddenly as a hand was laid gently upon her shoulder.

She trembled, and, turning quickly, found herself face to face with her father.

Lacheneur's face was whiter than his linen, and a sinister light glittered in his eye.

"I was there," said he, pointing to the door, "and I heard all."

"Father!"

"What! would you try to defend her after she came here to crush you with her insolent good fortune—after she overwhelmed you with her ironical pity and with her scorn? I tell you they are all like this—these girls, whose heads have been turned by flattery, and who believe that in their veins flows a different blood from ours. But patience! The day of reckoning is near at hand!"

Those whom he threatened would have shuddered had they seen him at that moment, so terrible was the rage revealed by his accent, so formidable did he appear.

"And you, my beloved daughter, my poor Marie-Anne, you did not understand the insults she heaped upon you. You are wondering why she should have treated you with such disdain. Ah, well! I will tell you: she imagines that the Marquis de Sairmeuse is your lover."

Marie-Anne tottered beneath the terrible blow, and a nervous spasm shook her from head to foot.

"Can this be possible?" she exclaimed. "Great God! what shame! what humiliation!"

"And why should this astonish you?" said Lacheneur, coldly. "Have you not expected this ever since the day when you, my devoted daughter, consented, for the sake of my plans, to submit to the attentions of this marquis, whom you loathe as much as I despise?"

"But Maurice! Maurice will despise me! I can bear anything, yes, everything but that."

M. Lacheneur made no reply. Marie-Anne's despair was heart-breaking; he felt that he could not bear to witness it, that it would shake his resolution, and he reentered the house.

But his penetration was not at fault. While waiting to find a revenge which would be worthy of her, Mlle. Blanche armed herself with a weapon of which jealousy and hatred so often avail themselves—calumny.

Two or three abominable stories which she concocted, and which she forced Aunt Medea to circulate everywhere, did not produce the desired effect.

Marie-Anne's reputation was, of course, ruined by them; but Martial's visits, instead of ceasing, became longer and more frequent. Dissatisfied with his progress, and fearful that he was being duped, he even watched the house.

So it happened that, one evening, when he was quite sure that Lacheneur, his son, and Chanlouineau were absent, Martial saw a man leave the house and hasten across the fields.

He rushed after him, but the man escaped him.

He believed, however, that he recognized Maurice d'Escorval.

CHAPTER XVIII

After his son's confession, M. d'Escorval was prudent enough to make no allusion to the hopes he, himself, entertained.

"My poor Maurice," he thought, "is heart-broken, but resigned. It is better for him to remain without hope than to be exposed to the danger of another disappointment."

But passion is not always blind. What the baron concealed, Maurice divined; and he clung to this faint hope as tenaciously as a drowning man clings to the plank which is his only hope of salvation.

If he asked his parents no questions it was only because he was convinced that they would not tell him the truth.

But he watched all that went on in the house with that subtleness of penetration which fever so often imparts.

Not one of his father's movements escaped his vigilant eye and ear.

Consequently, he heard him put on his boots, ask for his hat, and select a cane from among those standing in the vestibule. He also heard the outer gate grate upon its hinges.

"My father is going out," he said to himself.

And weak as he was, he succeeded in dragging himself to the window in time to satisfy himself of the truth of his conjectures.

"If my father is going out," he thought, "it can only be to visit Monsieur Lacheneur—then he has not relinquished all hope."

An armchair was standing near by; he

sank into it, intending to watch for his father's return; by doing so, he might know his destiny a few moments sooner.

Three long hours passed before the baron returned.

By his father's dejected manner he plainly saw that all hope was lost. He was sure of it; as sure as the criminal who reads the fatal verdict in the solemn face of the judge.

He had need of all his energy to regain his couch. For a moment he felt that he was dying.

But he was ashamed of this weakness, which he judged unworthy of him. He determined to know what had passed—to know the details.

He rang, and told the servant that he wished to speak to his father. M. d'Escorval promptly made his appearance.

"Well?" cried Maurice.

M. d'Escorval felt that denial was useless.

"Lacheneur is deaf to my remonstrances and to my entreaties," he replied, sadly. "Nothing remains for you but to submit, my son. I shall not tell you that time will assuage the sorrow that now seems insupportable—you would not believe me. But I do say to you, that you are a man, and that you must prove your courage. I say even more: fight against thoughts of Marie-Anne as a traveler on the verge of a precipice fights against the thought of vertigo."

"Have you seen Marie-Anne, father? Have you spoken to her?"

"I found her even more inflexible than Lacheneur."

"They reject me, and they receive Chanlouineau, perhaps.

"Chanlouineau is living there."

"My God! And Martial de Sairmeuse?"

"He is their familiar guest. I saw him there."

That each of these responses fell upon Maurice like a thunderbolt was only too evident.

But M. d'Escorval had armed himself with the impassable courage of a surgeon who does not relax his hold on his instruments because the patient groans and writhes in agony.

M. d'Escorval wished to extinguish the last ray of hope in the heart of his son.

"It is evident that Monsieur Lacheneur has lost his reason!" exclaimed Maurice.

The baron shook his head despondently.

"I thought so myself, at first," he murmured.

"But what does he say in justification of his conduct? He must say something."

"Nothing; he refuses any explanation."

"And you, father, with all your knowledge of human nature, with all your wide experience, have not been able to fathom his intentions?"

"I have my suspicions," Mr. d'Escorval replied; "but only suspicions. It is possible that Lacheneur, listening to the voice of hatred, is dreaming of a terrible revenge. Who knows if he does not think of organizing some conspiracy, of which he is to be the leader? These suppositions would explain everything. Chanlouineau is his aider and abettor; and he pretends to be reconciled to the Marquis de Sairmeuse in order to get information through him——"

The blood had returned to the pale cheeks of Maurice.

"Such a conspiracy would not explain Monsieur Lacheneur's obstinate rejection of my suit."

"Alas! yes, my poor boy. It is through Marie-Anne that Lacheneur exerts such an influence over Chanlouineau and the Marquis de Sairmeuse. If she became your wife to-day, they would desert him to-morrow. Then, too, it is precisely because he loves us that he is determined we shall not be mixed up in an enterprise the success of which he is extremely doubtful. But these are mere conjectures."

"Then I see that it is necessary to submit, to be resigned; forget, I cannot," faltered Maurice.

He said this because he wished to reassure his father; but he thought exactly the opposite.

"If Lacheneur is organizing a conspiracy," he said, to himself, "he must need assistance. Why should I not offer mine? If I aid him in his preparations, if I share his hopes and his dangers, it will be impossible for him to refuse me the hand of his daughter. Whatever he may desire to undertake, I can surely be of greater assistance than Chanlouineau."

From that moment Maurice thought only of doing everything possible to hasten his convalescence. This was so rapid, so extraordinarily rapid, as to astonish Abbé Midon, who had taken the place of the physician from Montaignac.

"I never would have believed that Maurice could have been thus consoled," said Mme. d'Escorval, delighted to see her son's wonderful improvement in health and spirits.

But the baron made no response. He regarded this almost miraculous recovery with distrust; he was assailed by a vague suspicion of the truth.

He questioned his son, but skilfully as he did it, he could draw nothing from him.

Maurice had decided to say nothing to his parents. What good would it do to trouble them? Besides, he feared remonstrance and opposition, and he was resolved to carry out his plans, even if he was compelled to leave the paternal roof.

In the second week of September the *abbé* declared that Maurice might resume his ordinary life, and that, as the weather was pleasant, it would be well for him to spend much of his time in the open air.

In his delight, Maurice embraced the worthy priest.

"What happiness!" he exclaimed; "then I can hunt once more!"

He really cared but little for the chase; but he deemed it expedient to pretend a great passion for it, since it would furnish him with an excuse for frequent and protracted absences.

Never had he felt more happy than on the morning when, with his gun upon his shoulder, he cross the Oiselle and started for the abode of M. Lacheneur. On reaching the little grove on the Reche, he paused for a moment at a place which commanded a view of the cottage. While he stood there, he saw Jean Lacheneur and Chanlouineau leave the house, each laden with a pedler's pack.

Maurice was therefore sure that M. Lacheneur and Marie-Anne were alone in the house.

He hastened to the cottage and entered without stopping to rap.

Marie-Anne and her father were kneeling on the hearth, upon which a huge fire was blazing.

On hearing the door open, they turned; and at the sight of Maurice, they both sprang up, blushing and confused.

"What brings you here?" they exclaimed in the same breath.

Under other circumstances, Maurice d'Escorval would have been dismayed by such a hostile greeting, but now he scarcely noticed it.

"You have no business to return here against my wishes, and after what I have said to you, Monsieur d'Escorval," said Lacheneur, rudely.

Maurice smiled, he was perfectly cool, and not a detail of the scene before him had escaped his notice. If he had felt any doubts before, they were now dissipated. He saw upon the fire a large kettle of melted lead, and several bullet-moulds stood on the hearth, beside the andirons.

"If I venture to present myself at your house, Monsieur," said Maurice, gravely and impressively, "it is because I know all. I have discovered your revengeful project. You are looking for men to aid you, are you not? Very well! look me in the face, in the eyes, and tell me if I am not one of those whom a leader is glad to enroll among his followers."

M. Lacheneur was terribly agitated.

"I do not know what you mean," he faltered, forgetting his feigned anger; "I have no projects."

"Would you assert this upon oath? Why are you casting these bullets? You are clumsy conspirators. You should lock your door; some one else might have entered."

And adding example to precept, he turned and pushed the bolt.

"This is only an imprudence," he continued; "but to reject a soldier who comes to you voluntarily would be a fault for which your associates would have a right to call you to account. I have no desire, understand me, to force myself into your confidence. No, I give myself to you blindly, body and soul. Whatever your cause may be, I declare it mine; what you wish, I wish; I adopt your plans; your enemies are my enemies; command, I will obey. I ask only one favour, that of fighting, of triumphing, or of dying by your side."

"Oh! refuse, father!" exclaimed Marie-Anne; "refuse. To accept this offer would be a crime!"

"A crime! And why, if you please?"

"Because our cause is not your cause; because its success is doubtful; because dangers surround us on every side."

A scornful exclamation from Maurice interrupted her.

"And it is you who think to dissuade me by pointing out the dangers that threaten you, the dangers that you are braving——"

"Maurice!"

"So if imminent peril menaced me, instead of coming to my aid you would desert me? You would hide yourself, saying 'Let him perish, so that I be saved!' Speak! Would you do this?"

She averted her face and made no reply. She could not force herself to utter an untruth; and she was unwilling to answer; "I would act as you are acting." She waited for her father's decision.

"If I should comply with your request, Maurice," said M. Lacheneur, "in less than three days you would curse me, and ruin us by some outburst of anger. You love Marie-Anne. Could you see, unmoved, the frightful position in which she is placed? Remember, she must not discourage the addresses either of Chanlouineau or of the Marquis de Sairmeuse. You regard me—oh, I know as well as you do that it is a shameful and odious *rôle* that I impose upon her—that she is compelled to play a part in which she will lose a young girl's most precious possession—her reputation."

Maurice did not wince. "So be it," he said, calmly. "Marie-Anne's fate will be that of all women who have devoted themselves to the political advancement of the man whom they love, be he father, brother, or lover. She will be slandered, insulted, calumniated. What does it matter? She may continue her task. I consent to it, for I shall never doubt her, and I shall know how to hold my peace. If we succeed, she shall be my wife; if we fail——"

The gesture which concluded the sentence said more strongly than any protestations, that he was ready, resigned to anything.

M. Lacheneur was greatly moved.

"At least give me time for reflection," said he.

"There is no necessity for further reflection, Monsieur."

"But you are only a child, Maurice; and your father is my friend."

"What of that?"

"Rash boy! do you not understand that by compromising yourself you also compromise Baron d'Escorval? You think you are risking only your own head; you are endangering your father's life——"

But Maurice violently interrupted him. "There has been too much parleying already!" he exclaimed; "there have been too many remonstrances. Answer me in a word! Only understand this: if you reject me, I will return to my father's house, and with this gun which I hold in my hand I will blow out my brains."

This was no idle threat. It was evident that what he said, that would he do. His listeners were so convinced of this, that Marie-Anne turned to her father with clasped hands and a look of entreaty.

"You are one of us, then," said M. Lacheneur, sternly; "but do not forget that you forced me to consent by threats; and whatever may happen to you or yours remember that you would have it so."

But these gloomy words produced no impression upon Maurice; he was wild with joy.

"Now," continued M. Lacheneur, "I must tell you my hopes, and acquaint you with the cause for which I am labouring——"

"What does that matter to me?" Maurice exclaimed, gayly; and, springing toward Marie-Anne, he seized her hand and raised it to his lips, crying, with the joyous laugh of youth:

"My cause—here it is!"

Lacheneur turned away. Perhaps he recollected that a sacrifice of his pride was all that was necessary to assure the happiness of these poor children.

But if a feeling of remorse entered his mind, he drove it away, and with increased sternness, he said:

"Still, Monsieur d'Escorval, it is necessary for you to understand our agreement."

"Make known your conditions, sir."

"First, your visits here—after certain rumors that I have put in circulation—would arouse suspicion. You must come here only at night, and then only at hours that have been agreed upon in advance—never when you are not expected."

The attitude of Maurice expressed his entire consent.

"Moreover, you must find some way to cross the river without having recourse to the ferryman, who is a dangerous fellow."

"We have an old skiff. I will persuade my father to have it repaired."

"Very well. Will you also promise me to avoid the Marquis de Sairmeuse?"

"I will."

"Wait a moment; we must be prepared for any emergency. It may be that, in spite of our precautions, you will meet him here. Monsieur de Sairmeuse is arrogance itself; and he hates you. You detest him, and you are very hasty. Swear to me that if he provokes you, you will ignore his insults."

"But I should be considered a coward, Monsieur."

"Probably. Will you swear?"

Maurice hesitated, but an imploring look from Marie-Anne decided him.

"I swear!" he said, gravely.

"As far as Chanlouineau is concerned, it would be better not to let him know of our agreement—but I will take care of this matter."

M. Lacheneur paused and reflected for a moment, as if striving to discover if he had forgotten anything.

"Nothing remains, Maurice," he resumed, "but to give you a last and very important piece of advice. Do you know my son?"

"Certainly; we were formerly the best of comrades during our vacations."

"Very well. When you know my secret—for I shall confide it to you without reserve—beware of Jean."

"What, sir?"

"Beware of Jean. I repeat it."

And he blushed deeply, as he added:

"Ah! it is a painful avowal for a father; but I have no confidence in my own son. He knows no more in regard to my plans than I told him on the day of his arrival. I deceive him, because I fear he might betray us. Perhaps it would be wise to send him away; but in that case, what would people say? Most assuredly they would say that I was very avaricious of my own blood, while I was very ready to risk the lives of others. Still I may be mistaken; I may misjudge him."

He sighed, and added:

"Beware!"

CHAPTER XIX

So it was really Maurice d'Escorval whom the Marquis de Sairmeuse had seen leaving Lacheneur's house.

Martial was not certain of it, but the very possibility made his heart swell with anger.

"What part am I playing here, then?" he exclaimed, indignantly.

He had been so completely blinded by passion that he would not have been likely to discover the real condition of affairs even if no pains had been taken to deceive him.

Lacheneur's formal courtesy and politeness he regarded as sincere. He believed in the studied respect shown him by Jean; and the almost servile obsequiousness of Chanlouineau did not surprise him in the least.

And since Marie-Anne welcomed him politely, he concluded that his suit was progressing favorably.

Having himself forgotten, he supposed that every one else had ceased to remember.

Moreover, he was of the opinion that he had acted with great generosity, and that he was entitled to the deep gratitude of the Lacheneur family; for M. Lacheneur had received the legacy bequeathed him by Mlle. Armande, and an indemnity, besides all the furniture he had chosen to take from the château, a total of at least sixty thousand francs.

"He must be hard to please, if he is not satisfied!" growled the marquis, enraged at such prodigality, though it did not cost him a penny.

Martial had supposed himself the only visitor at the cottage on the Reche; and when he discovered that such was not the case, he became furious.

"Am I, then, the dupe of a shameless girl?" he thought.

He was so incensed, that for more than a week he did not go to Lacheneur's house.

His father concluded that his ill-humour and gloom was caused by some misunderstanding with Marie-Anne; and he took advantage of this opportunity to gain his son's consent to an alliance with Blanche de Courtornieu.

A victim to the most cruel doubts and fears, Martial, goaded to the last extremity, exclaimed:

"Very well! I will marry Mademoiselle Blanche."

The duke did not allow such a good resolution to grow cold.

In less than forty-eight hours the engagement was made public; the marriage contract was drawn up, and it was announced that the wedding would take place early in the spring.

A grand banquet was given at Sairmeuse in honour of the betrothal—a banquet all the more brilliant since there were other victories to be celebrated.

The Duc de Sairmeuse had just received, with his brevet of lieutenant-general, a commission placing him in command of the military department of Montaignac.

The Marquis de Courtornieu had also received an appointment, making him provost-marshal of the same district.

Blanche had triumphed. After this public betrothal Martial was bound to her.

For a fortnight, indeed he scarcely left her side. In her society there was a charm whose sweetness almost made him forget his love for Marie-Anne.

But unfortunately the haughty heiress could not resist the temptation to make a slighting allusion to Marie-Anne, and to the lowliness of the marquis's former tastes. She found an opportunity to say that she furnished Marie-Anne with work to aid her in earning a living.

Martial forced himself to smile; but the indignity which Marie-Anne had received aroused his sympathy and indignation.

And the next day he went to Lacheneur's house.

In the warmth of the greeting that awaited him there, all his anger vanished, all his suspicions evaporated. Marie-

Anne's eyes beamed with joy on seeing him again; he noticed it.

"Oh! I shall win her yet!" he thought.

All the household were really delighted at his return; the son of the commander of the military forces at Montaignac, and the prospective son-in-law of the provost-marshal, Martial was a most valuable instrument.

"Through him, we shall have an eye and an ear in the enemy's camp," said Lacheneur. "The Marquis de Sairmeuse will be our spy."

He was, for he soon resumed his daily visits to the cottage. It was now December, and the roads were terrible; but neither rain, snow, nor mud could keep Martial from the cottage.

He made his appearance generally as early as ten o'clock, seated himself upon a stool in the shadow of a tall fireplace, and he and Marie-Anne talked by the hour.

She seemed greatly interested in matters at Montaignac, and he told her all that he knew in regard to affairs there.

Sometimes they were alone.

Lacheneur, Chanlouineau, and Jean were tramping about the country with their merchandise. Business was prospering so well that M. Lacheneur had purchased a horse in order to extend his journeys.

But Martial's conversation was generally nterrupted by visitors. It was really surprising to see how many peasants came to he house to speak to M. Lacheneur. There was an interminable procession of hem. And to each of these peasants Marie-Anne had something to say in private. Then she offered each man refreshments—the house seemed almost like a ommon drinking-saloon.

But what can daunt the courage of a over? Martial endured all this without a murmur. He laughed and jested with the omers and goers; he shook hands with hem; sometimes he even drank with them.

He gave many other proofs of moral ourage. He offered to assist M. Lacheneur n making up his accounts; and once—it happened about the middle of February—eeing Chanlouineau worrying over the omposition of a letter, he actually offered o act as his amanuensis.

"The d——d letter is not for me, but for n uncle of mine who is about to marry ff his daughter," said Chanlouineau.

Martial took a seat at the table, and, at Chanlouineau's dictation, but not without many erasures, indited the following pistle:

"My Dear Friend—We are at last agreed, and the marriage has been decided upon. We are now busy with preparations for the wedding, which will take place on ——. We invite you to give us the pleasure of your company. We count upon you, and be assured that the more friends you bring with you the better we shall be pleased."

Had Martial seen the smile upon Chanlouineau's lips when he requested him to leave the date for the wedding a blank, he would certainly have suspected that he had been caught in a snare. But he was in love.

"Ah! Marquis," remarked his father one day, "Chupin tells me you are always at Lacheneur's. When will you recover from your *penchant* for that little girl?"

Martial did not reply. He felt that he was at that "little girl's" mercy. Each glance of hers made his heart throb wildly. By her side he was a willing captive. If she had asked him to make her his wife he would not have said no.

But Marie-Anne had not this ambition. All her thoughts, all her wishes were for her father's success.

Maurice and Marie-Anne had become M. Lacheneur's most intrepid auxiliaries. They were looking forward to such a magnificent reward.

Such feverish activity as Maurice displayed! All day long he hurried from hamlet to hamlet, and in the evening, as soon as dinner was over, he made his escape from the drawing-room, sprang into his boat, and hastened to the Reche.

M. d'Escorval could not fail to remark the long and frequent absences of his son. He watched him, and soon became absolutely certain that Lacheneur had, to use the baron's own expression, seduced him.

Greatly alarmed, he decided to go and see his former friend, and fearing another repulse, he begged Abbé Midon to accompany him.

It was on the 4th of March, at about half-past four o'clock, that M. d'Escorval and the *curé* started for the Reche. They were so anxious and troubled in mind that they scarcely exchanged a dozen words as they wended their way onward.

A strange sight met their eyes as they emerged from the grove on the Reche.

Night was falling, but it was still light enough for them to distinguish objects only a short distance from them.

Before Lacheneur's house stood a group of about a dozen persons, and M. Lacheneur was speaking and gesticulating excitedly.

What was he saying? Neither the baron nor the priest could distinguish his words, but when he ceased, the most vociferous acclamations rent the air.

Suddenly a match glowed between his fingers; he set fire to a bundle of straw and tossed it upon the thatched roof of his cottage, crying out in a terrible voice:

"The die is cast! This will prove to you that I shall not draw back!"

Five minutes later the house was i flames.

In the distance the baron and his con panion saw the windows of the citadel a Montaignac illuminated by a red glar and upon every hillside glowed the ligh of other incendiary fires.

The country was responding to Lach eneur's signal.

(*To be continued*)

Kubla Khan

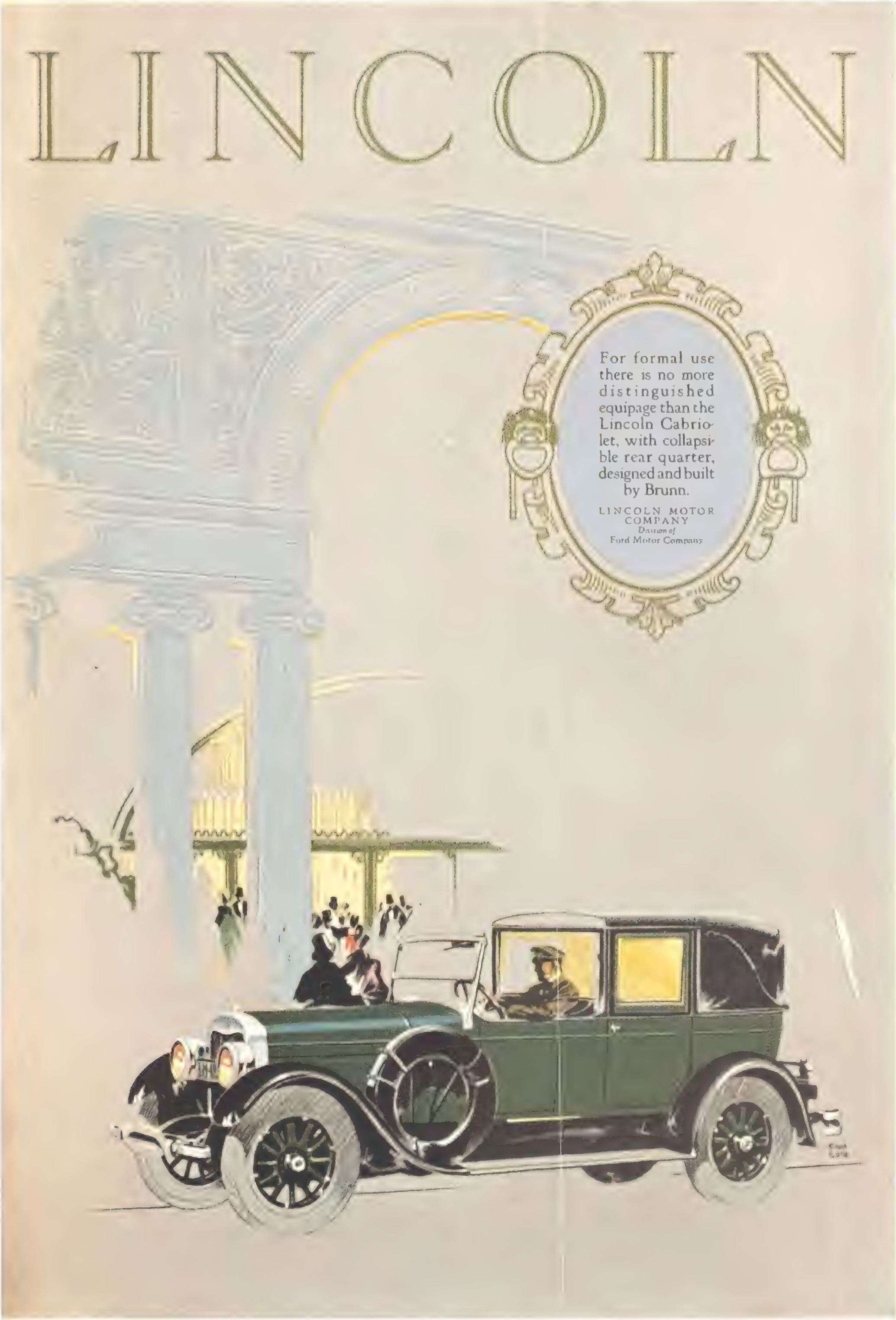
By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

IN XANADU did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win m
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

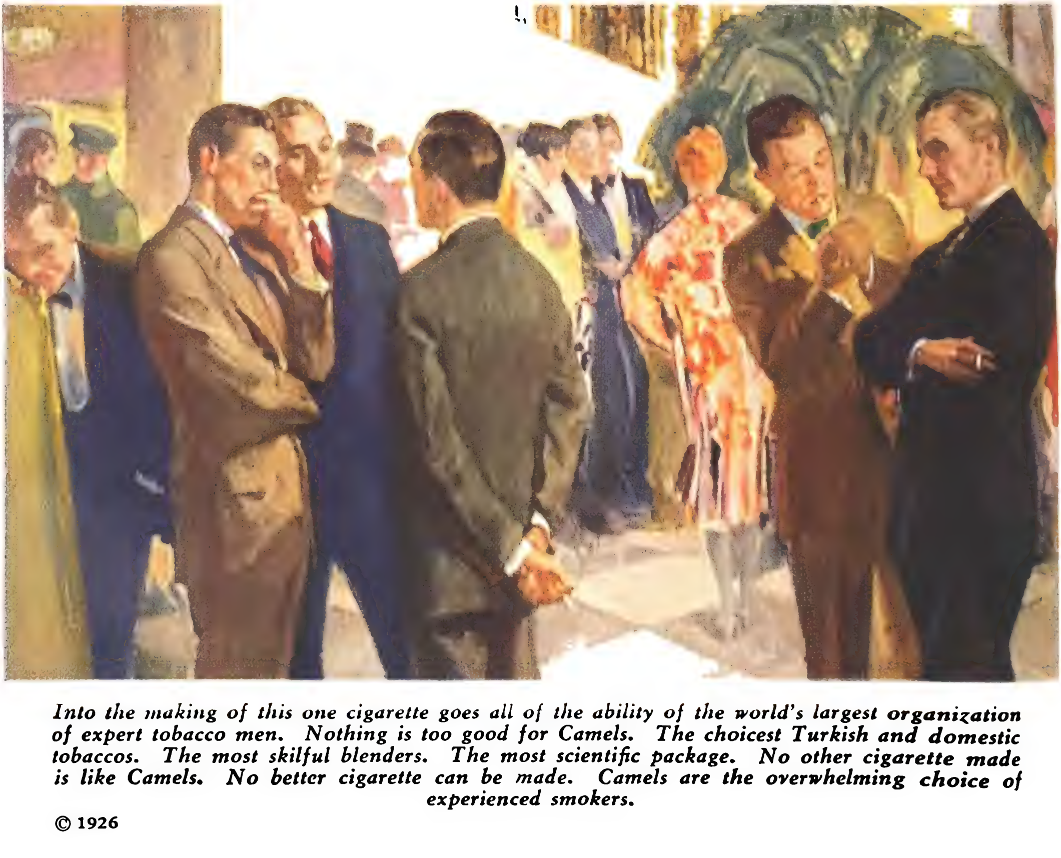


LINCOLN

For formal use there is no more distinguished equipage than the Lincoln Cabriolet, with collapsible rear quarter, designed and built by Brunn.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of
Ford Motor Company

When the second act has come to down amidst whirling applause—excited throngs in the



Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

© 1926

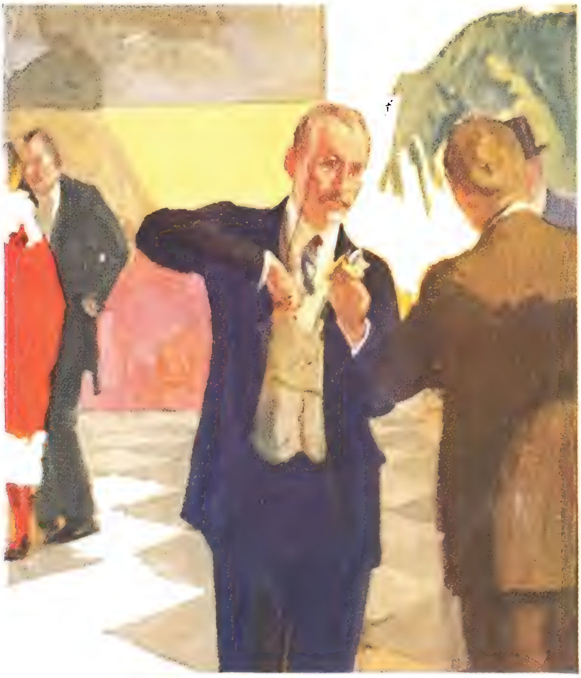
an end—and the curtain is rung when you mingle outside with the lobby—have a Camel!

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself—*have a Camel!*

For no other friend is so cheerful, so [illegible] between acts, as Camel. [illegible] adds its own romantic glamour to [illegible] brightness of memorable oc[illegible] No other cigarette ever made —[illegible]—so many friends. Camels [illegible] your taste or leave a ciga[illegible]-taste no matter how iiberally [illegible] them. All the desire to [illegible] all the skill to serve, of the [illegible] tobacco organization in the [illegible] goes into this one cigarette.

[illegible] you leave the theatre [illegible] and inspired for greater [illegible] when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer—joyfully taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

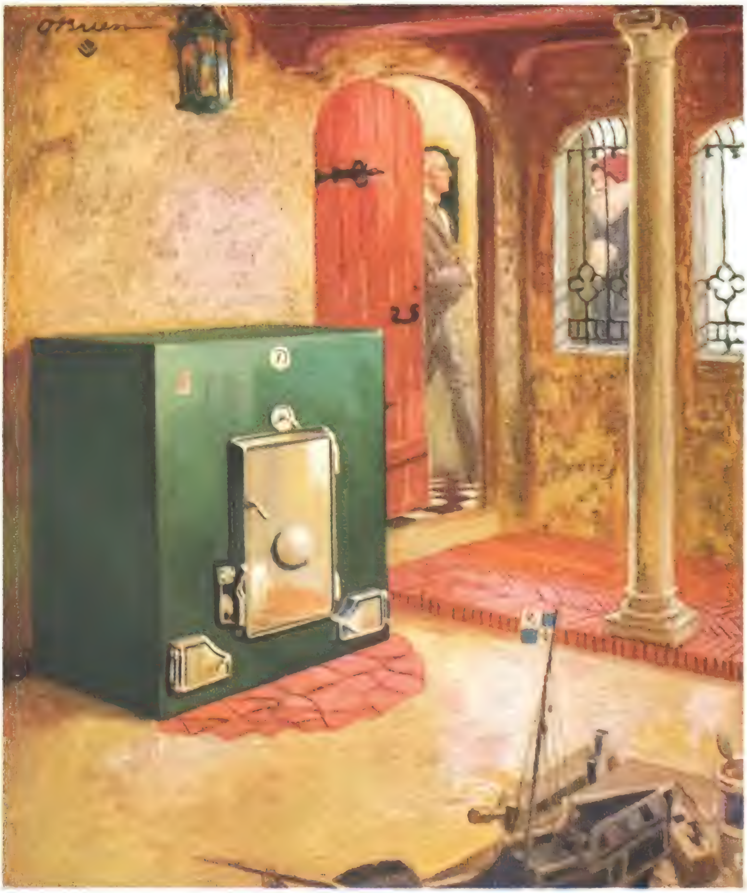
Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY



In many houses (particularly of the English and Italian types) the space for the heater adjoins the lower entrance hall. The IDEAL Type "A" is admirably adapted to such plans, or to homes in rolling country where one side of the basement is exposed.

© A. R. Co., 1926

Buy Heating for the Last Time!

YOU buy heating for the last time when you put in an IDEAL Type "A" Heat Machine and CORTO Radiators, for they accomplish 100% in heating comfort and fuel economy and will outwear the building. All achievements are surpassed by the devices which automatically and instantly graduate the heat in volume and degree to suit the most capricious weather. Comfort supreme—and unending!

The IDEAL Type "A" Heat Machine embodies every improvement developed in our factories at home and abroad—nothing is omitted. Heating is made positive, pleasant, and free from strain or care—economical and permanent!

Handsomely enameled, insulated jacketing and carborundum-ground, air-tight doors guarantee ash-dust riddance and cellar attractiveness. Burns hard coal, coke, oil, gas or wood. Put in OLD buildings without disturbing occupants.

IDEAL
Type "A"
Heat Machine

Decide NOW to adopt this wonderful Heat Machine—a big paying investment! Write for illustrated catalog. Address Dept. D1805 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms and Sales Offices in Principal Cities of U. S., Canada and Europe

Makers of IDEAL BOILERS

ARCOLA, ARCO, WATER TUBE, SOFT COAL SMOKELESS, factory heating boilers and other heating, ventilating and cooling produc

How our soft and savory eatables impair the health of teeth and gums

—and how by a simple addition to their daily care you may keep your gums healthy and your teeth brilliant!

A FORMAL dinner, served with pomp and ceremony, may seem quite different from snack you take at home, but in one way at east they are much the same.

The food at both is soft—utterly unstimulating to the tissue of your gums. And the ums, which much need the exercise rough, oarse food was meant to give, are growing oft—more open to the attacks of the gum oubles so prevalent today.

But, by brushing your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste at the same time you brush your teeth, you can do much to defeat those troubles. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists. Ziratol gives Ipana its power to aid in the toning of weak, undernourished gums.

Give Ipana a thorough trial

That's why thousands of dentists use and recommend Ipana. Many urge a massage of the gums with Ipana after the regular brushing. This is a great help in restoring to the gums the stimulation which nature intended hard, fibrous food to give.

Send the coupon, if you like, for a ten-day tube of Ipana. But better yet, go to any drug store and get a full-sized tube, use it through, and see for yourself what Ipana can do for your teeth and gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. X16, 42 Rector St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two cent stamp to cover partially the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Address..

City.................................... *State* ....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1925

WIDEWEB
Boston Garter
Velvet Grip
Quality First

One Dollar

In the Gold Gift Box

Designed for men who demand distinction in everything they wear. Other Bostons 25c up. In wide web, narrow web, single or double grip.

The Dealer Who Sells Bostons Knows Quality

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON, MAKERS
of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family

Get your Kodak out

It's fun to Kodak and there's lasting pleasure in the pictures themselves. Those snapshots of little Jane, for example, will mean more and more to you every time you open the album.

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

An oak on the U. S. Capitol grounds in Washington. Perfect healing of new bark over Davey cement filling.

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity

Nearly 600 Davey Tree Surgeons are constantly at work saving the trees of more than 10,000 clients a year between Boston and Kansas City, and Canada to the Gulf. Some of them live near you and are quickly and easily available.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC.
506 City Bank Building
Kent, Ohio

Branch offices with telephone connections as follows: New York, Albany, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Montreal.

Attach this coupon to your letterhead and mail today

JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*
506 City Bank Bldg.
Kent, Ohio

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and needs.

YOUR HOROSCOPE

Made for you personally by the Astrologers who do the horoscope work for most of the famous motion picture stars and many successful business men and women, will reveal to you unsuspected possibilities in life.

If you have any question in your mind about

Occupation
Marriage
Investments
Friends
Children
Personal Development
Business Associates

Your horoscope, as interpreted by Marion Meyer Drew and Sidney Kimball Bennett, will point out the proper course of action.

Prices are moderate and all details are fully explained in our folder. Send for it today.

THE FORECASTERS
Marion Meyer Drew **Sidney Kimball Bennett**
6363 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, Cal.

Short-Story Writing

How to write, what to write, and where to sell

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

DR. ESENWEIN

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught by our staff of literary experts, headed by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly. Dr. Esenwein offers you constructive criticism; frank, honest, helpful advice: *real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

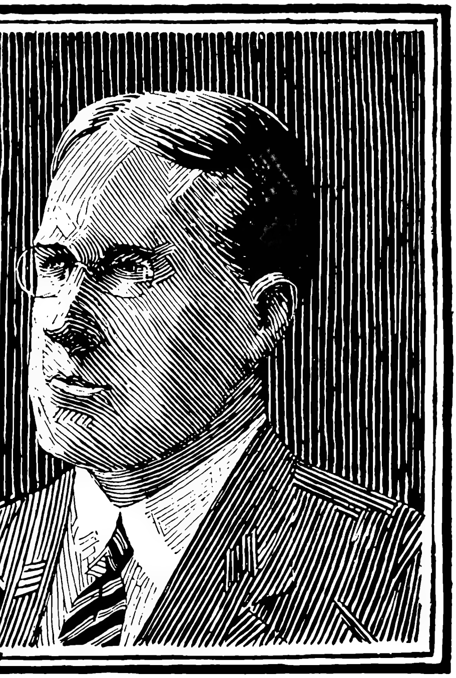
150 page illustrated catalog free.
Please address—

The Home Correspondence School
Established 1897
Dept. 50 **Springfield, Mass.**

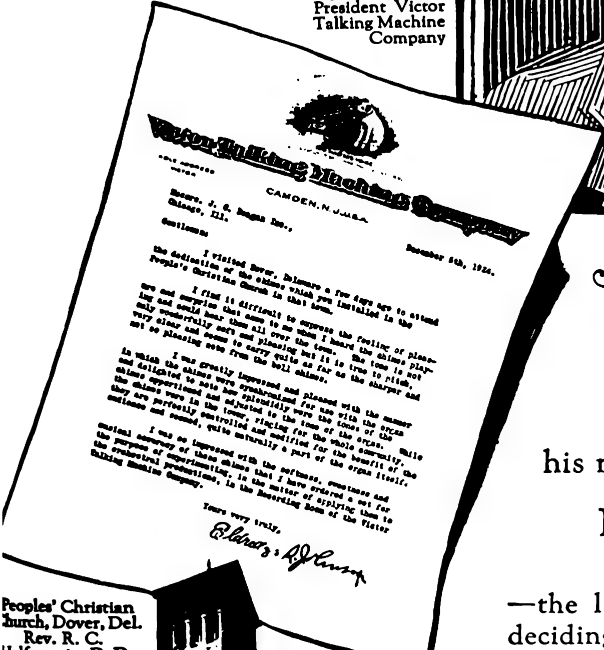
We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 25c, annual subscription $3.00.

—*and* Mr. ELDRIDGE R. JOHNSON *adds his endorsement*

Deagan Tower Chimes win the approval of one who is an outstanding figure in the science of musical tone production



Eldridge R. Johnson,
President Victor
Talking Machine
Company



Victor Talking Machine Company
CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.

December 5th, 1924.

Messrs. J. C. Deagan Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I visited Dover, Delaware a few days ago to attend the dedication of the chimes which you installed in the People's Christian Church in that town.

I find it difficult to express the feeling of pleasure and surprise that came to me when I heard the chimes playing and could hear them all over the town. The tone is not only wonderfully soft and pleasing but it is true to pitch, very clear and seems to carry quite as far as the sharper and not so pleasing note from the bell chimes.

I was greatly impressed and pleased with the manner in which the chimes were synchronized for use with the organ and delighted to note how splendidly were the tones of the chimes apportioned and adjusted to the tone of the organ. While the chimes were in the tower, ringing for the whole community, they are perfectly controlled and modified for the benefit of the audience and seemed, quite naturally a part of the organ itself.

I was so impressed with the softness, sweetness and musical accuracy of these chimes that I have ordered a set for the purpose of experimenting, in the matter of applying them to the orchestral productions, in the Recording Room of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Yours very truly,

Eldridge R. Johnson

Peoples' Christian Church, Dover, Del.
Rev. R. C. Helfenstein, D. D.
Pastor.

MR. ELDRIDGE R. JOHNSON, President of the Victor Talking Machine Company, *knows* tone quality as few people are privileged to know it. The reproduction of his recent letter gives his opinion of

Deagan Tower Chimes

Played by Organist from Electric Keyboard

—the lasting memorial glorified. Before deciding on a memorial to a loved one let us show you how fittingly Deagan Tower Chimes serve this sacred purpose. Complete information including beautiful memorial booklet sent upon request. *Standard Sets $6,000 up.*

J. C. Deagan *Inc.*
Established 1880

218 Deagan Building Berteau and Ravenswood Avenues
CHICAGO

MARK TWAIN

wanted to be your friend

Let Mark Twain be your companion as he wanted to be. The coupon below, without expense or obligation, will bring his entertaining, lovable personality to brighten your leisure hours.

Here are the books he planned for you

Everybody has read ***some*** of Mark Twain. The whole world has chuckled with him over the antics of Tom Sawyer, and Huck Finn, and Pudd'n'head Wilson. But do you realize that these are only a tiny ***sample*** of the delightful world he opens up to you? How much of Mark Twain do you really know—have you read all the witty short stories, the brilliant fighting essays, the side-splitting comments on men and events, the great novels, the attacks on fraud?

Why not let Mark Twain be your friend as he wished to be? To his publishers he said, "Let's make an inexpensive edition of my books so that everybody can have them."

This wish is now fulfilled by the publication of the splendid Author's National Edition, in 25 volumes.

Among the multitude of shoddily bound and carelessly edited sets of books now flooding the market this superb edition of Mark Twain comes as a blessed relief. The gift book tells all about it. Simply mail the coupon. There's not the slightest obligation.

Don't deny yourself the friendship of Mark Twain any longer. **When you clip and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page, two things will happen.**

1 You will receive, ***free,*** a desirable booklet called "Your Friend, Mark Twain." This booklet describes Mark Twain's matchless writings, and contains a little collection of his wittiest sayings. It is a gift to you.

2 At the same time there will come into your life something much bigger and more valuable than this—something you cannot see but will cherish for the rest of your days—***the priceless friendship of Mark Twain.***

How to Tell a Story

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me a free copy of "Your Friend, Mark Twain," containing full information about the Author's National Edition of his works. Also please advise how I may procure it by small monthly payments.

Name *Mr.* *Mrs.* *Miss* ....

Address ....

(The publishers cannot undertake to send this complimentary copy to children) 4013-MTI-L

The Service Bureau for Writers

Franklin, Ohio

(*JAMES KNAPP REEVE—AGNES M. REEVE, editors) offers competent editorial assistance in the criticism, revision, and marketing of manuscripts. Home study for Student Writers. Book Mss. a specialty, correctly typed and prepared for publication. Manuscripts marketed. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence Invited.

Also Text-Books for Writers:

Modern Photoplay Writing—Its Craftsmanship (Dimick)	$3.00
1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts (Reeve)	2.50
Art of Inventing Characters (Polti)	2.50
The Writer's Book	2.50
Juvenile Story Writing (Robinson)	2.10
Technique of Fiction Writing (Dowst)	1.75
36 Dramatic Situations (Polti)	1.50
Figurative Language (Reibold)	1.50
Plotting the Short Story (Chunn)	1.00
Rhymes & Meters (Winslow)	.75
How to Write a Short Story (Quirk)	.65
The Way Into Print	.50

Catalogue 30 others

(*Founder of *The Editor*)

WRITERS' SERVICE BUREAU

8 ALEXANDER BUILDING, FRANKLIN, OHIO

SPANISH

Learn at home on your phonograph. New Conversational Method. Endorsed by Spanish Embassy. You learn to speak, read and write Spanish as if you were living in Spain.

Write to-day for Free Descriptive Booklet

International Correspondence Schools, Box 5131. Scranton, P

School Information FRE

Catalogues of all Boarding or Prep Schools (*or camps*) in U. S. FR advice from personal inspection. Want for Girls or Boys? No f Free Public Bureau maintained by AMERICAN SCHOOLS' ASSOCIAT **Write 1101-G Times Bldg., N. Y., or 1204-G Stevens Bldg., Chic**

BECOME A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

Established 191

Dignified, exclusive profession. Litt competition. $5,000 to $10,000 incomes for experts. Easy to master under co correspondence methods. Assistance extended to students and graduates. Wri

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE SCHOOL, NA-108, NEWARK, NEW YO

ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk and Diet

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Avoid Imitations

RAYMOND MORGAN

"The Best Advertising is a Satisfied Customer"

The steady, relentless snarl of ever-increasing traffic . . . car owners, trained chauffeurs haggard after an hour of it . . . grim hazards to life and property . . . and tomorrow it will be even worse

Just how does American Mutual protect you against things like that?

TWO men meet, both commuters via the gasoline route. Then, a crash, as truck and limousine collide, in the very heart of pandemonium. "It is comforting to know," remarked one, "that there can be material protection at least, against things like that. . . . I worry less now I'm insured with the American Mutual."

His companion turned in sudden curiosity—

"Just how," he inquired, "does the American Mutual protect you against things like that?"

"It protects me," he answered, "by settling claims quickly—by keeping me and my name out of court—by freeing me from petty annoyances—by conducting its own business along modern lines under a management that is itself economically wise.

"And finally, it has experience and integrity—the oldest mutual liability insurance company in the world.

"They've given ruggedly helpful service plus 20% dividends since 1887 —write to them for details."

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY
INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON
140 Berkeley Street, Boston

AMERICAN MUTUAL
LIABILITY INSURANCE
COMPANY
ORGANIZED ~ 1887

Also Writers of Workmen's Compensation Insurance

Branches in 42 Principal Cities

The OLDEST · LARGEST · STRONGEST *in the* WORLD

Investment Suggestions for Readers

The Golden Book Magazine

INVESTMENT SERVICE

will answer your investment questions.

An impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

Have you funds you should invest?
Ask the Investment Editor of The Golden Book.

Do you wish counsel about the bonds and stocks you own?
Consult The Golden Book Investment Editor.

Do you wish our help in selecting reliable investment houses?
Ask The Golden Book Investment Editor.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION
55 Fifth Avenue, New York
Publishers of
The Review of Reviews, The Golden Book

Are Americans all children playing with fire?

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

America has world-famous building methods, high-pressure water systems and the most efficient of fire fighting equipment. Yet America suffers a fire loss greater than that of any other nation — a fire loss exceeding $500,000,000 in a single year.

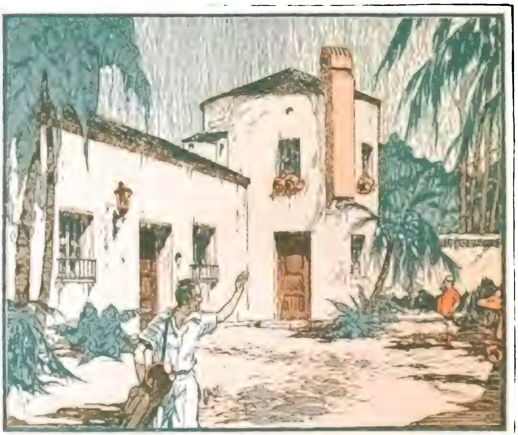
Are American citizens, then, less careful than the citizens of other nations? This is indicated by the fact that considerably more than half the annual loss can be traced to preventable sources — to matches and smoking, faulty or carelessly used electrical equipment, defective heating apparatus and similar carelessness with fire and fire hazards.

Let's take no chances with fire in 1926. Practical advice on Fire Prevention and the control of fire hazards is an important part of every North America Agent's insurance protection service.

Insurance Company of
North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

Gentlemen, Your Health!

A Message to Active and Retired Men of Means

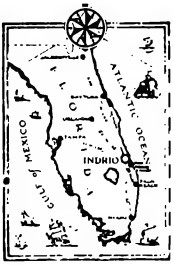


YOU men who can easily afford a Florida home . . what a mistake you make in not escaping the health-endangering winters of the North.

Medical men now prove 12 months' work too much. More can be accomplished in 10, they say, if one keeps physically fit. When business men take time to play they return with freshened energy that pays big dividends.

Your business affairs, like those of others, can be arranged to permit you and the family to winter in Florida. As for you who have retired, in what better place can you spend life's autumn than this land of eternal spring?

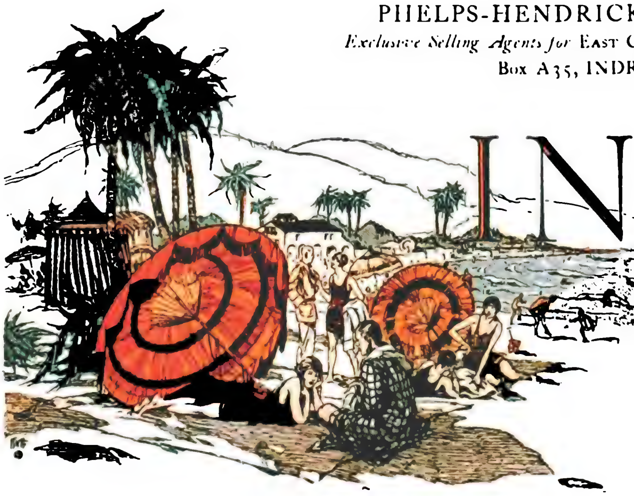
But seek not the crowded cities. These only distract, not rest. Build, instead, in a peaceful, exclusively residential community such as Indrio—destined to become America's most beautiful home town.



Indrio is 60 miles north of Palm Beach on the Dixie Highway, the Florida East Coast Railway and the Indian River, an inlet of the Atlantic. Already magnificent parks, plazas and boulevards are being laid out, while projected improvements embrace a smart hotel, bathing casino, golf course, bridle paths and tennis and roque courts. Nearby woods and waters provide splendid hunting and fishing.

See Florida this winter. And be sure to visit Indrio when you come. You will find that homesites are very reasonable considering the exceptionally high character of the development. Desirable lots may now be had for the cost of a popular-priced car. Meantime, mail the convenient coupon for our elaborately illustrated color brochure.

PHELPS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY
Exclusive Selling Agents for EAST COAST DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
BOX A35, INDRIO, *Florida*



INDRIO

PHELPS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY
Box A35, Indrio, Florida

Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated color brochure describing Indrio.

Name..

Address..

....

FREE 10-Day Tube
MAIL THE COUPON

No "off-color" teeth

—*no toneless gums*

when that dingy film is removed

Accept this remarkable dental test. You'll gain the dazzling white teeth and coral-like gums that make smiles *attractive and inviting*

MODERN dental science has made important recent discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth. In a few days you can work great changes in the color of your teeth; can give them dazzling whiteness, and your gums the healthy coral tint you envy.

If you seek new beauty and new charm, test this new way. Do as millions are doing on dental advice. Multiply the value of your smile. Mail the coupon. A 10-day test will be sent you.

Beneath the film are gleaming, glorious teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will eel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy o your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets nto crevices and stays. It bsorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that loudy, "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions reed in it and lay your eeth open to decay. And hey, with tartar, are a hief cause of pyorrhea nd gum disorders.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film.

Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain unattractive.*

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

What you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you. You are simply hiding the natural beauty of your teeth.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 183, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

Only one tube to a family. 1097

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George Street, Toronto, Canada

YOU are probably sick and tired of reading endless arguments about tooth paste—which to use and why.

¶ Here is the story of Listerine Tooth Paste in a nut-shell:

¶ It's made by the makers of Listerine. It tastes the way you want it to taste. It does its work well.

¶ It is sold at a price you like—25 cents for the large tube. And if we charged you a dollar a tube we couldn't offer you a better tooth paste.

¶ Try it once * and we'll wager you'll come back for more—unless you're different from thousands of people who have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

*Its wonderful refreshing effect alone has converted thousands to the use of this paste.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 Cents

Play Jazz in a week

on your **Buescher Saxophone**

You can do it—easy. 3 lessons free with each new instrument give you a quick start. Practicing is fun because you learn so fast. And it will make you popular, in demand, the center of attraction everywhere you go. Always a hit. Even if you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the simplified Buescher Saxophone. Don't delay. Get into the big fun. Any instrument sent for 6 days' free trial. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Write now for beautiful, free literature. Address:

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (1-X)
1152 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

MEN—*Stop Falling Hair!*

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair." It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

Write Dept. A18
H. Clay Glover Co.,
Inc.
119 Fifth Ave.
New York

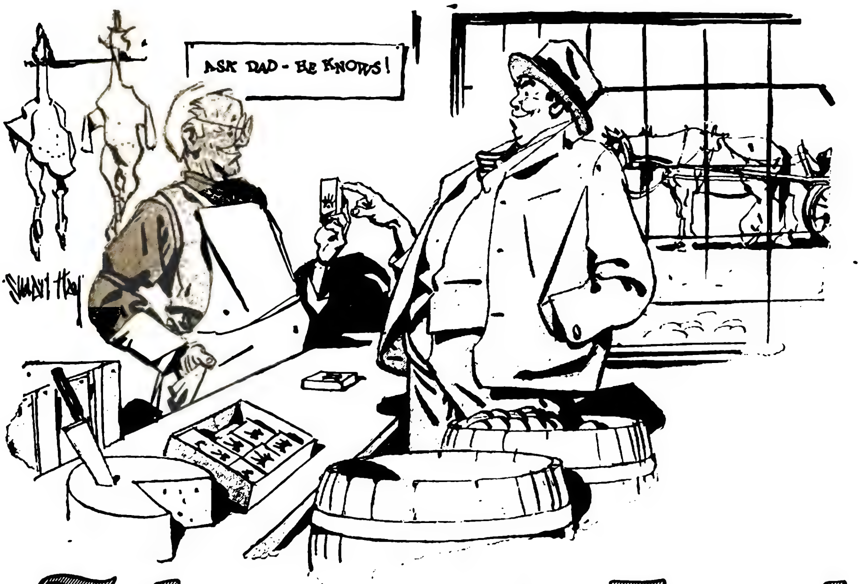
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

At Druggists, Barbers and Hairdressers

Get Acquainted!

BEFORE being admitted to the financial department of the Golden Book, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. The advertisements you see on pages 13 to 18 are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worthwhile investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Send for their literature. Get acquainted. These people are good to know. Address

GOLDEN BOOK INVESTMENT BUREAU 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.


ASK DAD - HE KNOWS!

Is Tobacco a Food?

By Irvin S. Cobb

WHEN the Pure Food Law went into effect the makers of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes did not have to change either their methods of manufacture or the contents of their packages, nor yet their ways of marketing their wares. The rocess was a good many years old hen—it originated nearly fifty years go—but from the very beginning it lways had been what still it is. Its roprietors had a regard for factory leanliness, for honest labelling, for urity of goods, for truthful adversing and sanitary handling long bere a Federal statute requiring these hings was enacted.

Back in the days when soda cracks were sold in bulk from open barls; when the exposed salt, the sticky own sugar, the naked salt mackerel nd the unclothed dried apple caught rms and mingled their perfumes the family grocery, Sweet Caporal igarettes were put up for retail trade dust-proof, damp-proof, mouldoof containers, were protected with il and under smooth snug paper wrappers, were enclosed for travel in tight cartons so that no impurities could get at them while in transit or after they had reached the dealer's shelves. No human hands fingered them until the purchaser broke the seal.

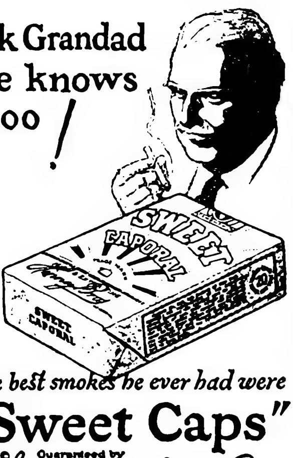
You couldn't exactly call tobacco a food—although a great many persons would rather quit eating regularly than quit smoking regularly—but just the same the makers of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes obeyed the ethics of the Pure Food Law before Congress legislated the Pure Food Law.

They obey it today, and take added pains not required by the Federal government or by the States or the Cities. All their factories are model factories. I never saw a cleaner, or brighter, or more up-to-date workshop than one where Sweet Caporals are made which I visited before I began writing these advertisements. It was as sanitary as a modern hospital; it was as slick and shiny as a Dutch Kitchen, and it radiated a perfume that was incense to a smoker's nose.

Irvin S. Cobb

P. S.—*I write an article like this every once in a while. Watch for the next. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured articles because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.*

ask Grandad he knows too!



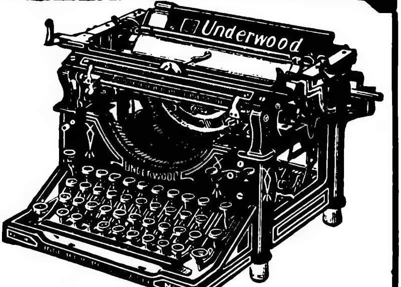
The best smokes he ever had were

"Sweet Caps"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

1/2 SAVED on all Standard Typewriters

10 Days Trial



At last — World's Best Typewriters with every modern writing feature at positively lowest prices and on easiest terms ever offered.

Young Process Re-Manufactured

The "Young Process" is a perfected and standardized process of completely re-manufacturing typewriters — they are completely torn down, frame enameled, plated parts renickled, new platens, feed rolls and new parts wherever a replacement will make it a better machine, so as to give satisfactory typewriter service in writing qualities and appearance like new. Our catalog explains and illustrates this wonderful process which actually saves you fifty dollars.

A Year to Pay
5 Year Guarantee

You can buy any standard typewriter on easy payments — so small you will never miss them — the typewriter will easily pay for itself while you benefit by having the use of it. Why wait when you can have 10 days trial without obligation to buy unless satisfied?

Every machine is backed by our iron-clad FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE—and will give satisfactory service for many, many more years. Let us prove this to you.

Free Typewriter Book

Be sure to clip free catalog coupon and mail it today and we will be glad to send full information about the **Young Process of Remanufacturing** and the wonderful offer we can make to you at this time.

YOUNG TYPEWRITER CO.
654 W. Randolph (Estab. 1911) Chicago, Ill.

Mail Coupon Today

Young Typewriter Co. Dept. 3301 654 W.Randolph **Chicago**

Send me your free illustrated catalog. This is not an order and does not obligate me in any way.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!

$3.00 Per Section without Doors

With Disappearing Glass Doors —— $3.75 Per Section

On Approval—Direct to User

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed by Over 100,000 Users

Made for and universally used in the finest homes and office throughout the country. Made in sections of different sizes, combining utility, economy and attractive appearance. Price complete as shown above, with top, base and three book sections with **non-binding, disappearing, felt-cushioned** glass doors, beautifully finished in plain golden oak, $15.75; without doors, $13.50. In quartered oak, or in imitation mahogany, with doors, $18.25. In genuine mahogany, with doors, $23.50. Other styles at correspondingly low prices. **Shipped direct from factory** ON APPROVAL at a considerable saving TO YOU. Write for catalog No. 82.

The C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899

Study AT Home!

Become More Efficient

Courses in *Mathematics, Chemistry, Psychology, Education, Business* and 40 other subjects command either High School or College credit. Start any time.

The University of Chicago
54 Ellis Hall CHICAGO, ILL.

SENSATIONAL SALE

10 Days Free Trial World's finest typewriter on small monthly payments. Send for **FREE** Valuable Typewriter Information and special 10 day offer.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORPORATION
371-300 East Grand Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Four Size Packages

It's Time You Tried

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHE

DECIDE today—now—to get prompt relief from your annoying throat irritation by taking Brown's Bronchial Troches—used by prominent speakers and singers for more than 70 years. Not a candy but a *remedy*—safe, reliable, efficient. Contains no opiates or other harmful ingredients.

Relieves sore throat, hoarseness, coughing, loss of voice, bronchial and asthmatic troubles. Clean and convenient to carry in vest pocket or vanity case. Round and brown. Safe, handy, dependable.

At All Druggists

JOHN I. BROWN & SON
Boston, Mass.
General Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Inc.
New York London Toronto

FOR THROAT IRRITATIONS

TATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

f The Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York,
. Y., for October 1, 1925.

tate of NEW YORK
ounty of NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county afore-
id, personally appeared Charles D. Lanier, who, having been duly
orn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business
anager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the
st of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership,
anagement, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown
the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912,
bodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on
e reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of
e publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager
e: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave.,
ew York; Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York;
anaging Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York;
siness Manager, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York.
at the owners are: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth
re., New York; Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert
aw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. That the known bondholders,
rtgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent,
more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
me. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the
ners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only
list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the
oks of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or
urity holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee
in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or cor-
ation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the
d two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full
owledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under
ich stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the
oks of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a ca-
ity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no
son to believe that any other person, association or corporation
s any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other
urities than as so stated by him. Signed, Charles D. Lanier,
siness Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day
October, 1925. Signed, R. K. Snavely, Notary Public. (My com-
ssion expires March 30, 1926.)

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"

Orient
Round the World
Sailing Every Saturday

Palatial President Liners depart every Saturday from San Francisco for Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and Los Angeles.

In addition there is a fortnightly service from Boston and New York for the Orient and Round the World via Havana, Panama and California.

The magnificent oil-burning liners are luxurious and commodious. The service is personal, the cuisine world-famous. Full information from any ticket or tourist agent or from

604 Fifth Ave., New York City
Robert Dollar Bldg., San Francisco
628 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

Golden Ways To Golden Places

The Trees of California

IN NEW YORK the tall architecture of man is the tourist's delight, but in California the tall architecture of the Creator is a scene which inspires even more awe.

Next to mountain and sea no aspect of Nature gives man greater delight than trees; indeed, mountains entirely bereft of trees definitely lose something of their charm. As Bryant said in his Forest Hymn:

> The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
> And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
> Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication.

Of no place on earth was this more appropriately written than of California trees, especially the Giant Sequoia and the Redwood trees.

Those who have traveled to Southern California are familiar with the graceful pepper and the tall stringy-barked eucalyptus. These trees are not, however, natives of California, the former coming from South America or Mexico and the latter from Australia. But California is very especially rich in trees, having eighteen species which are strictly local to the state and fifty-two which are typically Californian. It is not generally understood that the Giant Sequoia and Redwood are both of the same family, the only living species of the Sequoia species. Sixteen extinct species of Sequoia have been traced. The Giant Sequoia, which is the larger of the two species (although the Redwood is large too, like a lesser-size brother in a family of large people) is confined to the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Ranges in the famous national parks and groves—South and East of San Francisco, while the Redwood is confined to the Coast Ranges and chiefly North of San Francisco. Fossils indicate that once these great trees existed all over North America, Europe and Asia. Close your eyes and try to visualize this great round globe populated largely with these majestic trees—and man yet to be born! The sites of New York, London, Paris, Jerusalem, Rome and most oth familiar haunts of man were silent save for the swish the branches of these great trees in the breezes high i the air—as high, as many of man's sky-scrapers!

The present giant Sequoia inhabits a land of mostl rainless summers, continual warm sunshine, and col winters. The Redwood exists in somewhat differe climate, the summer fog belt.

These great California trees have had to endure man centuries of tribulations. The natives, long befo the white man came, were in the habit of setting fire the woods to keep open their hunting and tradi trails and to drive game. The Redwood Belt survival of these fires is explained by the fact that t Redwood tree is what is popularly known as "fir proof." It has a thick, non-inflammable bark, 3 to inches thick, covering a non-resinous wood. It grov from 100 to 340 feet high, with a trunk diameter 2 to 16 feet. The mature tree is from 500 to 1,3 years old.

But it is the taller brother, the Giant Sequoia, whi is the greatest in size, occurring in 32 groves on t western slope of the Sierra Nevada. The gia Sequoia is from 100 to 2400 years old, so far as *certainly* known; there are those who claim they a 5,000 or more years old. Nothing living on earth t day has either their age, their majesty or awe-inspiri grandeur. They are 5 to 25 feet in diameter at t base, and have no branches for 80 to 180 feet from t ground.

But we must not worship age and size alone, f there are many other interesting trees in lovely Ca fornia. There is for instance the Monterey Cypre which grows near the charming peninsular city Monterey, once the Capital of California, and the s of the famous Spanish Mission, built in 1770, whi California tourists always love to see. The Monter Cypress strikingly recalls the famous Cedars of I banon, having long irregular arms, forming high picturesque lines, especially along the ocean shore a result of resisting great storms.

The Yucca (or "Joshua" tree, as named the migrating Mormons) is most attractively a p of the California desert scenery—notably on Mohave Desert, where the scattered groves of th

(*Continued on page 61*)

Away from Winter to the Mediterranean

After the holidays comes a long, dull, drab season —cold, raw weather—rain, sleet and snow.

Leave it behind this year and seek springtime on the Mediterranean, where winter is golden. You'll find more than springtime and halcyon skies. You'll find beauty, art, romance and adventure.

You'll see the impressive evidences of a former day's grandeur—mute but enthralling—and of an interesting modern life that always surprises the traveller.

All this, and much more, accomplished comfortably and leisurely because of the happy combination of cruise ships that are pleasant "homes", and cruise management such as the White Star and Red Star Lines can provide out of their experience of over half a century.

White Star liner	ADRIATIC	Jan. 7th and Feb. 25th
Red Star liner	LAPLAND	Jan. 16th and Mar. 6th

Back home in 46 days. Liberal stop-over privileges from one ship to the other. Optional return via North European port, permitting visits to Paris or London. *Itinerary* New York, Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Dardanelles, Constantinople, Haifa (for Holy Land), Alexandria, (for Egypt), Syracuse, Naples, Monaco, Gibraltar.

$690 and up, including shore trips

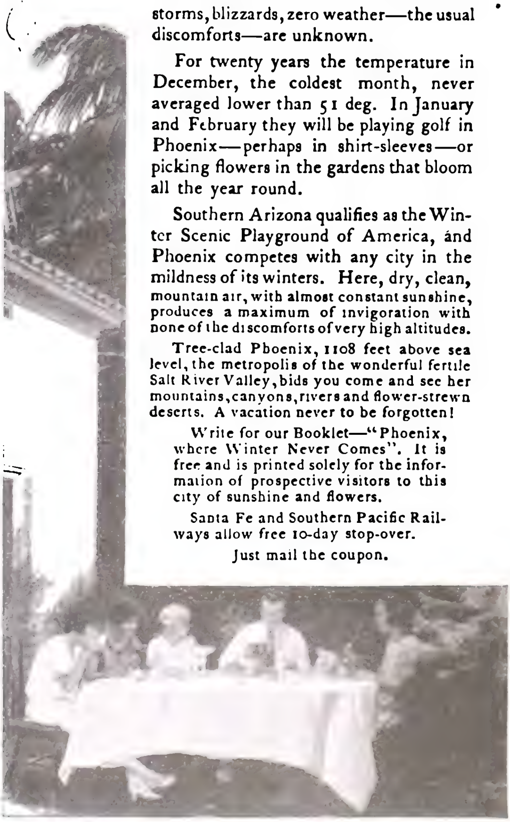
West Indies Cruises: 30-31 Days
White Star Liner *Megantic* Jan. 23 & Feb. 27

For complete information apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York City, or any authorized agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE

Phoenix
ARIZONA

where "Winter" is like an evening in June!



OLD fashioned, northern "winter" never comes to Phoenix. Snowstorms, blizzards, zero weather—the usual discomforts—are unknown.

For twenty years the temperature in December, the coldest month, never averaged lower than 51 deg. In January and February they will be playing golf in Phoenix—perhaps in shirt-sleeves—or picking flowers in the gardens that bloom all the year round.

Southern Arizona qualifies as the Winter Scenic Playground of America, and Phoenix competes with any city in the mildness of its winters. Here, dry, clean, mountain air, with almost constant sunshine, produces a maximum of invigoration with none of the discomforts of very high altitudes.

Tree-clad Phoenix, 1108 feet above sea level, the metropolis of the wonderful fertile Salt River Valley, bids you come and see her mountains, canyons, rivers and flower-strewn deserts. A vacation never to be forgotten!

Write for our Booklet—"Phoenix, where Winter Never Comes". It is free and is printed solely for the information of prospective visitors to this city of sunshine and flowers.

Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways allow free 10-day stop-over.

Just mail the coupon.

Phoenix Arizona Club
512 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phoenix, Ariz.

Please send my copy of "*Phoenix, Where Winter Never Comes,*" by return mail.

*Name*________________

*Street*________________

*City*________________

16

WHERE-TO-GO
HOTEL RESORT
AND TRAVEL
DEPARTMENT
Established 1906
Featured every month in seven publications
THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES
ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S and WORLD'S WORK, also in COUNTRY LIFE and THE GOLDEN BOOK
Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel, etc.
For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

LOS ANGELES CAL.

Within Easy Reach of Everything
HOTEL CLARK
LOS ANGELES
POSITIVELY FIREPROOF
Headquarters for travelers from all parts of the world. 555 rooms, Eur. plan. For folder, rates—write F. M. Dimmick, Lessee, Hill St., bet. 4th and 5th, Los Angeles.

VAN NUYS HOTEL
LOS ANGELES
A quiet atmosphere that appeals to persons of refinement. World-famous cafe. Convenient location. Moderate rates. Folder on request.

OCEAN PARK CAL.

MERRITT JONES HOTEL
OCEAN PARK California
the Noted all-year Seaside Resort, 14 miles from Los Angeles. Surf bathing, Golf, all sports. Mild Delightful Climate. Eur. Plan. Reasonable Rates. Folder.

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

THE CLIFT
SAN FRANCISCO
Every room an outside room with bath. Service thoughtful and distinctive. Location convenient to theatres, shops, boats and trains. San Francisco's newest fine hotel. Write for folder and rates.

CALIFORNIA

SAN DIEGO - CORONADO - LA JOLLA
Responsible real estate broker, under bond, specializing in buying, selling and renting for non-residents and winter visitors. Let me help you solve your problems. Maurice Allen, 515 Electric Bldg., San Diego, Calif.

ATLANTA GA.

Where Southern Hospitality Flowers
THE ATLANTA BILTMORE
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
One of the famous Bowman hotels.
Ideal location, regal service, very moderate rates. Write for booklet "Q."

TOURS

Special Private Tour to the MEDITERRANEAN January 16—party limited to 8. Also Ideal Summer Tour of EUROPE. RESER TOURS, 171 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where-To-Go for Feb. will close Jan. 1

THE ATTRACTIONS of SWITZERLAND
are not limited to the summer season.

*

Enjoy during the coming winter from 6 to 8 hours' brilliant sunshine daily, at altitudes to suit all constitutions.

*

Also after your cruising in the Mediterranean you will want to partake in

The Joys of Winter in Switzerland

with its exhilarating sports for the vigorous; the delightful pastimes for the easy-going; the strenuous life during the day, followed by concert, musicale, dance or theatre.—There is something going on all the time.

Write us today for booklet W, maps, train connections from port, or any other information. We are here to serve you.

A CORDIAL INVITATION is extended to societies, educators and other persons contemplating to lecture on Switzerland to avail themselves of the lantern slides and motion picture films which we loan entirely free of charge.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
241 Fifth Avenue
New York

NORTH CAROLINA

LAND OF THE SKY
For a pleasurable Yuletide, visit this half-mile high mountain metropolis. Year-'round golf. A thousand miles of scenic highways. Gorgeous hotels and cozy inns. Excellent motor roads. Through Pullmans via Southern Railway.
For information address
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Asheville, N. C.
ASHEVILLE
NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
CAROLINA HOTEL
NOW OPEN
The Winter Country Club for People of Affairs
All sports in full swing.
MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW
Address: General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.
Illustrated booklet on request

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL HARGRAVE
West 72d St., N.Y. 300 rooms, each with bat
Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St
entrance of Central Park. Comfort and
refinement combined with moderate rate
Single room, per day, $3 to $4. Doubl
rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlo
two double bedrooms, $8 to $10. Send fo
illustrated booklet.

100-113 W. 45th St. Hotel St. James Times S N. Y. C
Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway.
hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere
appointments of a well-conditioned home.
favored by women traveling without escort.
utes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops.
and booklet on application. W. Johnson Q

We request early receipt of Feb. co

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

CRUISES-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA

by the Famous V-FLEET

The voyage from New York is an unfailing stimulant to health and interest. South America reveals to the visitor a new field of pleasure, rich in scenic splendor and historic lore. Its magnificent cities are unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur.

The palatial steamers of the famous V-FLEET, specially built for this Service, are the finest plying to South America. All outside staterooms. Excellent menus. Steward service of the highest type.

BARBADOS RIO DE JANEIRO
MONTEVIDEO BUENOS AIRES
Calling northbound at
SANTOS and TRINIDAD

45 days $675 Special Cruise Tours, including Rio for the Mardi Gras, all expenses included, Jan. 23 58 days $850

Regular Sailings by the
S. S. Voltaire S. S. Vauban
S. S. Vandyck S. S. Vestris

For illustrated literature, etc., apply Sanderson & Son, Inc., 26 Broadway, N. Y., or your local S. S. or tourist agency.

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

The Better Way

Europe 1926

TOURS for discriminating travelers. Limited Parties—Experienced Conductors. All Continental countries—Spain, North Cape, British Isles, etc.

Send for Booklet

WOODS TOURS

WALTER H. WOODS CO.
80 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON MASS.

JOURNEYS ABROAD

ROUND THE WORLD: January 6, 1926, with Arthur K. Peck. Visit the unspoiled hinterland. Motor 1200 miles in Java.

TO EGYPT: January 16, 1926, with Prof. Albert E. Bailey—his eleventh Egyptian party. Abu Simbel. Camp in the Fayum.

TO NORTH AFRICA: February 25, 1926, with Albert Kelsey, F.A.I.A. Unique route including Biskra, etc., by auto; following the blossoms in Sicily and Italy.

TO EUROPE: March 6, 1926, by the Mediterranean Route, with shore trips at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Monaco.

TO THE HOLY LAND: April 8, 1926, with Bishop Shayler of Nebraska. A Churchman's Pilgrimage.

Send for the booklet that interests you.

TEMPLE TOURS
447-B Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau?

CRUISES-TOURS

There is Enjoyment in Planning Early!

The Greatest Summer Vacation

A Cruise to Europe *and the* Mediterranean

by S.S. "CALIFORNIA"

of the Cunard and Anchor Lines,

—a superb new sister to the Tuscania,—equipped with many novel features.

From New York July 1st returning Aug. 31, 1926

This is our fifth consecutive Summer Cruise—now an annual travel event of outstanding importance.

Send for descriptive guide book

Thos. Cook & Son

New York Philadelphia Boston
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco
Los Angeles Toronto Montreal
Vancouver

EGYPT

PALESTINE, NORTH AFRICA, SPAIN
GREECE, SICILY, ITALY, AND FRANCE

Small parties sail from New York
January 7 and 16, 1926

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
4 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

NEW ORLEANS LA.

NEW ORLEANS'

New St. Charles

To better serve our many friends and patrons over $300,000.00 has been expended in reconstruction and rehabilitation to maintain this famous hostelry as

One of America's Leading Hotels

ALFRED S. AMER & CO., Ltd.

A bit of Old New Orleans

"OLE MAMMY" CREOLE PRALINES

Made Fresh Every Day

In St. Charles Creole Kitchen mailed all over the World

1 DOZ. IN SEPARATE BOXES $1.75

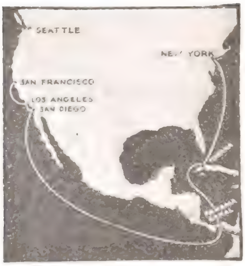
TEN PRALINES PACKED IN COTTON BALE $2.25

INCLUDING POSTAGE AND INSURANCE ADDRESS — ST. CHARLES SOUVENIR DEP'T.

CRUISES-TOURS

CALIFORNIA

BY SEA in 15 DAYS



Visit Gay Havana. See Panama Canal.

Largest and fastest ships in Coast-to-Coast service. Regular fortnightly sailings. Sightseeing en route. Three centuries of romance in 15 days. Accommodations, service and cuisine equal to transatlantic standards. Bookings in First, Second, Intermediate and Third Class.

MANCHURIA (26,700 tons disp.) FINLAND (22,250 tons disp.)
MONGOLIA (26,700 tons disp.)

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

International Mercantile Marine Company
ONE OF THE GREAT IMM LINES

No. 1 Broadway, New York, or authorized agents

Frank's 4th Annual Cruise de Luxe

MEDITERRANEAN

EGYPT-PALESTINE & 12 Other Countries

Specially Chartered New Cunarder "Scythia." Jan. 26—67 days. Best of everything, shore excursions, free stopover in Europe. (See Advt. this issue.)

FRANK TOURIST CO., 542 5th Ave., New York

SOUTH AMERICA

Via HAVANA
PANAMA PERU CHILE
Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao
Mollendo, Arica, Iquique
Antofagasta, Valparaiso, San Antonio

A delightful trip to a land of rare fascination by palatial oil-burning steamers.

Next Sailings
Essequibo, Dec. 3 Ebro, Dec. 31

PACIFIC LINE

The Pacific Steam Navigation Co.
Sanderson & Son, Inc., 26 Broadway, N.Y.
or any local S. S. Agent

EUROPEAN TOURS Plan now for next summer. Small select parties leaving in May, June, July, August. Cover six countries, wonderful sightseeing programs. Priced $320 and up, all expenses, folder W—Rudolph Travel Bureau, St. Louis, Mo.

SUNNY PLAYGROUNDS

Bagdad, Persia, Egypt — Desert Camping
Motoring North Africa
South America

IN SMALL SELECT ESCORTED GROUPS

THE BOYD TOURS, Inc.
1819 Broadway, New York Est. 1895

Where-To-Go department for January is concluded on two pages immediately following.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

TAMPA FLA.

The Romance of Old Spain

TAMPA

Florida's Greatest City

Come and see Tampa's picturesque Spanish section with its unique restaurants, bright costumes, its colorful grand opera and other unfamiliar sights and institutions.

Come and enjoy health, happiness and opportunity in this gay resort, this busy commercial city, and rapidly expanding port. Here you will find all your heart desires, bathing, boating, the best of fishing, golf on championship courses, horse racing, band concerts, fine hotels, shops, theatres, and investment and business opportunity, almost without limit.

Detailed information on request. Write today for illustrated booklet.

TAMPA BOARD OF TRADE
P. O. Box 8018, Tampa, Fla.

Tampa

FLORIDAS GREATEST CITY

TARPON SPRINGS FLA.

323 East Tarpon Av. **The Tavern** Tarpon Spgs Florida
Modern home open to a few winter guests.
November 1st to June 1st.

Where-To-Go advice is most valuable to you.

DAYTONA FLA.

You'll have a picnic summering this winter

Daytona Beach
FLORIDA

Here winter is softened into a northern spring. The world's finest beach—23 miles long, 500 feet wide—awaits you. Magnificent auto drives. Boating on the famous Halifax and Tomoka Rivers. Widely varied fishing. Golf, tennis, roque, lawn bowling. Daily concerts. Cultural amusements. Best accommodations. For booklet, address

208 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
DAYTONA, FLORIDA

GREATER PALM BEACH FLA.

Opportunity in a Port of Pleasure

Greater Palm Beach (Palm Beach and West Palm Beach), the wonderful resort city, likewise offers business opportunity. Year 'round population tripled in 5 years. Over $30,000,000 in new buildings now under way. Lake Worth being made into an Atlantic harbor. And the back-country produces three and four valuable crops a year.

Write for four-color booklet.

Greater Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce

512 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
West Palm Beach
Florida.

WHERE-TO-GO DEPARTMENTS ARE in seven of the best family magazines every month simultaneously. They meet the traveler everywhere and go with him wherever he may turn. They are on the reading tables of highest class Homes, Clubs, Public Libraries and Chambers of Commerce.

NASSAU BAHAMAS

Where June Laughs at Winter

It is balmy June in Nassau when all the North is freezing. Come here for health, rest; for play and sport. Fine hotels, good boarding houses, bathing, golf, tennis, sea-fishing and the delightful hospitality of an ideal English Colony. Two and a half days' sail from New York; 15 hours from Florida: Munson S. S. Line, Ward Line, New York City; Canadian Government Merchant Marine, Montreal.

Write for booklet.

DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Nassau

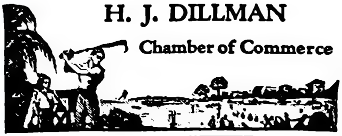
"Isle of June"
Bahamas

ST. PETERSBURG FLA.

St Petersburg
FLORIDA
The Sunshine City

This year St. Petersburg anticipates the greatest season in her history. Every possible preparation has been made for the accommodation of her winter visitors. New hotels, new apartments, new homes, new entertainment, with the same old hospitality and the old dependable sunshine. Write for booklet today. Address:

H. J. DILLMAN
Chamber of Commerce



Princess Martha

St. Petersburg, Florida
"The Sunshine City of all Florida"

250 Rooms *250 Baths*

Open thruout the year

High Grade American and European Plan Hotel

Centrally located. Fireproof. Booklet.

FOOD AND SERVICE THE BEST

Sherman Dennis, Manager

ROCKLEDGE FLA.

NEW INDIAN RIVER HOTEL
ROCKLEDGE, FLORIDA
Management of Walter P. Hill

Season — November 1st to May 1st
The last word in hotel construction.
Golf, tennis, swimming pool, ocean bathing, fishing. Booklet.

TENNESSEE

COMING SOUTH? Make the most of your southern trip by spending delightful days among the picturesque and interesting Scenic, Historical and Industrial environments of

CHATTANOOGA

See famous Lookout Mountain, Signal Mountain, Chickamauga battlefields and countless other celebrated points of superb interest. Free booklets on request.

Chattanooga
Community Advertising Association
820 Broad St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WHERE-TO-GO
HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT
CONCLUDED

CRUISES-TOURS

CLARK'S 6th CRUISE
AROUND THE WORLD
128 DAYS, $1,250 to $3,000
Including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc.

From N. Y. Jan. 20, by specially chartered Cunard new s s "Laconia," 20,000 tons. Featuring 26 days Japan and China including Peking; option 18 days in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, etc., with Europe stop over.

CLARK'S 22nd CRUISE, Jan. 30
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
By specially chartered new s s "Transylvania," 17,000 tons. 62 days' cruise, $600 to $1,700 including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc. Featuring 15 days in Egypt and Palestine; Lisbon, Tunis, Spain, etc.

CLARK'S 2nd CRUISE, 1926
NORWAY and WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN
New s s "Lancastria" leaves June 30 repeating this summer's most successful cruise, 53 days. $550 to $1,250.

Originator of Round the World Cruises. Longest experienced cruise management. Established 30 years.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

Where-To-Go publicity blankets N. America and its income taxpayers on $5,000 and over.

South America Unique Adventure Tours visiting the unusual.
Jan.-Feb., 1926. Select Party. Booklet "S."
Le Roy Tours, 1 West 47th St. New York

Quality Service to Inquirers
WHERE-TO-GO resources in giving perfectly reliable data for the use of the readers of the seven publications we use monthly, are called upon extensively by the cream among American travelers of most desirable class.
Careful devotion to them for nineteen years and their consistent return to us after we have rendered exceptional Quality Service year after year, is a source of pride—and plain evidence of their entire satisfaction.
This service is gratis, requiring only the enclosure of postage for our reply, while a generous supply of right literature will be in the home mail direct from our clients who have precisely the attractions specified.
Please state your desires plainly and write to The Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon St., Boston.

SAVANNAH GA.

SAVANNAH
GEORGIA

The Most Beautiful and Historic Resort in the South—
and one of the oldest, with golf and every sport in a delightful all-year climate. Splendid hotels. Profitable investments.

The motor trip to Florida is 210 miles shorter via the New Savannah-Carolina Bridge.

For illustrative booklets and road information, address

Tourist Department
Board of Trade
5 E. Broughton Street

A CITY·A PORT·A RESORT

TRAVEL ACCESSORIES

NAUSEA
Stops and prevents the Nausea of Sea, Train, Auto, and Air Sickness.
25 years in use. 5
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of Price
Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd. N.Y. City
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

CRUISES-TOURS

South America
18 to 81-Day Tours
Grace Line offices and banks throughout South America with experienced American Agents to assist you. Every service for Tourist's convenience. Route chosen by leading tourist agents, Raymond, Whitcomb & Co., Cook & Son, American Express Co., etc., for their specially conducted tours. $250 and up. Optional stopovers for visiting attractive points. All outside rooms. Laundries. swimming pools. Unexcelled cuisine.
Reduced rate independent tours every two weeks to and around South America.
Write for illustrated Booklet "T"
GRACE LINE 10 Hanover Sq. New York City

Monthly Cruises to
California
via Spanish Americas
Days of delight at sea, two days full of interest at Panama, eight visits in Colombia, Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, thence to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Steamers built especially for this service, all outside rooms, beds, not berths, broad decks, music, excellent cuisine. Cruise fares $275 and up. Tickets and information from any agent or write for Booklet "E."
PANAMA MAIL S. S. CO.
10 Hanover Sq. New York

Quality Service to Advertisers
WHERE-TO-GO is welcomed everywhere to the reading tables of the best homes in North America every month throughout the year. Its pages are regularly read by families who can afford and always desire the best of everything. Seven high class magazines present these departments, featuring a large variety of Travel invitations most attractively and effectively. They are the sign boards of clients whose success has been won by the excellence of their entertainment offerings.
These magazines undeniably exert the most powerful influence upon every member of the families where their advice is habitually sought
Remember—small copy is Big in Where-To-Go
For space and rates please write direct to The Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon St., Boston.

The Trees of California

(*Continued from page 56*)

cactus-like trees give a weird and colorful appearance. It grows from twenty to thirty feet high and has arm-like branches densely clothed with spiry, serrate leaves all pointing upward.

The Madroña, with its terra-cotta colored bark of polished smoothness, is most common in the North Coast Ranges. It is rarely symmetrical. In the Mendocino woods, its trunk is forced into curves by the fir and oak, each seeking light. Francis Bret Harte, who so well portrayed the atmosphere of the California woodlands, wrote lyrically of this handsome tree.

The trees of California do much indeed to make the trip to California a treat, especially to those who understand how to appreciate the beauties of nature. Asa Gray, after his first journey to California in 1872 wrote:

"I have seen the trees diminish in number, give place to wide prairies, and restrict their growth to the border of streams; have seen grassy plains change into a brown and sere desert; and have reached at length the westward slopes of the high mountain barrier which, refreshed by the Pacific, near the noble forests of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, and among them trees which are the wonder of the world."

The best of all times to migrate Californiaward is now and for the next three or four months.

They say it's a MIRACLE climate!

El Paso -where Sunshine spends the Winter

MANY who have traveled the world over in search of health now come regularly to El Paso because they say they have found it a veritable *"miracle climate"*. They find that our 331 mild, sunny days and the clean, dry air of this moderate altitude bring relief—often speedy recovery—from tuberculosis, bronchitis, asthma and the lowered conditions which often cause these maladies.

We have a high record of recoveries to substantiate this theory and we want everyone interested to know about El Paso. *"Filling the Sunshine Prescription"* is our booklet in which you, or perhaps someone you know, will be very much interested. It is free. Just mail the coupon.

This year try El Paso. All railways allow free 10-day stop-over en route to Pacific Coast points. If you drive remember Southwestern, Ozark and Old Spanish Trails all lead into El Paso—also Lee and Bankhead Highways.

El Paso Gateway Club ★ **TEXAS**

GATEWAY CLUB
512 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
El Paso, Texas.

Please send me the free booklet, *"Filling the Sunshine Prescription."*

FILLING the SUNSHINE PRESCRIPTION

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________ 92

Bicycles! Coaster-Wagons!

and many other FINE PRIZES

FREE—to Boys!

Hurrah! A chance to get prizes absolutely FREE and have a steady income besides selling

The Golden Book

in your own neighborhood. Why don't you join The Junior Golden Book Association? THE GOLDEN BOOK is a magazine that appeals. No money or experience necessary to get started! You may work as you please, after school, full time or part time.

Let us send you our booklet FIRST CALL and a fine sheet of prizes. THE FIRST CALL will tell you all about our Boys' Association. You can easily be a regular business man, real soon, if you join now! We'll supply all you need to get started as a Junior Salesman. Later you will receive a news-bag, stationery and name stamp to help you build up a dandy business.

Let us tell you how to make money the first week. Hundreds of fellows, just like yourself, are earning their own money and winning prizes too. Don't ask Mother and Dad any longer for spending money. Be independent—make your own money!

Order your first copies NOW, or ask for further information.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP'N G. B. 1-26
Junior Sales Division
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
You bet I want to make money and win prizes. Please help me to get started at once. Send me —— copies. If you want further information check here ☐

Boy's Name..

Address..

City..............................State.............

Boy's Age............Parent's Name....................

Hawaii
Laughs at Winter

Get out the steamer trunk, pack plenty of summer clothes, phone your nearest railway, travel or steamship agent for a ticket direct to Hawaii—and laugh with us at winter!

In two weeks or less you'll be splashing in Waikiki's voluptuous surf; playing, resting, dreaming in the land of tropic flowers and soft sunshine.

Golf, tennis, swimming, surfing, deep-sea fishing, inter-island cruising—all outdoor sports in this lovely territory of the United States. Volcanic spectacles in Hawaii National Park. Ample modern hotels.

The round trip (a vacation in itself) may be made in 3 to 4 weeks from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C., allowing a week or two in Hawaii, for as little as $300 to $400, including all necessary expense and sight-seeing. But why go back so soon to winter? Plan to stay longer!

For full information, with illustrated brochure in colors, write now—

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

225 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
or 353 Fort St., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.

A thousand miles *of sunshine*

A THOUSAND square miles of Sunshine — a thousand spots of warm delight. You will think it's spring, but here we call it winter.

Sunshiny skies that are blue beyond compare— gorgeous vistas, fascinating and new — sunshiny streets with flower-garlanded homes — outdoor life unhampered by rain or snow — sunshiny stretches of open country — a golden procession of glorious days. Such is Tucson in midwinter — the sunniest spot in America.

HERE IS HEALTH

Come now to Tucson — outdoor life is at its best. Golf, tennis, riding, hunting, motoring, Indian Villages, Old Mexico and hundreds of strange sights. Country and Town Clubs open to visitors.

If you want to rest or play, or find relief from overwork, pulmonary troubles, asthma, "nerves", etc., you will find much to help you in the *dry* Sunshine-Climate.

FARES REDUCED

Winter excursion rates now in effect via Rock Island and Southern Pacific lines. Stop-overs on all tickets.

Mail coupon for illustrated booklet—it tells about this Wonderland where Winter is unknown.

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club,
512 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.
Please send me your free book, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

*Name*________________________

*Address*______________________ 119

HAVANA CATHEDRAL

For the First Time

West Indies Cruises on One of the World's Great Luxury Liners

The Raymond-Whitcomb West Indies Cruises this Winter will sail on the S. S. *"Columbus"*, a liner of 32,000 tons register & the newest in that small class of really great ships which includes the "Homeric", "Majestic" & "Berengaria". Never before has such a ship made a *West Indies Cruise* & no other ship to make it this Winter is comparable in size, speed, or luxury. The famous places of the bright *Antilles* & the old *Spanish Main* are on the route. The Shore Excursions are exceptionally interesting & are ALL included in the price.

Two Cruises of 24 days that sail on Jan'y 30 & Feb'y 25. They make ideal short winter trips to sparkling seas & lands of flowers. They are the smartest cruises to the *West Indies.* The rates range from $3250 to $375.

Send for the Raymond-Whitcomb book "The West Indies Cruise".

Mediterranean Spring Cruise

This is the first cruise to visit the historic *Mediterranean* in the delightful months of April & May. It is planned for either a complete 6-week holiday, or a novel & fascinating prelude to a Spring in *Europe.* From *New York* to *Naples* it takes only two weeks more than the regular mail boats & visits in its course *Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Sardinia, Tunis, Malta, Athens, the Greek Islands* & *Syracuse.* It sails on April 3 on the new Cunard Liner *"Carinthia"* & the rates run from $3250 to $625. Send for the book—*"Spring Mediterranean"*.

Winter Mediterranean Cruise . . . January 28
Midnight Sun Cruise . . . . June 29
Round the World Cruise . . . . . October 16
Tours to California, Hawaii, Europe, South America

Raymond & Whitcomb Company

Beacon Street, corner of Park — Boston, Massachusetts
New York Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles San Francisco

Isn't it worth it?

IN THE PAST twenty years, Fatima has been more widely imitated probably, than any other cigarette—yet today it is as distinctive as ever, in richness of taste, in mildness, in delicacy of aroma. A few cents more, yes—but you get the *real thing.* That's the difference

FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTES
Cameron & Cameron Co
RICHMOND.VA
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR

WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW CENTS MAKE

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

You Can Cook with the Gas Turned Off!

Three times a day the principle of cooking perfected by the Chambers Thermodome and Insulated Oven places a new degree of efficiency, convenience and economy within the reach of every woman. With the Chambers Range you can do anything that can be done with the ordinary gas range of modern design. But no other range can offer the advantages enjoyed through the patented Chambers Features.

Extra Hours of Freedom

The gas is burned with the Chambers Range just to start the cooking process. It is then turned off—and entire meals are completed without further care or attention. While your Chambers Range cooks with the heat you now waste, you are free to leave your kitchen for entire afternoons. Food is never burned or over-cooked, and keeps hot for serving for several hours.

Boiling and Stewing

Fully 75% of the average woman's cooking is done over the open burner. In all of this work the Chambers Thermodome applies the *retained heat* principle. While the gas is burning, it traps the heat escaping around the sides of the cooking vessels. The turn of the handle that shuts off the gas automatically lowers the Thermodome, and food cooks on with the gas turned off.

Roasting and Baking

While soup and vegetables cook under the Chambers Thermodome, the meats and baked dishes that complete the meal can be cooking in the Chambers Insulated Oven with the gas turned off. There is nothing to be made ready. The handle that turns off the gas closes the vents in the oven, and starts the process of cooking with *retained heat*.

Only 30 Minutes of Gas for Veal Loaf

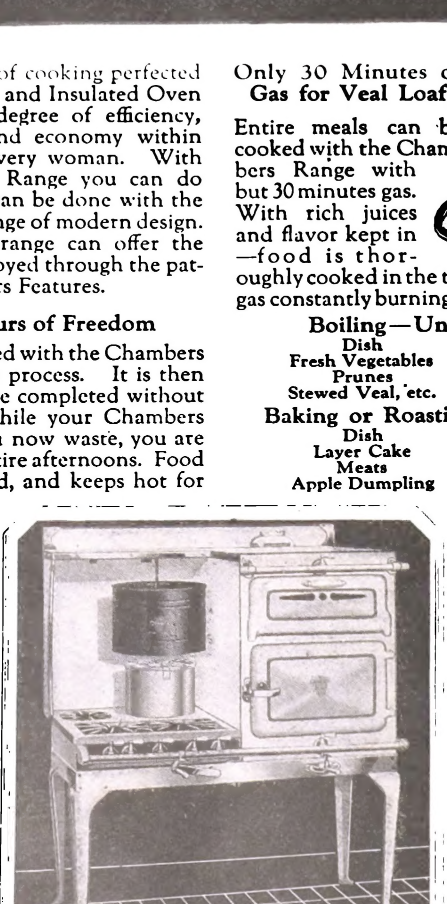
Entire meals can be cooked with the Chambers Range with but 30 minutes gas. With rich juices and flavor kept in—food is thoroughly cooked in the time ordinarily required with the gas constantly burning. Just consider these examples—

Boiling—Under the Thermodome

Dish	Gas Required
Fresh Vegetables	Bring to Boil
Prunes	10 minutes
Stewed Veal, etc.	15 minutes

Baking or Roasting in the Insulated Oven

Dish	Gas Required
Layer Cake	12 minutes
Meats	5 minutes per lb. (less if over 5 lbs.)
Apple Dumpling	8 to 10 minutes



Gas Bills Cut in Half

Gas Bill
Gas Bill
$2.82

The big saving on gas bills alone makes the Chambers Range a profitable investment in every home. Thorough tests have proved the value of the patented Chambers Features and have secured their national endorsement. The daily saving on gas helps to pay for one of the beautiful white porcelain, or black and white enameled models while you enjoy all of its advantages.

FREE BOOKLET: Send the attached coupon today for a copy of our Free descriptive booklet: "Cook with the Gas Turned Off!"

Chambers Manufacturing Co.
Dept. K-1 Shelbyville, Indiana

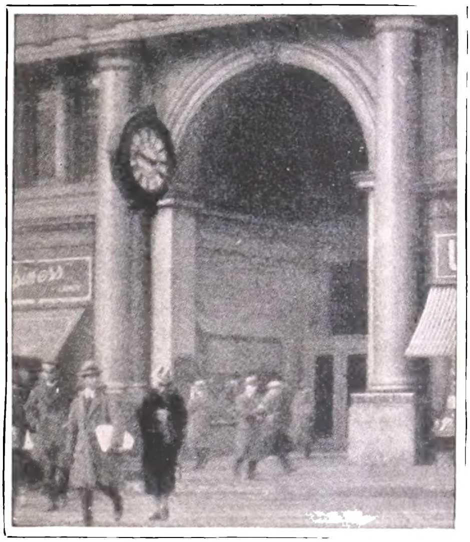
Chambers FIRELESS Gas Range
COOKS *with the* GAS TURNED OFF!

CHAMBERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. K-1 Shelbyville, Ind.

Name____________________

Address____________________

The FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING



The Meeting Place of Many Businesses

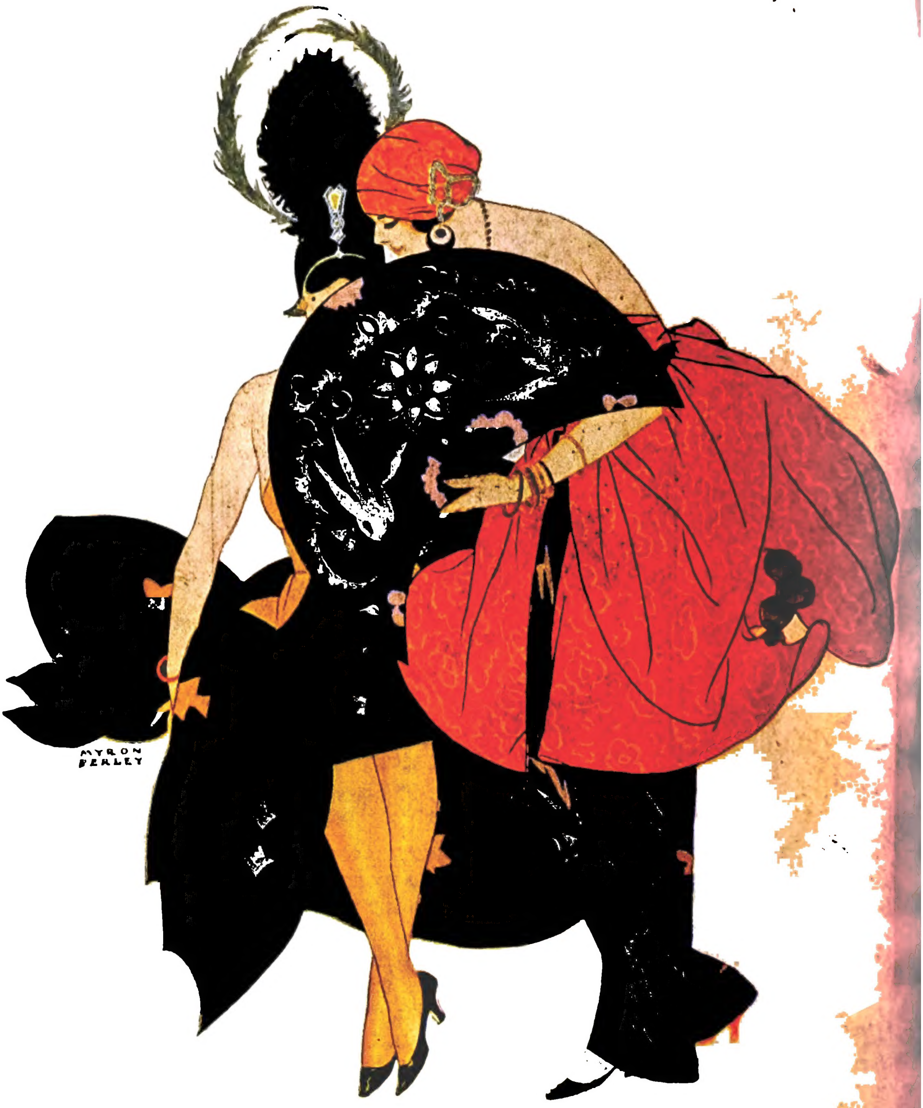
NINE in the morning. The sun is looking over the far edge of Madison Square. Broadway and Fifth Avenue suddenly awake to a life of commerce. New York becomes "Bagdad-on-the-Subway." All sorts of men bent on all sorts of business pass in and out of The Fifth Avenue Building. For here is the home port of a world-wide empire of commerce. Dealers in laces, dealers in glassware, importers of fine sponges, makers of toys, all kinds of merchants on all kinds of missions, these are some of the ones who transact their affairs within these walls.

Like the famous hotel which it replaced, The Fifth Avenue Building is the meeting place of many businesses. Now, as then, Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Madison Square means cosmopolitan importance. And no wonder. For accessibility is added to the prestige of a famous address—200 Fifth Avenue—and the pleasant surroundings of Madison Square. You are ten minutes by subway from the Pennsylvania Terminal. Thirteen minutes from Grand Central. All uptown and downtown New York is as near or nearer. Surface cars and busses pass the door. Two elevated lines are within two blocks walk.

And so, from nine in the morning until five at night, when the sun casts the long shadow of The Fifth Avenue Building across the trees and grass of Madison Square, people come and go. 200 Fifth Avenue—the nucleus of their purposeful activity, the capitol of their empires of commerce.

Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Madison Square, New York

"More than an office building"



Caroline: *Why wouldn't you dance with that tall man with the red domino?*
Elizabeth: *The red domino didn't deceive me, my dear.*

Listerine used as a mouth-wash quickly overcomes halitosis **(unpleasant breath)**.